

The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



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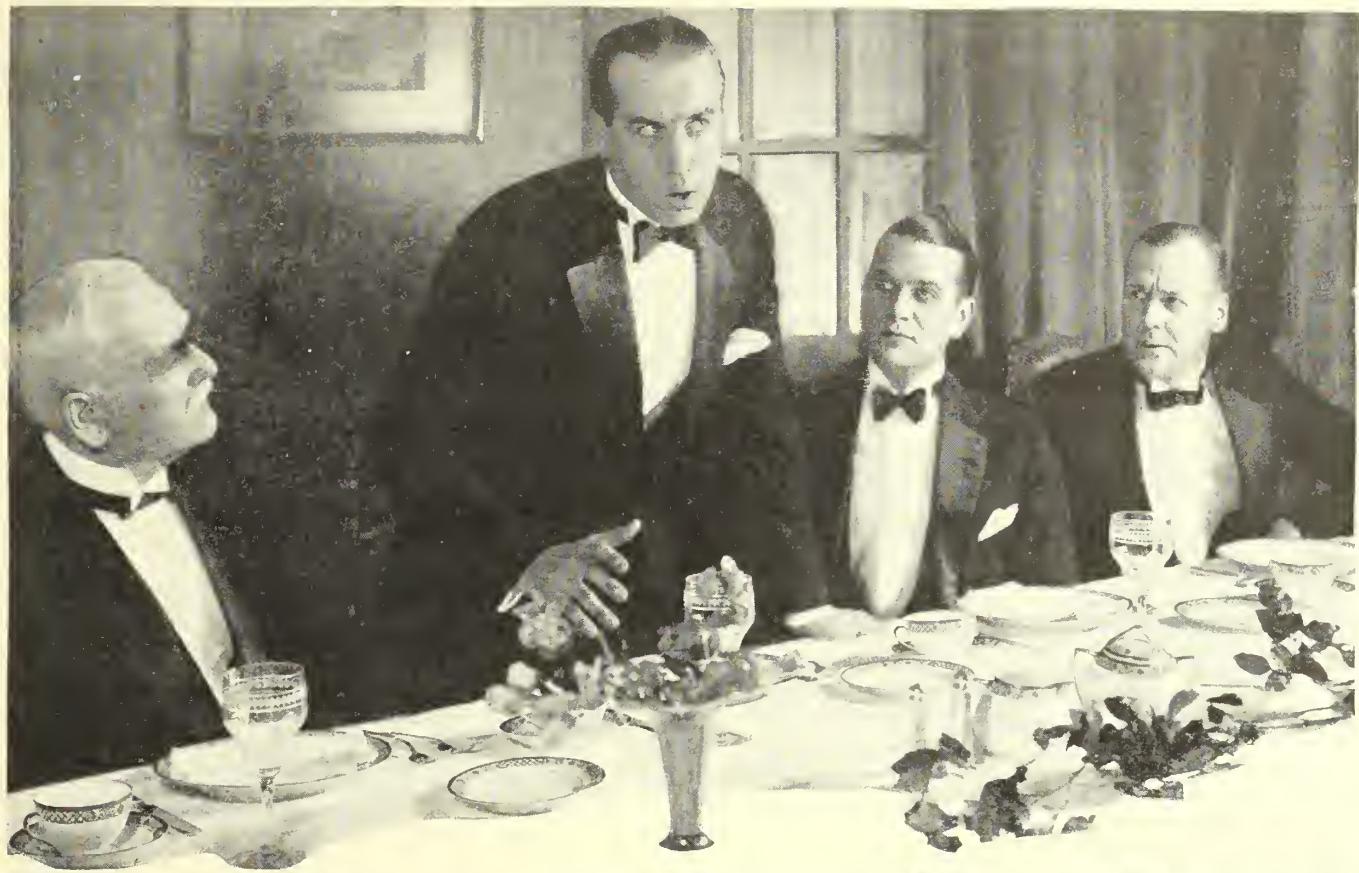
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* * *

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The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

LOUISIANA: Admitted to the Union as the eighteenth State, April 8, 1812. Within a period extending over one hundred years, four nations exercised sovereignty over the present boundaries of the State, making it a prize of war and diplomacy, bartering, trading, selling and rebuying it like so much real estate. La Salle took possession for France in 1682 and the French first settled New Orleans in 1718. The king of France in 1762 conveyed a portion west of the Mississippi River and the Isle of Orleans to Spain, and in 1763 ceded a part of the territory east of the Mississippi which became a part of West Florida to England. Spain bought West Florida from England in 1783, and on Oct. 1, 1800, Spain sold its share of Louisiana to France once more. In 1803 Napoleon sold the immense territory of Louisiana to the United States for \$15,000,000. Congress in 1804 organized the Territory of Orleans and in 1810 added West Florida west of the Pearl River to Louisiana. In 1812 the territory was admitted as a State. Population, 1810, 76,550; 1927 (U. S. est.), 1,934,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 21.8; 1910, 30; 1920, 34.9.



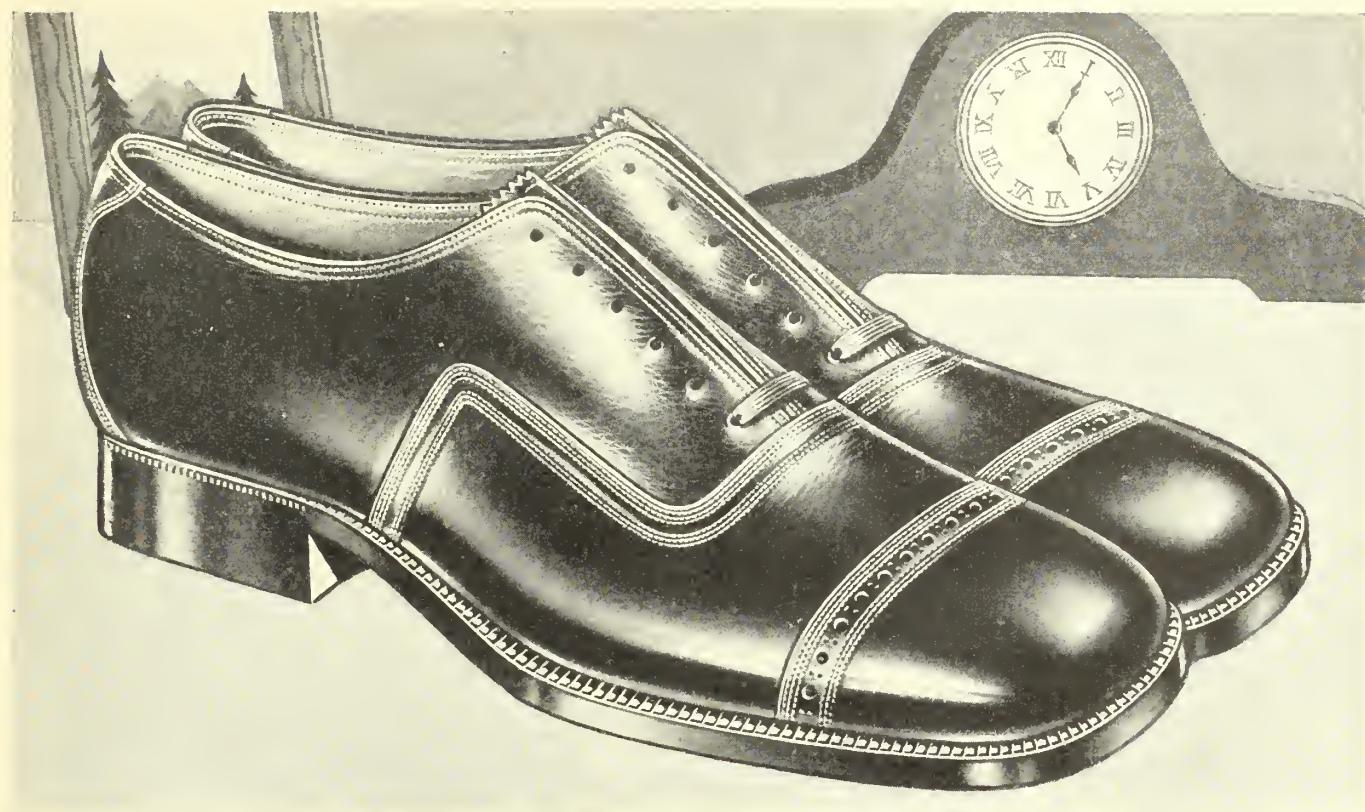
Area, 48,506 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 39.6 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 22d in population, 30th in area, 25th in density. Capital, Baton Rouge (1920 U. S. Census), 21,782. Three largest cities, New Orleans (1927 U. S. est.), 424,400; Shreveport (1926 U. S. est.), 65,400; Baton Rouge. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$3,416,860,000. Principal sources of wealth: sugar and molasses (1910 U. S. Census), \$141,852,924; lumber products (1923 U. S. Census), \$132,682,063; cotton (1926 U. S.), \$45,100,000; foreign export trade (1926 U. S.), \$243,393,921. Value of all crops (1920 U. S. Census), \$231,506,000, the three leaders being rice, cotton and sugar cane. Louisiana had 76,581 men and women in service during the World War. State motto: "Union, Justice and Confidence." Origin of name: Robert de la Salle in 1682 named the land in the whole Mississippi basin, extending from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the sources of the Ohio, the Missouri, the Platte, the Arkansas, the Mississippi and Red Rivers, in honor of King Louis XIV of France. Nickname: Creole State.

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Warnings given by Legionnaires enabled thousands of Floridians to prepare against the September hurricane which killed 2,500 persons. When the storm broke, residents who had prepared were prisoners for hours in their homes behind barricaded doors and windows, while the wind was wrecking buildings as shown in this West Palm Beach after-the-storm photograph

MINUTE MEN of the STORM

By Edmund A. Chester

FOREWARNED, but powerless, the whole East Coast of Florida waited in September while a tropical hurricane rushed toward it, sweeping in from the West Indies and the Atlantic Ocean as if it were a mighty cycle of wind in the hands of a titan. Meteorologists were certain that the storm would strike somewhere between the southern tip of Florida and the upper end of the peninsula, but no one could forecast in the earliest warnings the exact limits of the hundred-mile-wide hurricane when it should strike the coast and sweep inland. Hurricanes have their vagaries and shift their courses unexpectedly. Florida could only wait.

The hurricane struck the mainland of Florida on Sunday afternoon, September 16th, covering an area from Fort Pierce to the Delray and Boca Raton section, a distance of 140 miles. It tore through this area in its first rush, leaving almost complete devastation, and then moved into the Everglades where it killed twenty-five hundred persons.

In this Florida tragedy The American Legion demonstrated once more, as it had shown earlier in a series of major disasters throughout the United States, that the Legion is the country's first line of defense against catastrophe. More than two thousand Legionnaires of the Florida Department, mobilizing in accordance with the system embodied in the Legion's national emergency relief plan, went to work in the stricken area almost before the hurricane had subsided. All the posts of the Florida Department, forewarned of the storm, had made preparations to meet it. By train, by automobile, by boat, the rescue and relief expeditions of scores of posts proceeded from their own communities to the

storm-leveled and flooded miles along the coast and in the vast lowlands of the interior of the State. In the very first wave of the Legion minute men of the storm were Department Commander Howard MacFarlane and Department Adjutant C. Howard Rowton. Even before the storm broke, Legionnaires were in action in the area which seemed to lie directly in its path.

There were countless Paul Reveres of The American Legion who rode in automobiles through the more isolated reaches of the Everglades warning the inhabitants to prepare shelter or seek higher ground. At Belle Glade, for instance, Dr. William J. Buck, Commander of the only Legion post in the

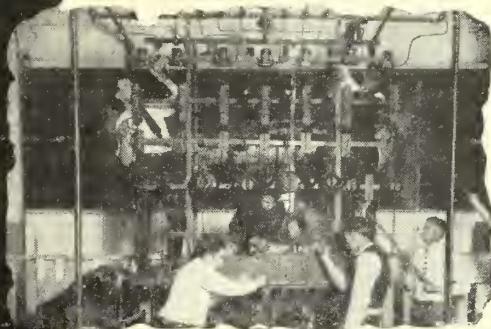
Everglades section, organized members of his post into a disaster relief squad a whole half day in advance of the storm. On Sunday morning all the members of Dr. Buck's post knew the parts assigned to them in case the storm, expected Sunday afternoon, should prove to be as severe as had been forecast. A disaster committee, headed by Legionnaire George W. Carr, was in charge of storm preparations at West Palm Beach. What the Legion did at Belle Glade and West Palm Beach it did also in practically every other sizeable community in South Florida.

The work of the Legion can only be understood fully if one knows the Everglades. The Everglades is a great tract of reclaimed land covering an area of something more than four million acres. Approximately a million and a half acres were under the flood waters of Lake Okeechobee during the hurricane. Farming is the chief industry of the Everglades, the rich muck-soil producing abundant crops with little or no fertilization. The (Continued on page 55)

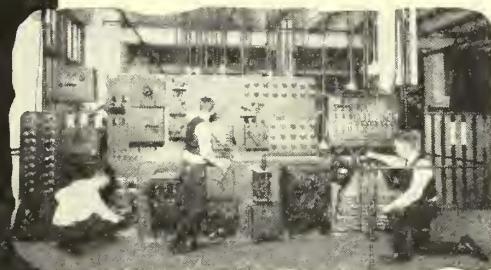


Florida Legionnaires stop their work of burying the Everglades hurricane's dead long enough to be inoculated against diseases

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

ANOTHER NEGLECTED INDUSTRY

*By Wallace Irwin
Decoration by Clarence Rowe*

THE government-owned opera in Paris is guarded by witches who, for all we know, are direct descendants of the hags who knitted, counted and gnashed their teeth when bloody heads fell from the Terror's guillotine. At the Opera House they bounce out of corners, champing their broken gums; they seize your hat in crusty talons, and when you ask, "Why?" you reel from a volley of poisoned patois. During the performance they stamp on your hat, testing it; after the show they give you the wrong one and jeer, "Fool of a foreigner, why are you here at all?"

In France this is exceptional; the French, as we suspect, are the politest people on earth. Possibly we think so because we understand so little of what they are saying. However, any race which can form a simple question like this: "Pardon, my sir, is it that you wish to tell me where is an American bar?" must rank high in the Industry of Making Friends.

And foreigners have their ways. During the war an Italian financier came to Washington, and when they offered to show him the White House he gasped, "I don't want the White House. I want the Treasury."

Yet Americans are, man for man and girl for girl, the impolitest of the civilized peoples. The English are the rudest, but that's a different matter. An Englishman can say "Really" in such a way as to ruin a week-end party whereas an American might ask, "Whaddya think I am? A moron?" with appreciatively less results.

There is something in the freshness of our national air and the music of our National Air which restrains the American from lavishing pretty gestures. We are imbued with the conviction that honest hearts and harsh words are identical. Ordinarily if we meet a person whose manners show intent to please we look upon him as a weakling or a mountebank; otherwise why doesn't he bark at us? Aren't we a freeborn people? Doesn't the Declaration of Independence say, in effect, that every man is as good as his neighbors, and a darned sight better?

Why is Gene Tunney less popular than he deserves to be? His suavity offends us. There's something wrong with a pug who says "I'm sorry" when he sits on your hat. He's up-stage.

Our policemen, fortunately, are he-men. With the rare exception of those diplomats who control traffic in Charleston, S. C., our enforcers of the law follow the old cannibal custom of striking terror to the enemy, then roasting him at leisure. Such of us as have been arrested—and who hasn't?—still burn with the preliminary bawling out. "Hey! What tha hellya thinkya are?" Cop language for, "Wait just a minute." The well-aimed insult is the policeman's first arm of offense; and to be arrested in the American language is not the pleasure it ought to be. Perhaps it is punishment. Yet crime is on the increase, manslaughter and robbery approach their peak. Can it be possible that our leading felons have got used to being yelled at?

In England, where the law is obeyed with an earnestness which betrays the British lack of humor, it is still a pleasure to be run down by a Bobbie. How deferentially his gloved hand goes up to his helmet! "If you don't mind, sir," he explains, "I'll

tyke you over to the station 'ouse. I'm afraid you've committed murder, sir."

In short, the Bobbie is a public servant, and the public appreciates polite service. The American Cop, on the other hand, is a head waiter by instinct. His importance takes precedence over your comfort. If

you escape him—as we hope you do—it is only to throw yourself upon the mercy of the Subway where the guard, also uniformed, shoves you aboard with his foot and leaves you to rave among the jammed hundreds, like yourself thinking up new combinations of unpleasant words.

Nowadays we hear a lot about wastage. Has anything been said on the subject of temper wastage? It would take a genius to compute the daily years burnt up in a futile competition of bad manners. Politeness pays. It's Victorian, it's true. In Sunday School we used to sing, "Kind words will never die"—an insipid thought; but Pollyanna is too often a prophetess. And it is interesting to see how the little spiked devils of ill-speech can hop about, spitting sulphur and working havoc.

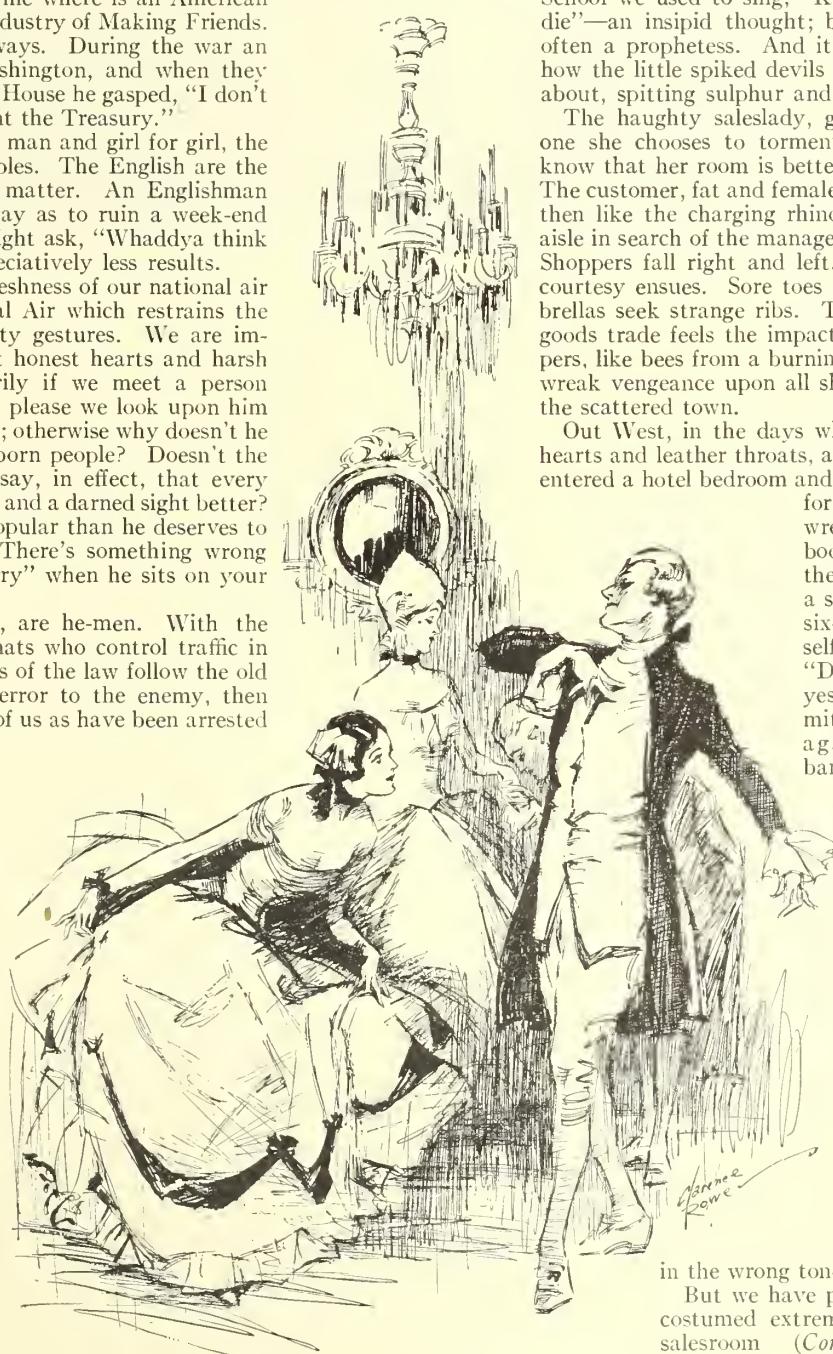
The haughty saleslady, glaring fishily at the one she chooses to torment, lets the customer know that her room is better than her company. The customer, fat and female, expresses her mind; then like the charging rhino she goes down the aisle in search of the manager. She cuts a swath. Shoppers fall right and left. A carnival of discourtesy ensues. Sore toes are throbbing. Umbrellas seek strange ribs. The entire retail dry-goods trade feels the impact, for wounded shoppers, like bees from a burning hive, pour forth to wreak vengeance upon all shopladies throughout the scattered town.

Out West, in the days when men had golden hearts and leather throats, a soft spoken stranger entered a hotel bedroom and read the sign, "Ring for the Bellboy." Poor wretch, he rang. Hard boots came pounding up the barren stairs. Then a sun-trod face under a six-gallon hat thrust itself in and bellowed, "Did ya ring?" "Why, yes," the stranger admitted. "Don't do it again!" The door banged.

That was a gesture of the old tradition when men ate raw tobacco to prove that they were males. The West thought that the man who said "Thank you" was a Lizzie. At the same time the South was making such a fine point of etiquette that daggers were drawn under solemn cypresses about day-break because somebody called the hostess Madam

in the wrong tone of voice.

But we have passed that period of costumed extremes. An automobile salesroom (Continued on page 65)





The HEART of AMERICAN YOUTH

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by George Alexander

WE'VE got to strengthen the hope and faith of our young people. They must be convinced first of all that we believe in them!" It was a woman who spoke, somewhere in the shadows of the veranda on a hillside above a western river. We had been talking of the world's problems in the calm mood induced by the night as we looked out across the moonlit September landscape. Several canoes slipped by, leaving a wake of silvery ripples, and young voices cheerily floated up to us in the carefree strains of "You Know I Do!" to ukulele accompaniment.

"Youth," some one remarked as the song died away, "has a right to happiness!" Then the discussion became animated and continued until the party dispersed.

The talk—they were serious-minded folk, fathers and mothers, with sons and daughters nearing manhood and womanhood—troubled me as I went out to wander along the river. What has happened to make the young people of America a problem which their elders discuss—more or less frankly, and rather helplessly—rarely agreeing upon facts on which to base judgment, or plan a course of action that will save youth from the disasters predicted by the prophets of gloom.

Such forebodings are, of course, as old as the race. The youth of the world have always been under fire. Folly is not a recent invention of man but manifested itself early in his struggle to emerge from the dust. It is the way of youth to do foolish things; to blunder and stumble, disdain advice, insist, with obstinate perversity, on taking the wrong road in spite of the markers we've

put at the crossways.

"If youth but knew!" is an old, despairing cry. But as youth doesn't know and frequently is hard to teach there

must be sleepless nights for patient mothers and impatient fathers. The parental duty and responsibility, even where the intentions are the most kindly and intelligent, are not easily met. Many moral barriers and safeguards have been swept away. Men and women of fifty know what these used to be, but their children don't know. When told of them the boys and girls of today are a little mystified and away down in their hearts they are grateful that the old order of things has passed. It makes no favorable impression on a boy to be told that forty years ago his father was frequently dragged to the woodshed and beaten with a hickory stick. The punishment strikes the youngster as merely an instance of brutality on the part of his ancestor. If the father declares that he became the noble character he is today because of those woodshed chastisements he probably lies about it. The confession that he was whipped until his mother stayed the furious paternal hand creates an unpleasant picture in the lad's mind. The suspicion that his father would like to use a hickory stick on him doesn't warm his heart toward this parent so proud, it would seem, of his memories of the woodshed school of discipline. If this same parent takes a night off occasionally for a poker party, spends Sunday on the golf links, and patronizes bootleggers the boy is not so stupid but that he knows his father to be a good deal of a fraud when he talks loftily of the superior merit of his upbringing.

We fathers need debunking. We can't brag of the rectitude of



"Girls will be girls, and boys will be boys. So it was in the beginning, is now and no doubt ever shall be. And yet somehow the same boys and girls manage to keep the human race alive and achieving"

our own youth unless in maturity we walk a pretty straight chalk line ourselves.

We all know that the world has turned over several times in the past fifty years and that mere living is a much more complicated business than it used to be. It is our fate to live in the twentieth century, and having lived for some time in the nineteenth I wouldn't go back to it even to add two score years to my life. Back yonder young men and women were having their troubles and their elders were worrying about them, just as now. There were people who did violence to the Ten Commandments, people who failed, people who attained success by dishonesty, just as now. Sin didn't originate with the automobile. In the days when it was my business to take care of the family horse we had a drunkard in our neighborhood, a girl who "went wrong" and one youth who became a highly unsuccessful burglar; and these phenomena were all observable in a decent church-going community.

I am unable to join with enthusiasm in the prevalent disposition to mourn for the good old times. The talk of degeneracy and depravity had begun before the Great War and yet four million, seven hundred thousand of the cleanest, bravest boys in the world rallied to the call to the American colors and gave the answer in epoch-making deeds. And young women, everywhere volunteering for service overseas, or working at home in canteens, Red Cross work and countless other war activities, carried on and kept the home fires burning. They, too, stand as a protest against the cynicism and detraction heaped upon the young people of America. When the boys came home I thought we should hear a great deal from them about their experiences. They had a right to talk; they had saved the world and were entitled to brag all they pleased. But to most of the young veterans the subject appeared to be distasteful; they shrank from being exhibited as heroes; didn't want the praise of their grateful countrymen. "That's over; what's next to be done?" That has been the dominant spirit of the men who have fought in all our wars, and it never had finer expression than in the hearts and minds of the valiant soldiers and sailors America sent into the Great War.

What we parents and grandparents should do in these difficult times is to examine ourselves carefully as to how much we have done to make the world a safe place for youth. The generation that's causing so much anxiety didn't fashion the world; the responsibility for its perils to the soul can't be laid at their doors.

A familiar indictment against the rising generation is that it is indifferent to the counsels of religion. I do not find the youth of today irreligious; but they are a good deal bewildered by the confusion, the uncertainty and the dissensions in the religious field. Here is one of those questions which it is more comfortable to ignore; prejudices are easily aroused; some one's feelings may be hurt. It must be remembered that the young mind is particularly curious as to everything touched with mystery, and is entitled to a fair and honest answer to its questions. The youth of these times need help as to these matters, help offered in the spirit of sincerity and not evasions in keeping with old formulae. Ethical instruction was once left largely to the churches, which assumed authority to speak on questions of conduct. But the fact is that ethical teaching—the implanting of ideals of good conduct and right living—has been assumed by other agencies, or is neglected altogether. "The heart of a boy is God's springtime," wrote Woodberry. It is not surprising that twentieth century youth avoids dogmatic discussions; but young minds are always quickened by high endeavor and noble action. The wells of truth should not be muddied for them. Jesus as the Great Example should not be obscured by controversies that have no bearing whatever on His teachings.

Youth is naturally touched by heroism. A boy who picks sound heroes for emulation, no matter what field has caught his fancy, has already hitched his wagon to a star. It may be Edison, the Wright brothers, Roosevelt or Pershing, or George Washington who has kindled his imagination and wakened his ambition. Or, exploring the garret on a rainy day he may have found an old magazine with the story of Custer, the Michigan cavalier with yellow curls who went straight from West Point to win a star for his shoulder by his cavalry dashes in Virginia. American history is a continuous chronicle of boys, most of them born in poverty, who climbed to the seats of the mighty. It was a long, rough road that Andrew Jackson traveled from the humble cabin on Waxhaw Creek to the White House, but on the way he laid low the pick of the British Army at New Orleans. A tedious course it was that led Abraham Lincoln finally to immortality. There's still other inspiration for youth in the memorials becoming so numerous in the older parts of America, perpetuating the names of the forthright pioneer men and women whose courage and foresight left a debt upon posterity.

(Continued on page 66)



ROGER BEARD, interpreter for the commanding general, splashed his mess pan into the tub of cold, greasy water, shook it once distastefully, and breaking from line, crossed the clay floor deliberately toward the stove where the chance of getting clean, hot water seemed good.

"Damn' handshaker," grunted a man behind him, "how's a runt like that get so partic'lar?"

Beard heard the remark. He turned full about, searched for the man who had spoken, identified him as a fat clerk from the office of the personnel adjutant, smiled slightly, and proceeded across the kitchen with polite indifference. He was not displeased to be called a handshaker. He considered it a compliment. What were these other men in headquarters detachment mess, these messengers, truck drivers, troop guides, warehouse checkers, but a wet, muddy lot of laborers? Let them slur, and go on breaking their backs. He had a soft berth, intended to keep it.

He dipped his pan into a big iron boiler on the stove. This water too was only lukewarm. Beard tested it with his fingers and scowled. He was about to investigate a second boiler when Bill Concord, chief cook, interposed. The cook was a massive, sweating, lazy man, with immense hands and a sullen temper.

"Here, what you doin', Beard?" he demanded.

"I'm looking for some clean, hot water," Beard replied. There was something in his cool voice that repelled many members of the detachment. It enraged the cook, even more than the interpreter's quiet, insolent manner. "That over there's filthy," Beard added.

OUTSIDE

BY KARL

"Filthy?" Concord bridled. "Stand back there," he threatened. "I don't see no stripes on *your* sleeve! What call you got bustin' out o' line every meal? What's good enough for the rest's good enough for you!"

"It's not good enough for any human being, Concord, and you know it."

Beard's reply was spoken quietly, each word enunciated distinctly. It was the conscious speech of an educated man, and therefore objectionable in the strident mess hall.

"Lean back or I'll lean you!" the cook said abusively, and doubled his red fists.

Beard stood his ground, the mess pan swinging by its handle from his thin fingers. He examined Concord slowly, peering through thick glasses. There was an expression of contempt on his face.

"You are a very impossible person," he said, and turned abruptly toward the door.

A dozen men heard his words, and those of Bill Concord in reply:

"I'll get you, you lousy dog robber!"

Concord wiped his hands on his greasy breeches and passed



HELP

W. DETZER

*Illustrations
by
V.E. Pyles*

around the low range, set deep in the floor with the

two boilers of water heating on top. He disappeared through a door that opened into the cooks' sleeping quarters almost behind the stove. Another door, not visible from the kitchen, emerged from the bunk room upon the rolling, muddy acres of the Forwarding Camp.

Two soldiers, awaiting their turn at the tub of cold dish water, saw the blue veins bulging angrily from Concad's red neck as he ran into the sleeping room. They watched Beard saunter the length of the shack. He was a small, spare, overbearing soldier, with a habit of scowling behind his glasses. He had few friends in headquarters detachment. Men, enlisted men who didn't care themselves about regulations, admitted Beard was smart, but said he was arrogant and took pride in being unmilitary. His person was clean, but his suit of issue olive drab fitted him ill, his puttees were carelessly rolled, his shirt spread open at the throat in defiance of camp regulations. His shoulders were slightly stooped, as if he had too little drill and too much office detail.

He delayed a moment at the door, fitted the lid on the mess pan and fastened down the handle; then slipped it into his shirt

Bill Concad, his face white and sweat on his forehead, plunged through the door into the mess hall. "What's that? What was that?" he demanded

and stepped out into the night. One of the few feeble electric lights hung just inside the door. It cut the smoke and steam with its sulky illumination and shone unsteadily upon Roger Beard's thin, sullen face as he glanced back into the room.

There were twenty men left in the shack, most of them scattered along the tables eating late suppers. Kitchen police were brushing the crumbs from the unpainted boards at the other end. An assistant cook sang dispiritedly as he tramped about his kitchen chores. Roger Beard had been gone sixty seconds at most, so the witnesses testified next day, when two shots, close together, roared through the shack.

There was an instant of absolute silence in the mess hall. Then the sound of a body falling. Some were ready to believe that they heard running steps in the direction of the cooks' sleeping quarters. Afar off a sentry on post cried: "Corporal of the Guard!"

Bill Concad, his face white and sweat on his forehead, plunged through the door from the bunk room. "What's that? What was that?" he demanded.

Two soldiers carried Roger Beard back into the mess hall and laid him upon a table, in a welter of spilled coffee and crusts of bread. He was bleeding from a large wound behind the left ear and one under his left shoulder. By the time a young medical officer arrived from the camp dispensary, Beard was dead. He had said nothing.

A lieutenant of headquarters detachment, who had been stirred from his orderly room across the muddy street, ran through the rear door as the medical officer appeared at the front. A moment later they were followed by the sergeant of the guard and still later by the officer of the day.

It was from this last that Brigadier General Joseph V. Larned, commander of the camp, learned such details as have already been here set down. Larned had been a major of cavalry before the war, serving on the Mexican border. He was a neat, energetic officer of fifty-five, still somewhat confused by the splendor of new stars upon his shoulders and abashed at his own importance. He had commanded a brigade in action for seven days before the armistice intervened and permitted him to sleep again.

He sat at dinner in the general officers' mess, some five hundred feet away, when word was brought that murder had been done. "Beard!" he cried. "Who killed him?"

"Concad . . . a cook at detachment mess. Denies it, though."

"Place him in arrest?"

The officer of the day nodded. "At once," he said.

"Any witnesses?"

"About twenty, sir. All in the shack. Heard the two of them argue. They went out . . . out different doors. Beard was shot twice. Concad ran back in."

Lieutenant Colonel Robert Lee Peabody, chief of staff, had walked around the end of the table and halted behind the general. The other officers, half a dozen in number, had risen, napkins in hand, and stood listening.

"Heard them quarrel?" Peabody demanded. "What about?"

"The dish water, sir."

"Dish water? Who ever heard of such a thing? What's the cook say?"

"Cook denies it, sir."

"Anyone see the shots fired?"

"No one, sir."

"Why, I was on the road there," Peabody said, "on my way here when I heard the shooting. Couldn't place it. Why you think the cook did it?"

"He threatened Beard just before. He was pretty mad."

"Good Lord, that's not proof. Can't hang a soldier for being mad!"

The officer of the day rubbed his chin. The general frowned at the table, then at the startled faces about him. Dim electric lights reflected in the polished stars upon his shoulders. He tapped the scrubbed pine with a pewter spoon, then arose quickly.

"I'd better appoint a board of inquiry. Affair of this kind in the Philippines, we'd have a board of inquiry . . ."

"I beg the general's pardon," said the officer of the day, "but I called the military police at once. Talked to the major."

"What's he think?"

"He said there was a kind of detective bureau to handle such things . . . Criminal Investigation . . . he called that office, up at Le Mans."

Again the general frowned.

"Detective bureau? Well, maybe. It's a queer army, now-a-days. I'll appoint a board of inquiry anyway. Get the adjutant . . . that's so, on pass. Have to send for him, need him to get out the order for the board."

Followed by his chief of staff and the officer of the day, Larned stamped briskly along the duck boards that connected the officers' mess with camp headquarters. Rain, which had begun at dusk, fell with a stupid regularity. Motor trucks grumbled and slued about in mud on the main road below the hill top where stood the headquarters building. North and south, east and west, extended tiers of sheet iron barracks, their roofs glistening under occasional yellow electric lights. Black lines of homegoing troops moved impatiently along loading platforms at the distant railroad siding. Switch engines ground their brakes as they shunted cars.

Over all the camp droned a faint hissing sound, the mingled noises of fifty thousand restless men. The Forwarding Camp, five miles south of the city of Le Mans, was a vast concentration area, gorging the returning transports with brigades, regiments and casual companies. This was the night of May nineteenth. War had been over six months. In two months more these fields must be turned back to the French.

Headquarters building arose three stories, of red and yellow pressed brick, highly ornamented, with a Teutonic cast of countenance. In peaceful days it had been the home of a certain Monsieur Graffstein, an expatriated Bavarian, who made his money in German beer and spent it on French wine.

At the outbreak of the war, just when the French secret police were about to arrest him as a dangerous character, Monsieur Graffstein had disappeared. General Larned had heard more or less of the story. It was common talk in the countryside that the man returned to Bavaria to join the colors. The French government took over his estate of eight hundred hectares, searched fruitlessly for his fortune, which was reported to be concealed about the property, and after a time converted the place into a military camp. Later it was offered to the Americans for the largest of their homegoing concentration areas.

General Larned slept comfortably in a Graffstein bed, under the Graffstein roof, and reckless American orderlies gouged hobnail holes in Graffstein parquet floors. Larned had chosen the library for his private office. It was a tall, drafty room, with an ornate fireplace and its walls lined with books. More than any other room in the house it possessed some natural suggestion of military dignity. A broad, unpainted pine table in the center, a smaller table with two field desks upon it, half a dozen straight backed chairs, a plan of the camp and a map of the Embarkation Area, both tacked above the fireplace, composed the official fixtures.

"Sit down, Colonel. Sit down, Captain." General Larned leaned across his desk and jammed his palm upon a bell. The sergeant major who entered was big and lean, with a sallow face and hearty voice.

"Send for the adjutant, sergeant. I need him. He's on pass. Call officers' club at Le Mans. Right away."

"Yes, sir." The sergeant major turned briskly toward the door.

"And Sergeant," the general added, "Beard was shot. He's dead. Murdered."

The sergeant major looked sharply at Lieutenant Colonel Peabody. That officer picked his cap from the table and dusted it against his boot. Then he glanced in the direction of the general.

"I had a row with Beard a bit ago," he said. "This sergeant saw it. Didn't amount to much."

General Larned, who had pulled forward a pile of letters and was signing them absentmindedly, stuck the pen back into its rack.

"Row?" he repeated. "You? With Beard?" He stared incredulously. There was silence for a moment. Then the general remembered the gaping sergeant major. "Send for the adjutant, Sergeant," he ordered, and no one spoke till the door had closed behind the non-com.

"What was the trouble?" The general sawed backward and forward in his chair. The officer of the day scraped his boots uneasily.

"Well, it was this way," Peabody explained. He was a tall, lean, big boned man with a square jaw and a little sprinkle of black in his gray hair. "I stopped at the mail orderly's desk out there and picked up my mail. Had some letters from home among others. Clerk said you'd gone to mess. I came in here, wanted to be alone . . . to read my letters . . . you know, letters from home. One from my daughter I'd been looking for a long time. Beard was standing right there." He motioned to the left of the General's desk. "He had a couple of books from the shelves, French paper backs. I asked him to leave. He said he was waiting for you. I told him to wait somewhere else. He was sullen, put the books in his pocket but did not get out."

"That's partly my fault," the general broke in. "I let him sit around the office. Saved time for me. You've seen him here. Frenchmen coming in every minute, you know how it is. I needed him on hand. Needed him to translate documents. He got lax in discipline."

"Extremely." The lieutenant colonel placed a brittle intonation on the word. He continued rapidly. "Beard turned to me finally, he was standing right there, back of the desk, and I by the door, and he made a remark. The sergeant major opened the door just then. I was angry."

General Larned pursed his lips, bulging his short, cropped, gray mustache. He was staring at the ceiling over the table.

"What was this remark that Beard made to you, Colonel?" he demanded.

Colonel Peabody drew a quick, sharp breath. He spoke brusquely.

"It concerned a purely personal matter, sir. I decline to repeat it."

The officer of the day coughed. General Larned swung about on his chair.

"You'd better go, too, Captain," he said. "Look up witnesses. Put a sentry on post at the mess shack, see that nothing's touched. If you hear of anything . . . if Concord should make a statement . . . let me know at once."

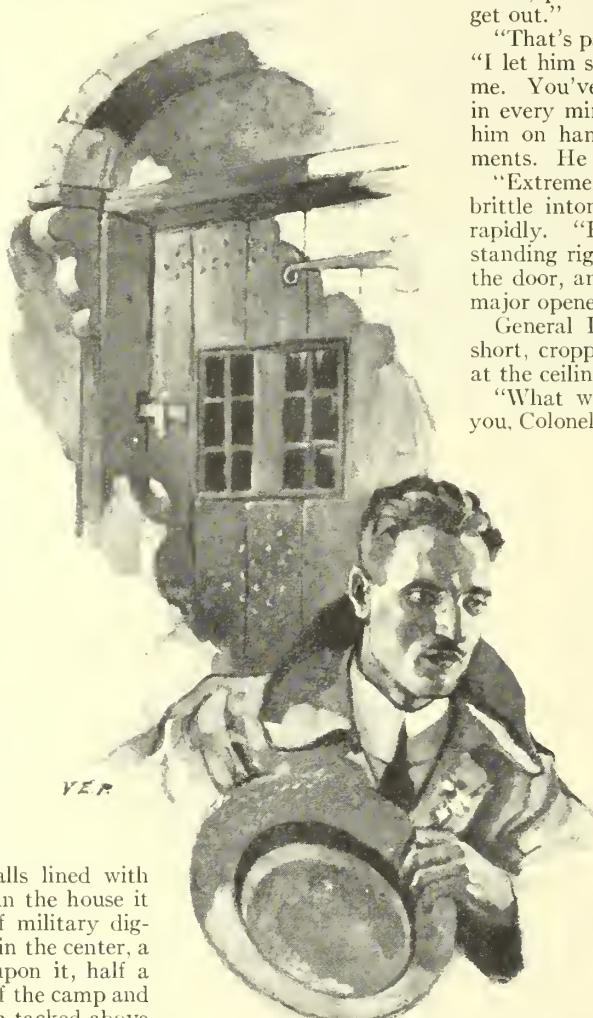
The captain saluted heavily at the door, his heels tight together. The camp commander replied dismally, touching his forehead with the penholder. The door closed. Neither officer spoke for a moment. Then Larned asked with assumed indifference:

"Colonel, where were you when the shots were fired?"

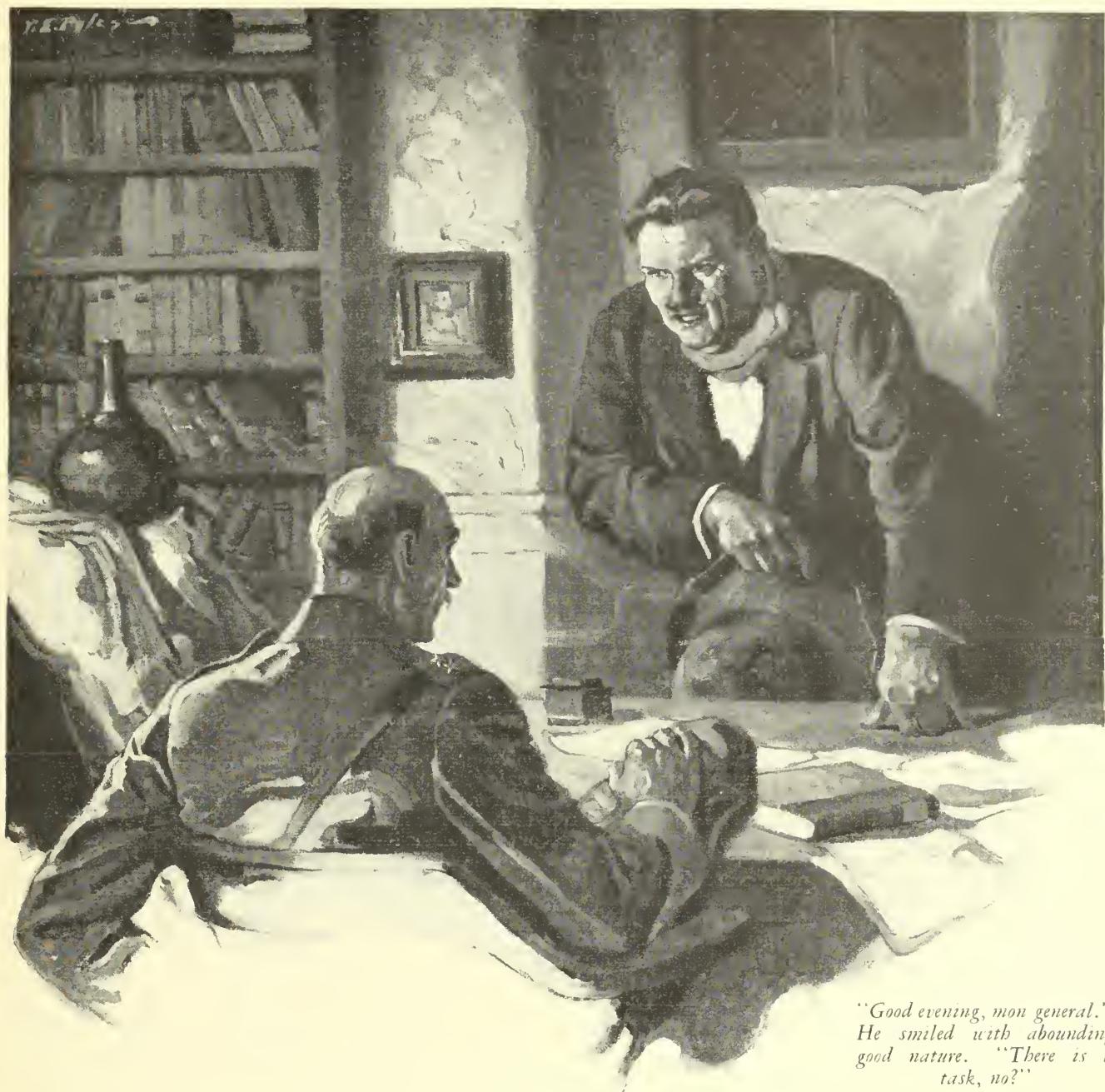
"On my way to mess. About a hundred or so paces from the door."

"Which direction?"

"South, away from the enlisted men's mess."



He was a slender, dark skinned youth with a small, black mustache, and the heavy rings under his eyes indicated that he slept too little



"Good evening, mon general."
He smiled with abounding good nature. "There is a task, no?"

"Was . . . was anyone with you?"

Lieutenant Colonel Peabody arose with an exclamation under his breath. He was two inches taller than his superior. He stood very stiff, looking down.

"Does the general insinuate . . . ?"

"Damn the formality!" Larned broke in. "Did you have a witness? The board will want to know. Murder, you understand . . . sergeant major hearing some talk . . . your calling it a personal matter just now, right before the officer of the day . . . unpleasant fix, Colonel! Unpleasant, to say the least."

The general began to walk rapidly up and down the room. Peabody held an unlighted cigarette between his lips, rubbing the notched wheel of a flint and steel lighter in his thumb. He cursed it in an undertone and searched in his pockets for a match but found none.

"I think," Larned suggested finally, "you'd better not be so sensitive about this personal matter, Colonel. I assure you that no one . . . no one of any rank at least . . . will accuse you of . . . of anything. But the board . . . I've simply got to appoint a board, you know. Why, Colonel, once in the Philippines . . . remember old Wooden Wells? Commanding at McKinley. Affair of this kind and Wells thought it didn't need a board. You know what happened to him! So I have to. And they'll ask questions. Especially these ninety-day gentlemen. They're made of questions. And if you refuse to answer . . . ?"

"I'll refuse, sir! It's no business of that board or anybody else what my trouble with Beard was. I tried to reason with him

. . . he wouldn't listen to reason. He laughed. An insolent young pup! But as for . . . for . . . ?"

"Murder," the general prompted testily.

"Yes, as for murder, that's absurd."

Peabody lighted another cigarette. Larned pulled the curtain at one of the windows and stared out into the dark. He remarked that it still was raining. The lieutenant colonel agreed. They gave up conversation. Both were startled at the rap on the door.

"Come," Larned bade.

The sallow faced sergeant major entered noiselessly.

"There's a civilian says he's got to talk to the general. D. C. I. Says that's the secret police."

"Send him in."

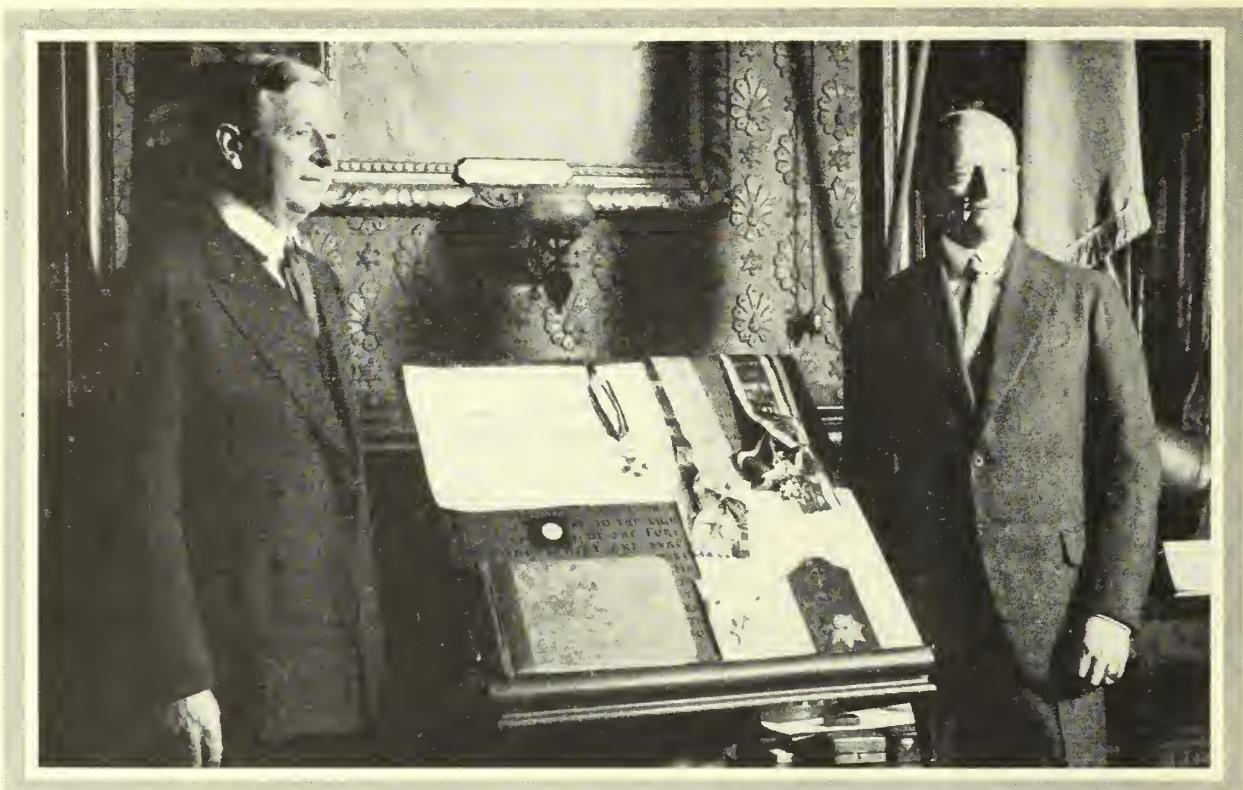
"Yes, sir."

"And Sergeant," Larned's voice was still testy, "I'll need a new interpreter. Wasn't there someone, a Frenchman, attached to supply depot?"

"Yes, sir. Pieyard's his name, or something like that. Kind of caretaker of this place, before the war. That's his house by the road down at the entrance."

"Have an orderly go get him," Larned instructed. "I've got to get that list of missing property translated for the French general. Promised to have it by morning. And Sergeant, send in that damned policeman."

Sergeant Henry Wales, Division of Criminal Investigation, advanced confidently into the room, shaking the rain from a high crowned straw hat. He was a slender, (Continued on page 44)



General Pershing, on his 68th birthday—September 13, 1928—photographed alongside a fresh cluster of decorations which arrived in honor of his services and the occasion. At the left is Secretary of War and Legionnaire Dwight F. Davis

PERSHING

As His Orderlies Know Him

Part III

EARLY in the fall of 1919, the First division, recently returned from France and stationed at Camp Dix, New Jersey, was called upon to select a permanent orderly for General Pershing. Every company and corresponding unit in the entire division was required to name one candidate. From the eighty thus tentatively selected, Sergeant Steve B. Ceto, Company K, 26th Infantry, was given the assignment.

Ceto was a pre-war Regular Army veteran. He was serving his second hitch with the colors when war was declared. As a platoon sergeant he had led his men through some of the hardest fighting on the Western Front and had been wounded twice in action—once at Soissons and once during the Meuse-Argonne. His four service and two wound chevrons, his fourragere, his marksmanship medals spread across his broad chest, his alert bearing and his strong, muscular physique—these were Ceto's letters of recommendation.

General Pershing was then living at Chevy Chase, Maryland, outside of the city of Washington, and there Ceto entered upon his new duties. For seven years Ceto served as the General's orderly and his observations which follow throw a great deal of light on the life of the Commanding General since the Armistice and on the problems which the chief veteran of the A. E. F., no less than the least, confronted in adjusting himself to the piping times of peace.

MY NEW job had me scared (Ceto told me). I had the average soldier's combination of respect and fear for an officer of any high rank, particularly of the Commanding General of the A. E. F. himself. At first I tried to keep out of his way. I took my orders from his aides, and went about my work in a most businesslike manner. When I saw the General coming I tried to hide if I had the time. If I found that I could not get out of the

By Robert Ginsburgh

way gracefully I awkwardly snapped to attention and instinctively began to salute, even though I might have been holding

one of the General's boots in one hand and a can of saddle soap in the other. He always greeted me with a very pleasant "Good morning" or some cheerful remark about the weather, but the only words that I could muster were a feeble "Yes, sir."

The General was watching me, I thought, rather closely. Whenever I caught his searching glance I began to feel that my days were numbered and that I was on my way back to old Company K. One day, however, he called me into his room and told me that he was pleased with my work.

"Ceto," he said, "I want you to make yourself at home. We are just one big family in this house. You are my orderly, and what is mine around here is yours."

I could hardly believe my ears, but to emphasize his sincerity the General turned over to me all of his keys and told me to take care of all his belongings. Among them was included the key to his room. A couple of weeks later he had occasion to regret that fact, I am afraid.

We had taken a trip to Atlantic City from Washington together. The General wanted me to do a few errands for him at the seashore at the last minute and asked me to take the next train while he rushed back to Washington in his automobile. I completed the work in much less time than I had expected and took my train about an hour after the General had departed. I arrived in Washington early in the evening and went right out to the house in Chevy Chase. Imagine my surprise when I found General Pershing waiting on the steps leading to his room. He was locked out of his own chambers. I had the only keys. I was a little worried at first, but the General laughed over the affair and made me feel at ease.

In fact, I began to feel more and more at home the longer I stayed on the job. General Pershing had very little to say to me.

He gave very few orders and these were so simple and direct that I could not possibly have mistaken his desires even if I had tried.

Most of my work consisted of the ordinary duties of an orderly for any officer. There were boots to shine, errands to run, clothes to be pressed and rooms to keep neat and clean. Now and then I got something to do which was sufficiently different to make me realize how unusual was the job of being orderly to General Pershing.

Once I was called into the drawing room and told that a famous artist would be at the house that afternoon and that I was to pose for a picture for him. I realized, of course, that I was far from a handsome man and could not understand why an artist would be interested in my face. Orders are orders, however, so I polished my leather, got out my best uniform, slicked my hair and came down looking my very best. The artist introduced himself to me and then told me to take off my blouse. I thought the procedure rather unusual, but had hardly recovered from this surprise when he gave me the General's blouse and Sam Browne belt and told me to put them on. I sat in the chair for several hours that afternoon and many afternoons thereafter posing for the artist, but discovered to my surprise that he never looked at my face.

General Pershing had been accommodating so many artists by posing for them that he grew weary of the tedious procedure. He therefore hit upon the idea of using me for his pictures. While I have no facial resemblance to the General, I have often been told that my neck and shoulders are shaped similarly to his. Consequently he sat for the artist while the characteristic lines of his face were drawn and I posed for the rest. The composite Pershing-Ceto portrait has caused a great deal of favorable comment, I understand, but I do not believe anyone except those immediately connected with the work ever suspected the presence of any of the lines of General Pershing's orderly. It was like being a "movie" double.

Another unusual assignment for an orderly came when I was ordered to fix up a Chaumont room in the Chevy Chase house. The General wanted to preserve the memory of his services in the A. E. F. by having in his own home one room that was as nearly as possible an exact duplicate of the one he had occupied at G.H.Q. at Chaumont.

I had never been in Chaumont myself, so I fixed up the room according to my own taste. It seemed simple enough. There were just a few rugs, a government-issue oak desk, a couple of chairs, a large wall map, a few books and an old French clock.

My arrangement, however, did not suit the General at all. The maps were hung on the wrong wall, the desk stood in the wrong corner and the chairs were not arranged in Chaumont style, he told me. He pointed out one mistake after another while I stood at attention and said nothing. Suddenly he reminded himself that I had not been in Chaumont at all. "Why, you never saw the Chaumont room, did you, Ceto?" he asked, and before I could answer he pitched in and helped me. He supervised every detail of the job personally. Late at night, after all



General Pershing, the late Colonel Quekemyer, his aide, Sergeant Ceto and Warren Pershing photographed on a holiday at the Wyoming ranch of Senator Francis E. Warren, the General's father-in-law. In circle, General Pershing and Major General Charles P. Summerall, now Chief of Staff, U. S. A., photographed in France, with Colonel Quekemyer in the background

his work was done, we would go into the room and I would shift chairs, rugs and desks until I had placed each exactly where it had been in the original room in France.

When the time came to hang up the French clock I noticed that the hands were at eleven. I asked the General for the correct time and I was about to move the hands around when he stopped me.

"Ceto," he said, "by some freak of fate that old French clock actually stopped at eleven o'clock November 11, 1918. I want the hands to remain that way in our Chaumont room here."

I learned much about the war during those evenings. When the wall map was unrolled and all the different colors and pin dots showed conspicuously, the General spread it out on the desk and began to point out the disposition of the troops during the different engagements. My own First Division, and my regiment, the 26th Infantry, of course, occupied the center of my interest. The General traced for me all our movements on the map from the time we landed in France until we left for the United States. I enjoyed these hours and I tried to prolong them by asking questions. In a great measure I succeeded, for although the room was arranged in simple, military style, without an extra bit of furniture or even an extra book, and should have been fixed up in one or two evenings, I dragged the job along for several weeks.

While the Chaumont room had a great appeal to those visitors to the Chevy Chase house who had seen the original in France, I never could find any interest in it unless the General was inside. To me the most interesting room in the house was the library.

I stumbled in there late one night (Continued on page 57)

The MAN in the

By
Leonard
H.Nason

Parts I—IV in Brief

SEPARATED from its infantry, a machine gun section of an American division, wandering about the front during the Meuse-Argonne battle is ordered by a white-slickered officer to fire down a ravine on what appear to be American troops. Corporal Gordon, temporarily commanding the section, hits the officer over the head with an ammunition box. A moment later a runner tells him his victim is not a spy but the aide of the corps commander. Enemy fire drives the machine gunners back and when they look at the spot where the body of the aide lay it has disappeared. Subsequently the section runs into infantry from another division and Gordon finds that he and his men are suspected of having put the white-slickered officer out of the way. The three men now comprising the section are able to get away before anything is done to them. Starting back to the place where they had last seen their infantry they are hailed by a colonel, who orders them to assist doughboys who have just come up to launch a counter attack on the enemy.

Part Five

THREE was no wind, even upon the exposed portion of the hill. The fog curled in long streamers, and the water dripped from the leaves. Men muttered in the fog, some close at hand, others almost out of hearing far along the ridge. Someone was profiting by the halt to open a can of corned willie or hash. Around and around the key rasped, tearing loose the metal top, then the opener grunted, "clank" went his messkit as he knocked off the top, "flupp!" went the contents of the can.

"Give us a dig into that with a fork!" pleaded someone.

Said an impatient voice from another direction, "It's just the same as the Enfield, yuh dam' dumbbell! only it's different. I mean it's better. Now when yuh want to take out the bolt, to clean it, see, or have a peek through the barrel, yuh just push that little gimmick up half way. There, like that! There, out comes the bolt. Now to get it in again, just press down that other thing there and in she goes. Easy, ain't it? Now lemme see yuh load her again."

Evidently the loading was not properly done, for a blast of angry profanity came out of the fog, followed by the sound of many men snickering.



Gordon choked, struggling to cry out as in a dream. O'Nail, however, had

"Yuh can't teach that 'egg nothin'," laughed someone. "He don't understand English! Every non-com in the battalion's had a go at him since last night." The laughter redoubled.

"This will be a fine day if it clears off," remarked the colonel, lighting a new cigarette from the butt of the old.

"Have you anything in mind that I'd better do?" asked the captain.

"Nothing," said the colonel, "nothing. I'm not a combatant officer. Anyway the buck never travels up, but always down. You can't pass any responsibility off onto me."

"Well, I'd decided to wait here anyway until my patrols came back," continued the captain. "You made me nervous by saying the squareheads had come through. I'm going to go slowly. Let me tell you, it's no fun to command a battalion with no runners, no staff, and no training. And all I get for it is captain's pay, too."

The mule that drew the machine gun cart gnawed idly at a bush. He had had no food either, but anything green was meat

WHITE SLICKER



no trouble in shouting. "Boche!" he bellowed. "Here's the Boche!"

to him, whereas his guardians were not so easily satisfied.

Corporal Gordon, and Privates Mackintosh and O'Nail stood sadly by, hands in pockets and faces gloomy. Again hope of rest, of food, and of a few hours' sleep in safety had been snatched from them. Gordon was comforting himself with the thought that eventually a man must collapse from hunger and exhaustion, but what a weary time must be passed before this happens.

Cat-Pie Droghan had gone back to the cart and secured a grooming kit, with which he endeavored to scrape some of the mud off the mule's legs and belly. This was an impossible task, for the mud of the Argonne, once dried, takes on the consistency of cement. The colonel looked at these men from time to time, but said nothing.

Gordon shifted his weight from one tired foot to the other, and turned about so that he faced toward the path that led up to the old trench, and the place where his gun had been the morning of the jump-off twenty-four hours before. Only twenty-four hours! He could hear hobnails scraping on the stones of the

ward, then the two Americans could see the others plainly. They had bags over their shoulders from which the handles of stick grenades protruded; they wore leather cartridge boxes, three on a side.

"Gang up!" choked Gordon, struggling to cry out as in a dream, "Yeay! Boche!"

O'Nail, however, had no trouble in shouting. "Boche!" he bellowed. "Here's the Boche!"

"Shut up, you damned fool!" cried the captain nervously, running over. "That's one of my patrols! What do you mean yelling like that?"

Droghan appeared, stupidly, from behind the mule, holding currycomb and brush in his two hands. The captain shoved him aside and reached out to seize Gordon.

There arose out of the fog, as ships do at sea, a confused mass, long, black, form-changing, moving slowly downhill. In just that breath-taking second a man's laughing voice came from beyond the machine gun cart. "Who the hell's that yawpin'?"

*Illustrations by
Raymond Sisley*

path, as someone descended. He scratched a little hole in the mud with his toe. Twenty-four hours! One day!

There was an intense silence again. The waiting infantry, many of them stretched out flat in an effort to snatch a few minutes' sleep, had ceased to talk among themselves. Only the mule stamped and tore with his teeth at the bush, and Droghan patiently dug at the mud on his legs with the curry-comb.

The fog curled, rolled in waves like those of the sea, receding, rushing on again, cold, damp, penetrating. Gordon shivered convulsively. The fog rolled back like a breaker from a sea wall, and opened up a vista some twenty yards long, so that he could see the edge of the old machine gun position, the wrecked gun, the foot of the path that led up the hill. There were some men there, four of them. Four men, motionless against the grey-white background of the fog! Probably a returning patrol. Four men—Gordon strangled a cry. It could not be!

"Hey!" he whispered. "O'Nail! Lookit!" He pointed at the four.

O'Nail looked and his breath whistled between his teeth. That distant group looked strange. Their overcoats were too long, their silhouettes were not those of Americans. The fog rolled between them and Gordon could not see too plainly. Their helmets, he wanted to see their helmets! But the heads were just a black blob against the fog.

At that the four newcomers advanced. They could only see Gordon and O'Nail, for Mackintosh and Droghan were hidden behind the mule. Two steps forward,

demanded the voice suddenly. "Yuh got a nightmare or what?"

There was a spat of yellow flame from the fog. A bullet cracked in Gordon's ear like a whip lash, and the captain, falling against the back of his legs, bore him to earth. He scrambled up as quickly as he could, frantically trying to get at his pistol. There was yelling such as is only heard in battle and in hell. Deep snarling shouts, then firing opened with the angry crackling of water thrown into hot grease.

Gordon and O'Nail tumbled into a shell hole, and crouching, waited to see something to shoot at. Neither spoke, but both hugged the ground, waiting until someone appeared at the edge of the hole. Bullets cracked over them from both directions. There was continual yelling. Deep and angry from one side, high-pitched, excited from the other.

"They were Boche all right!" exclaimed Gordon hurriedly, and O'Nail nodded. Bullets zipped and cracked over that shell hole with vicious regularity. Grenades burst with brain-rocking reports, some of them so near that, in descending, the mud from their bursting showered the two men in the hole.

The yelling continued. It was very likely that the German officers urged on their men, or directed them in their advance, and that on their side, the Americans called to each other for identification. The thing had happened so suddenly, neither force having any idea that the other was present, and both of them very probably in total ignorance of how large a force was opposed to them, or where the bulk of this force was. Added to the clamor of voices were the cries of the wounded on both sides, alone and helpless in the fog, and in deathly fear of being left to suffer or be taken prisoner.

"What the hell does this mean?" demanded O'Nail.

"Another day with no chow!" answered Gordon.

"Yeh, I realize that, but where did this gang blow in from? And how about the crowd that was out in front last night?"

"I guess they're kapoot!" answered Gordon. "And they ain't the only ones! Something tells me that Fritz has got a good many kicks left yet! And one of them is going to kick this so-called offensive into a hell of a big casualty list!"

"What do you think we'd better do?"

"I don't know. Keep our skull down, anyway."

There was a sudden rush of feet. Both men instinctively flung themselves flat and lay motionless. They were both face down and so could not see, but they could smell. The rushing of feet stopped, seemingly just over their heads, there was a thud of bodies falling. Then the Americans became conscious of an odor, a smell of chloride of lime, of wet wool and of wood-smoke. It was a smell of men, and though the American troops at times were rather high, they never smelled like that. There must be Germans there, and so close that he had but to reach out and touch them.

What should he do, thought Gordon. Leap up and attack these men? Had the Americans already fallen back and were he and O'Nail virtually prisoners? But these bodies falling! What if the Germans had been making for that same shell hole, and had all been killed? No, they were alive, he could hear their labored, excited breathing.

But why didn't the Germans seize him and his companion? They must think they were dead! Why of course! Weren't he and O'Nail plastered with mud from head to foot? Their clothes were wet and torn, and they lay in twisted attitudes in the bottom of a shell hole, surrounded by wreckage of all kinds. And then

the Germans had too much on their minds to give them more than a passing glance.

Suddenly there was a muttered order in German and a machine gun went into action apparently a foot or so from Gordon's ear. It was not after all particularly loud, and he noticed, as an enthusiastic machine gunner himself, that the Germans only fired short bursts. Prrrrt! Pause. Prrrrt! Prrrrt! Another pause. No wasting of ammunition in the wild joy of stepping on her and watching the belt run through, no unnecessary heating of the gun—Gordon wanted to nudge O'Nail with his elbow to call his attention to these things. He wanted also to communicate with him in some fashion, to let him know that he, Gordon, was still alive and hopeful, that there appeared to be very little danger as long as they kept their heads down and the Germans were busy. Yet he dared not move. The Boche might see him. And with that thought his legs began to twitch, and his back to need scratching. He felt that he must move or die.

The gun stopped suddenly, there was a calm, clearly spoken order in German, grunts, rustling and slipping of feet in the mud, then silence.

POW! Mud, stones, and fragments of burlap showered down into the shell hole.

"Wow, that was close!" gasped Gordon. "Look out on your side, O'Nail, I think the Boche have gone!"

"Look out for bombs!" cried O'Nail, "they must be bombing that gun!"

He looked out of the hole and must have seen no enemy, for he went out on his side with great alacrity. Gordon saw him throw out his arm in a stiff sudden gesture, and almost instantly there came the crash of a grenade and the characteristic cloud of white smoke. O'Nail had picked up and tossed away a live one.

Oh, why not lie down and wait to be bumped off by the first Boche that came along, thought Gordon. There was too much

going on here! He was tired and hungry. Why not die now and have it over with? To his amazement he found that he was out of the shell hole and running. Before him, as the fog thinned, appeared other running figures, running up the slope that masked the old machine gun position. These figures were black and therefore German. He turned and ran the other way. Then he heard laughter.

"I've gone nuts at last!" he thought, but he observed, from the corner of his eye, another group of men that needed no second glance to tell that they were Americans. There were several of them, one very short and another very tall. They had slung rifles, but each man held something in his right hand. Grenades, and probably every one with the pin out. These men were looking at him and laughing heartily.

"Shoo!" cried the tall man, waving his arms as one does to drive hens or frighten away a cat.

"What the hell's bitin' *you*?" demanded Gordon, coming to a confused stop.

"Where ye goin', soldier?" they called to him.

"Was it you that threw those grenades at me?" demanded Gordon.

"Naw, we didn't throw no grenades at you, we was throwin' 'em at them Jerries!"

"What the hell's the big joke then?"

"Ah you shoulda seen yourself come out of that shell hole!— Yeh, you two come out o' there with wings on both feet, I'll tell the world!— Haha! Like a nigger out of a henhouse with a charge o' rock-salt helpin' him out! Then you seen them Boche an' run back twice as fast. That's what made us laugh!"

"You outta D company?" asked the short man. "If ye are, ye won't never see them again. They done gone!"

"Yeh, I'll say," echoed the others.

"I'm out of the Ninety-Fourth Machine Gun," answered Gordon. "What the hell is comin' off here anyway?"

"Us an' the krauts is havin' a battle. Well, come on, fellars, let's go!"

"Let's go! Let's go!" they agreed, and hitching their rifles, they moved away up the



Two Germans had Drogham for a minute, until he got a chance to use his fists and feet



"Naw, we didn't throw no grenades at you. We was throuin' 'em at them Jerries"

hill, a man in their midst with a Chauchat rifle pointing the muzzle of it this way and that, like a guide's finger.

"Hey, Corporal!"

Two men that a second look identified as O'Nail and Droghan, called from down the slope. Gordon waved his hand to them and they came up to him, very white-faced and serious looking.

"It's myself thought you were dead!" coughed Droghan. He had belted his pistol on outside his slicker and kept trying to tie back the flap.

"Where's Mackintosh?"

"They gathered him in, the devil folly their way every time they put fut to ground! Him and the little mule! Six of them to the two of us, and me the way that I couldn't put hand to a weapon, not even a bit of tree!"

"I bet you put foot to ground!" remarked O'Nail.

"Did you get away from them?" cried Gordon.

"D'y'e not see me here?" replied Droghan. "Sure, I give one of them a puck in the jaw and kicked another in his choice place, an' run like the snakes before Saint Patrick out of Ireland."

"But where did you hook up with O'Nail?"

"There was a lad went to go by me like the wind, and when I

put out my hand who was it but O'Nail! 'Where ye goin'?' I asks. 'Home,' says he. So then—"

"You lie like hell!" protested O'Nail. "I made a dive into a shell-hole and Cat-Pie was in the bottom of it!"

"Let's go up the hill a ways and see if we can see any sign of the kid!" interrupted Gordon. "He may be able to get away, or somebody may rescue him in all this milling around!"

"They'll not make great progress with the mule," said Droghan, "for at the first bit of hurryin' they give him he'll take it on himself to lie down!"

"Come on, come on, we lose time!" protested the corporal.

They went on hurriedly until they came to the last slope behind which the machine gun battalion had had its position. Here they went more cautiously, for the sound of fire was clear and violent. There was more wreckage here than there had been earlier in the morning. The new troops that had just appeared had not been under fire before, for they had kept their packs and heavy equipment up to the moment they arrived on the top of the slope. They must have run into action then, for the packs now littered the ground, together with bandoliers, sho-sho ammunition bags, optical signaling (Continued on page 61)



A colorful combination—bright sun and shining helmets



About to pass the notables in the reviewing stand



Eight nonsense experts from Catalina Island, California

THE cigars had been passed at one of the nine hundred and twenty-six or thereabouts essentially private little reunions which in the aggregate go such a long way toward making a National Convention of The American Legion when Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, the Legion's guest from London, said that he was glad he came because it gave him a chance to set straight the record concerning his relations with General Pershing. The General was sitting across the table from the British conqueror.

"The first time General Pershing and I met there was a violent disagreement between

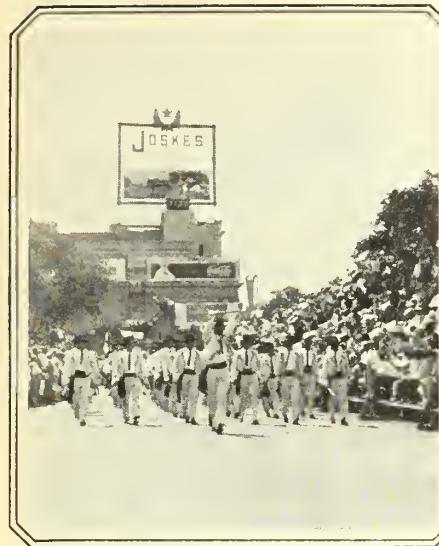
us which seemed for the moment to imperil the possibility of cordial relations in the future. But most happily that was not the case. A warm friendship grew out of that meeting, and the post not being fast enough, we have exchanged cablegrams on trivial personal subjects from widely separated parts of the world. Our disagreement took place in a London tailor shop and it was over the right way of cutting a pair of breeches."



The Alamo (left) from the adjacent gardens. The famous edifice is one of the cluster of missions that dot the San Antonio region. Far on the outskirts of the city is the tiny but beautiful Espada Mission (right), in which services are still held. In circles: Left, local color, old style; right, local color, new style



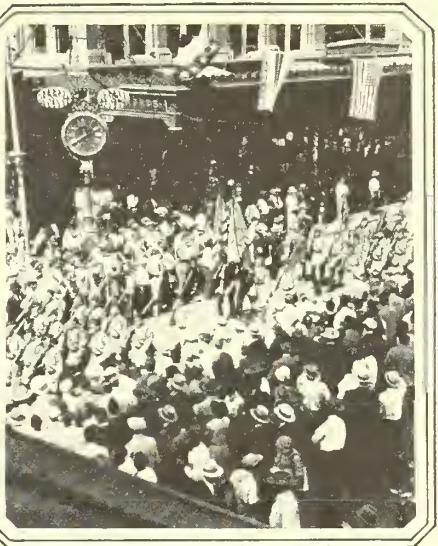
As a good storyteller should, the field marshal left something unsaid. He did not disclose the particulars of the divergence of opinion over the cut of the breeches, so the historian of the future is left to wrestle with the assumption that the dispute followed the broad lines of traditional national preference—Lord Allenby contending for braces (suspenders, that is) and General Pershing holding out for a belt



*Everyone in Spanish regalia
was right at home*



*The line turned at a right angle
before the Alamo*



*Just practice—but always able
to draw a crowd*

in the AIR

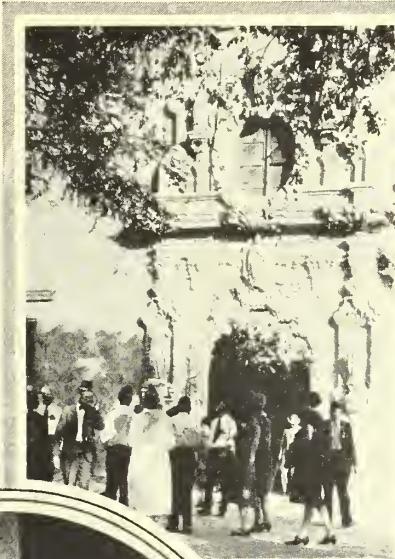
James

and hip pockets. English culture is older than ours and mellower. There the English have been, right on that little island all these hundreds of years, but they are a smart and persevering lot, those English, and in the fullness of time have made that patch of an island, which is about the size of Colorado, tolerably influential in the guidance of this world's affairs. Naturally they suppose themselves to

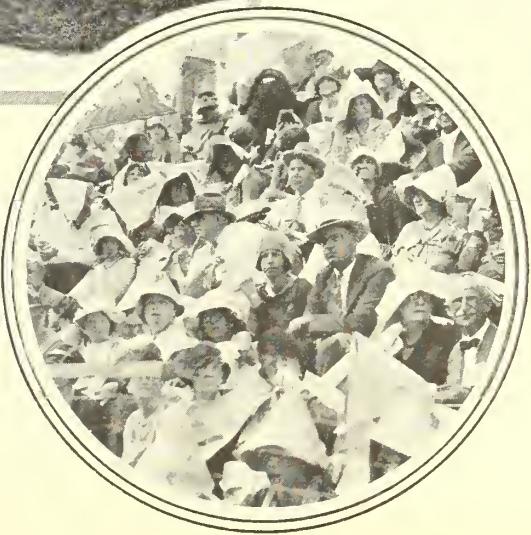
know all about breeches. Braces served grandfathers and braces serve grandsons—and for the hip pocket the insular English have discovered no use at all.

It may be that Lord Allenby discovered other novelties in San Antonio, including the sunshine. That the sun never shines in England is a fact well known to Americans, whether they have been in England or not.

On his visit Lord Allenby may have noticed what Americans are continually noticing, namely, that the United States is a big place and is not the same all over. In our northern States last summer there was hardly any more sunshine than in London and the Legionnaires and their ladies who came from those latitudes went back with fine coatings of tan which did not cost an extra centavo. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, where we are going next year, but not so brightly as it does in our Hispanic Southwest, the capital of which is San Antonio. Shirt-sleeves were *comme il faut* for the first time at a Legion convention, which made one less thing to worry about, thereby



Thousands of convention guests visited the old San Jose Mission with its marvellously sculptured portal (left) and viewed the twin towers of La Concepcion (right). In circles: Left, a quartet that hablas Espanol better than it does English; right, parade spectators at the Alamo Plaza in improvised sunbonnets



reducing the things to worry about to exactly none at all. San Antonio is gay. Its nights are made for laughter and its people know how to laugh, and all night long the revelling throng danced in the Alamo Plaza beneath the palms and the quiet stars.

As they travel about, year after year, from one city to another where these reunions of the Legion are held large numbers of American citizens are learning more about their United States than they knew before. The Southwest of glamorous tradition has long maintained its place in the imagination of our people, and the thirty thousand and more Legionnaires who journeyed to San Antonio know the reason for



this. It is a pleasant place, inhabited by a pleasant, hospitable people who have proved themselves the finest hosts on earth. In mid-October San Antonians customarily wear straw hats. But when the Legionnaires came there was not a straw hat to be seen on the streets. San Antonio wished all to feel at home. It's the little things like this that mark the difference between courtesy, which comes from the heart, and etiquette, which is a matter of rules.

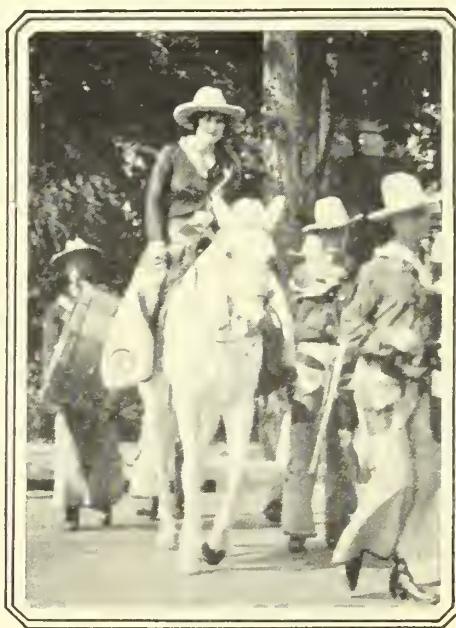
Like all other peoples and places Southwesterners and the Southwest are the products of their historical past, and this past is unique in our annals. The old missions that lie on the plain about the city were all built more than two centuries ago. They were built by the servants of the Church and of the King of Spain. Their journeys over mountain and desert and rivers and featureless plains from Mexico City were heroic pilgrimages. But they came because they were brave. They were led by an ideal and not by an ambition. In a wild, barbarous land they raised these beautiful little monuments and gave the Southwest a civilization and a culture the marks of which still distinguish it. They gave it an architecture the essence of which survives. The beautiful Municipal Auditorium, built as a memorial to the war dead of San Antonio, is the finest hall in which the Legion ever met. It inherits its charm from the old Alamo Mission a few squares away. The contributions of these pioneers were substantial. They endure. What American can escape the significance of a visit to the Espada Mission, some three or four miles from town,



The Tenth National Convention parade of The American Legion as viewed from the San Antonio Post Office, looking across Alamo Plaza. The North Carolina standard bearers have just made the turn. In circle, Major Georges Scapini, blinded in action, representing the World War veterans of France. It was M. Scapini's second Legion Convention—he was in Paris last year

and a service there with the simple, courteous people of the countryside, whose forefathers have worshipped in that same weather-beaten little chapel through the vicissitudes of seven generations?

About the Mission of the Alamo, which means the cottonwood tree, grew on the winding banks of the San Antonio River the sunlit stone and adobe town of San Antonio de Bexar, which throughout its long history has been a



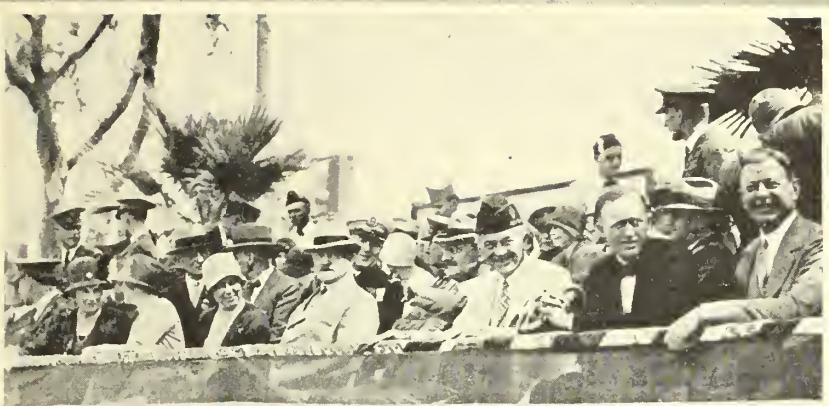
Katie Myrl Parks of Brownwood, on the genuine Texas old gray mare



"Ride 'im, cowboy!"—and he rode him

pleasant place to go to. Impetuous Jim Bowie found it so. Jim stormed into Texas in 1819 with a handful of revolutionists led by Dr. James Long, an ex-army surgeon, but the charms of Bexar were too much for Jim. He married Ursula Veramendi, a daughter of the ruler of Texas, and became a Mexican citizen until the tragic death of his wife and two little girls and the purposeful advent of Sam Houston.

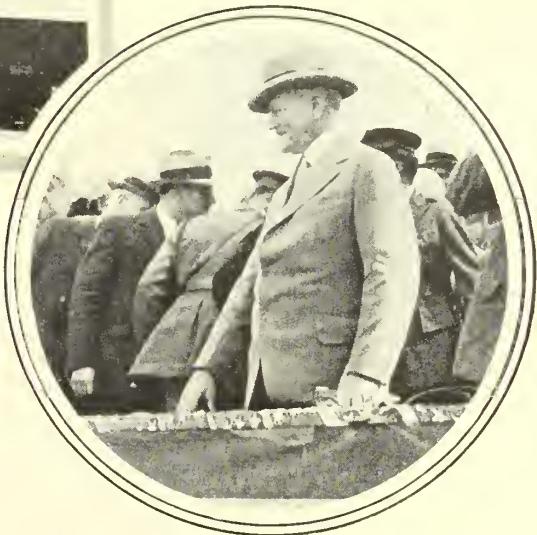
Bowie died defending the Alamo in 1836 and six weeks later Houston avenged



Guests of the Legion: Lady Churchill of the Women's Section of the British Legion; Lady Allenby; Mrs. Robert Walbridge, retiring President, The American Legion Auxiliary; General Pershing; Field Marshal Viscount Allenby; Retiring National Commander Spafford; Governor Dan Moody of Texas and Secretary of War Dwight F. Davis, Legionnaires. In circle, the Pershing smile

him at San Jacinto and the Republic of Texas was free to follow the manifest destiny of the bright particular star in its tri-colored flag. Eventually it became one of the United States, but the stamp of the old regime was ineffaceable.

Among the grandees of Bexar the liberator was known as Don Samuel, and for twelve years he enlivened the United States Senate with the broad hat of the Southwest and a brilliant Mexican

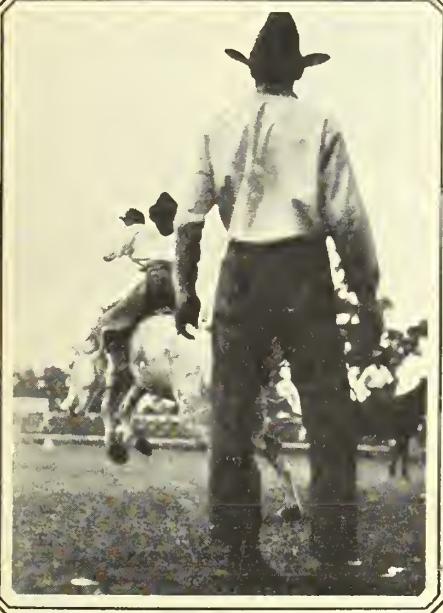


to a girl with blue eyes in La Villa de Nuestra Señora del Pilar de Nacogdoches, the town in Texas which for an interesting past ranks next to San Antonio. This message on its way. General Houston composed his official report of the engagement.

This manner of behavior, too, is a part of the Southwest's heritage. When it has work to do it does it, but the amenities are never neglected. The Legion had its work, its usual work to do in convention assembled at San Antonio, and it did it,

as the men of the Army and the Navy tried to do it ten years ago, but did not forget to have a good time. And a good time is so easy to have in San Antonio. The people did not simply turn the city over to the Legion. They made one with the Legion. They made it their party as well as the Legion's, and San Antonians know how to do this. Their flower carnival, the Fiesta de San Jacinto, which is held in April on the anniversary of the battle, is one of the finest shows in America, and anyone who missed this Legion convention can repair the damage at least by three-quarters by going to the next flower carnival they have a chance to attend.

The Southwesterners in their sombreros and rainbow-hued ponchos, the cowboy band from Brownwood, Texas, and the young lady on the famous gray mare have been a part of the color of many Legion conventions. This sort of thing was the whole background at San Antonio. The gray mare was there in person ridden by Miss Katie Myrl Parks of Dallas, in (Continued on page 52)



A critical spectator at the convention rodeo

blanket that he wore in the place of an overcoat.

The charm of old San Antonio has not diminished with the changes of a hundred years. It is San Antonio's heritage. It is a part of the place, like the sunshine and the still stars and the languorous crystal air. These things were the Legion's to enjoy and the Legion enjoyed them.

Every time the Legion gets together for a national reunion the result is different from any other reunion it has held; and



One convention visitor that everybody got a look at: The giant dirigible Los Angeles

Therefore be

By Philip



Paul V. McNutt of Indiana,
National Commander of The
American Legion

ONE way to see a national convention of The American Legion is to stand at midnight in front of the hotel which is the convention city's Place de l'Opera, the center of everything. Another way is to sit in the convention hall at two o'clock in the afternoon while thousands of men, conscious of lunch long overdue, are listening to the report of the committee on resolutions. Every national convention is at once a parliament and a pageant, a congress and a carnival. The business of holding committee meetings and adopting reports that will determine The American Legion's policies and activities for a new year is scarcely more important than the tumultuous mingling of the thousands of convention pilgrims in the hotel lobbies and on the sidewalks. The formal business renews the Legion's purposes and its determinations. But it is the wholesale merrymaking of convention week and the informal meetings of Maine with Oregon and California with Massachusetts which give new voltage to the Legion's soul and solidify that countrywide comradeship which is the year-after-year continuing bond that holds the Legion so firmly together.

A too-serious Legionnaire, looking upon the convention at Monday midnight in front of the Hotel St. Anthony in San Antonio, might have concluded wrongly that the carnival spirit had usurped the throne and that all that remained to be done was to elect Happy Wintz of California, grotesquely-garbed jester of a whole string of conventions, the new National Commander. That, too, is the way it might have seemed at any midnight of convention week, when the roar of fun-making crowds rose over the streets for miles, and hotel lobbies were full of parading bands and drum corps and assorted pilgrims on holiday bent.

Anybody who gained an idea at midnight that the San Antonio National Convention was all carnival lost that idea if he visited the beautiful municipal auditorium while the business sessions of the convention were being held. He

saw, it is true, plenty of life and action on the speakers' platform and on the floor of that auditorium, but underlying all that took place was the obvious evidence that thought was being expressed in an orderly way and real decisions were being rendered. Bands and drum corps blared and tapped and tromped their way down the aisles and, at times, across the stage. Happy Wintz perched on the railing of the orchestra pit and occasionally flashed in repartee with National Commander Spafford holding the gavel or with somebody who was speaking from the floor. Batteries of floodlights now and then burst forth with blinding beams that caused everybody on the platform to blink owlishly while the motion picture camera men cranked away on platforms in the center of the convention hall. There were picturesque ceremonies when huge silver cups were handed to the departments which had won them by their membership achievements in 1928. There were colorful moments when such world figures as General Pershing, Lord Allenby, Lady Churchill and William Green stood in

the glare of the floodlights and received handclapping and cheering ovations.

But all these moments were incidental ones. The main pillars of the proceedings on the platform in the convention hall were not the dignitaries, imported and home grown. They were the earnest men, wearing no medals, who stood on the rostrum and read long reports in which occurred ever so often a single phrase: "Therefore be it resolved." "Therefore be it resolved!" That was the beginning of the formula by which the San Antonio National Convention repeatedly expressed its will as nine other national conventions have done. Resolution after resolution was adopted that will have important effects in 1929 in



The United States Cavalry in the convention parade gladdened the heart of Lord Allenby and of every other visitor who loves a horse

Past Department Commander Frank M. McHale of Indiana, who nominated the new chief of Legiondom, shakes hands with National Commander McNutt in the presence of Past National Commander Spafford



it RESOLVED

Von Blon

post meetings throughout the United States, in the everyday affairs of more than ten thousand American communities, in the national legislative circles in Washington and in State legislatures about the country.

The men who read those resolutions, submitting them for the decision of twelve hundred delegates, were men who found little time for carnival merrymaking in San Antonio. They were the chairmen of the dozen and more convention committees which selected from the vast volume of material submitted for possible consideration of the convention that part which seemed important and significant enough to call for an expression by the Legion's national congress. While the crowds paraded the streets at night, the convention committees were often in session trying to find a solution for some such puzzling problem as the proposal that The American Legion should seek from Congress a law that would make it advantageous for service men suffering from tuberculosis to receive care and treatment in their own homes rather than in government sanatoria, a proposal vitally affecting thousands of men.

Such problems, too, as determining the best plan for getting the whole country behind the Universal Draft Bill,

deciding upon the plan of naval construction which the Legion would recommend to the country, adjusting differences between two schools of opinion on the country's air defense—these and innumerable other technical and complicated concerns were considered in committee rooms by committees composed of Legionnaires who had won recognition as experts on the subjects entrusted to them.

Newspapers contained in dispatches comments on the fact that very few differences of opinion came to attention in the voting on the convention floor. Few of the news-

post meetings throughout the United States, in the everyday affairs of more than ten thousand American communities, in the national legis-



Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., of Georgia, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary



The California delegation displayed the march of her history in an impressive parade pageant. Here is the covered wagon epoch

A little visitor from the lower Rio Grande valley. Never before did a Legion Convention exhibit so many youngsters in uniform

papers hinted that each resolution presented to the convention, to serve as Legion law in 1929, had been framed after discussion—often debate—in the committee rooms. The unquestioning ratification of most of the resolutions reflected the wisdom of choices in picking delegates to serve on the convention committees and the confidence which each department's delegates had in the committees that served.

The platform spokesmen for the convention committees were voicing sentiments that may have first been expressed at a meeting of some Legion post in Colorado or Pennsylvania. It should be remembered that the

Legion is truly a representative democracy and that any proposal originating in a post and possessing real merit is given every chance to prevail in national councils. Many of the resolutions adopted at San Antonio had been first approved in post meetings, district meetings and department conventions. Other resolutions had originated during the year in the work of the Legion's national standing committees which do much of the Legion's real work between conventions—such committees as the National Legislative Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee.

To the uninitiated, a national convention seems a complex lot of machinery. In reality the machinery is simple. The machinery of the San Antonio convention worked with a smoothness that came from nine years of convention experience in getting many things done quickly. The key men were veterans of nine years of training in post and department affairs as well as in the handling of earlier national conventions. National Commander Edward E. Spafford presided almost continuously and National Adjutant James F. Barton acted as secretary.

After the opening ceremonies on the first day Austin A. Petersen, Adjutant of the Department of Wisconsin, serving as chairman of the Convention Committee on Permanent Organization, announced the titles and duties of the fourteen committees which would function during the convention. He named them as follows: Resolutions, Finance,

Internal Organization, National, Departments, Rehabilitation, Legislation, Americanism, Constitutional Amendments, Time and Place of Next Convention, Child Welfare, Aeronautics, Naval Affairs, and Military Affairs.

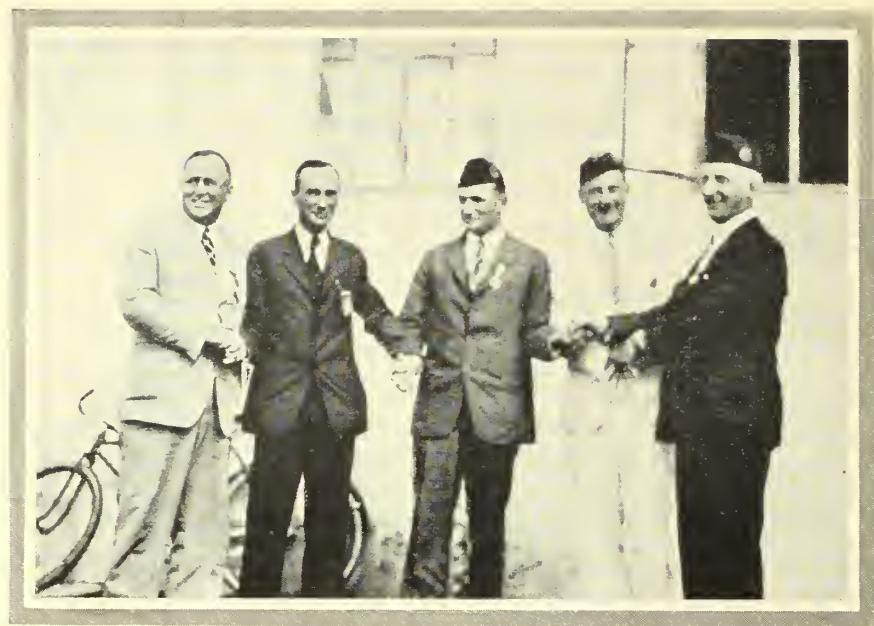
After James Boyle, Adjutant of the Department of Maine, as chairman of the Credentials Committee, had reported that the number of delegates was 1,116, and Jack Williams, Adjutant of the Department of North Dakota, had presented the report of the Committee on Rules, the actual business of the convention got under way. National Commander Edward E. Spafford presented his annual report, which not only outlined accomplishments of the past year but contained many recommendations. This report, presented each year, corresponds to the address of the President of the United States at the opening of Congress.

Incidentally, the National Commander's report and the full text of all the resolutions adopted at the San Antonio National Convention are contained in the official

Summary of Proceedings, a booklet of forty-four pages which should be kept in every post's archives. This booklet, the tenth of the series which began when the First National Convention was held at Minneapolis in 1919, is a Legion post's guide on official policy. The booklet is distributed to all departments by National Adjutant James F. Barton. Many posts have adopted the custom of holding a meeting soon after the National Convention at which all actions of the convention are discussed and post committees are assigned the task of making the national policies effective locally. In the space available in this issue of the Monthly the actions of the convention can only be outlined, and this account aims simply to supply a commentary on the convention of much the same character as would be given by a delegate reporting to his own post what he saw and heard at San Antonio.

In addition to the Summary of Proceedings, a valuable reference work that ought to be in the possession of every post is the 330-page book entitled "Reports to the Tenth Annual National Convention of The American Legion." This book is prepared and distributed by National Headquarters. Copies were supplied to all delegates at San Antonio and to all departments for distribution to posts. The book contains reports of all national officers and of all the national standing committees on the work accomplished during the past year. It also contains a complete summary of State legislation affecting the interests of World War service men arranged for easy reference.

PAUL V. McNUTT, Dean of the Law School of Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, was elected National Commander on the third ballot in an election which began with seven candidates in the field. Besides Mr. McNutt those nominated were John D. Ewing of Louisiana, Albert Cox of North Carolina, Roy Hoffman of Oklahoma, O. L. Bodenhamer of Arkansas, Ralph O'Neil of Kansas, and Frank Schneller of Wis-



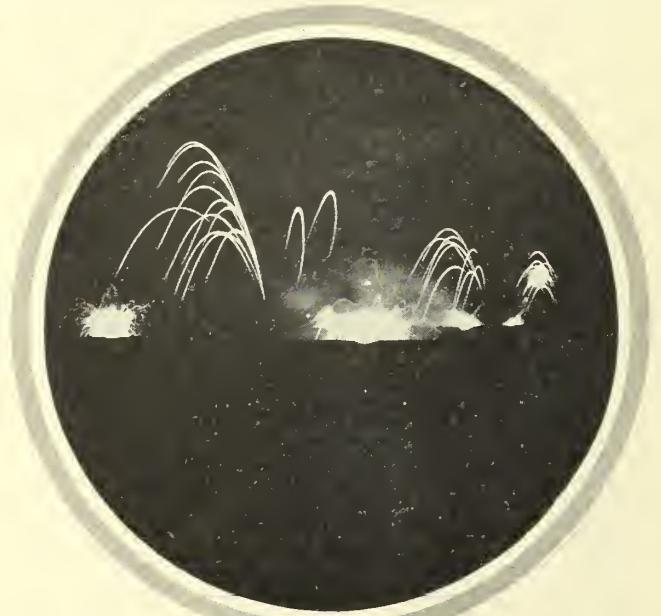
National Vice-Commanders of The American Legion for the new year: Walton D. Hood of San Antonio, Texas; Miller C. Foster of Spartanburg, South Carolina; George Malone of Reno, Nevada; Edward L. White of New Haven, Connecticut; Laurence E. McGann of Oak Park, Illinois



John P. Conny of North Dakota, 1929 Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight

consin. On the first ballot Ewing had 231 votes, Bodenhamer 99, O'Neil 125, Cox 185, McNutt 189, Hoffman 239 and Schneller 35. The second ballot showed: Ewing 245, Bodenhamer 80, O'Neil 151, Cox 206, McNutt 213, Hoffman 173 and Schneller 35.

The third ballot was dramatic. As the roll call proceeded a swing to McNutt was indicated, but his election became certain only when Mr. Ewing gained the attention of National Commander Spafford and announced his withdrawal, stating that Louisiana wished to cast its fifteen votes for McNutt. In rapid order State after State swung into line, until, when Oklahoma was called, Mr. Hoffman announced that his State's vote was cast for McNutt and moved that McNutt's election be declared unanimous, all the other candidates for the commandership supporting his resolution in person. His motion was adopted



The new old Second Division, stationed at Fort Sam Houston, put on a spectacular night attack for convention visitors under the direction of Brigadier General A. J. Bowley



The new National Vice-Presidents of The American Legion Auxiliary: Mrs. Nellie Hart of Cumberland, Wisconsin; Mrs. R. L. Hoyal of Douglas, Arizona; Mrs. Louis Julienne of Jackson, Mississippi; Mrs. Freda Kramer of Madison, South Dakota; Mrs. George R. Murphy of Pleasantville, New York

with a great demonstration, and the Indiana delegation paraded to the stage with its banner and colors, followed by the other delegations.

Mr. McNutt was nominated by Frank M. McHale, Past Commander of the Department of Indiana, who recalled that Mr. McNutt, who is thirty-seven years old, had been made dean of the Indiana University Law School at thirty-two, the youngest dean of any accredited law school in the United States.

"He entered the World War, having graduated from the First Officers Training School with the rank of captain, received promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel and served with distinction and honor," said Mr. McHale. "Through his efforts we were able in Indiana to procure a \$15,000,000 memorial plaza on which our National Headquarters building is located



Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, Past National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, was honored by the convention for her recent elevation to the presidency of the Women's Auxiliary of Fidac at its Bucharest conference

tant, Scott C. Lucas of Illinois as National Judge Advocate, Eben Putnam of Massachusetts as National Historian, and Bowman Elder of Indiana as National Treasurer.

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, won the honor of entertaining the 1929 National Convention in a roll-call vote by States in which 567 delegates out of 1,000 who voted expressed their preference for the Kentucky city over Miami, Florida, and Detroit, Michigan. The convention voted that Boston, Massachusetts, and Los Angeles, California, should be given priority consideration for the 1930 National Convention.

The selection of Louisville followed an address by Legionnaire William B. Harrison, mayor of the city, who told the convention that he had come to San Antonio bearing signed contracts with every hotel in Louisville which guaranteed a maximum hotel charge of three dollars a day per person and a statement showing that the Legionnaires of Louisville had obtained advance convention subscriptions of \$105,000.

Calling attention to the fact that Jefferson Post of Louisville, with more than 2,500 members, was (Continued on page 68)



San Antonio's younger generation enjoyed the convention quite as fully as did the notable visitors from overseas—and got around more easily on time-honored local conveyances

This plaza covers five city blocks in the city of Indianapolis. He organized the first Officers Reserve Corps in Indiana and was its first president. Then, two or three years after he was active in the Legion, the post in his home town of Bloomington called upon him as dean of the law school and after he had been president of the Reserve Officers Association, asking him to become Commander of a post of eighty-seven members. And he was big enough a man to accept the commandership of that post of eighty-seven members, and he built his own post from eighty-seven to 502 members. The following year he was elected Department Commander and, traveling 40,000 miles, increased the membership in Indiana from 18,000 to 25,000."

The National Vice Commanders elected were: E. L. White of Connecticut, Lawrence E. McGann of Illinois, George Malone of Nevada, Miller C. Foster of South Carolina, and Walton D. Hood of Texas.

Rabbi Herman J. Beck of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, was elected National Chaplain by unanimous vote of the convention.

There were no other nominees. In nominating Rabbi Beck, John Dervin of Pennsylvania called attention to the fact that, although Protestant ministers and Catholic priests had served as chaplains during the ten years of Legion history, a Jewish pastor had never been nominated for the post. Rabbi Beck is a graduate of Yale University and the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York. He has served as Post Chaplain and Chaplain of the Department of Pennsylvania.

At the meeting of the National Executive Committee following the convention Commander McNutt announced the reappointments of James F. Barton as National Adjutant

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

As the Second Decade Opens

A HALF century hence students of history will take down from library shelves stacks of unbound booklets which will present an interesting survey of what was happening in the United States in the first ten years that followed the World War. Those booklets will be the official proceedings of the first ten National Conventions of The American Legion, the very first, a modest affair, little more than a pamphlet, marking the Legion's First National Convention at Minneapolis, the tenth, a closely-printed booklet of forty-four pages, issued to chronicle the events and actions of the Tenth National Convention held at San Antonio, Texas, in October of 1928.

Already the earliest booklets of this series are markedly historical. The present-day historian, reading them, will be struck by the fact that after the war ended The American Legion foresaw accurately public needs and the future necessities of the disabled service men, stated frankly its programs and proceeded to gain its objectives. The Legion's accomplishments of the last ten years have been summarized often—what it did to further the adoption of the National Defense Act, the manner in which it sponsored the creation of the United States Veterans Bureau and procured the construction of urgently needed hospitals, its countrywide activities for the betterment of the towns in which its posts are located, its services in time of widespread disasters, its activities to make the people of the United States aeronautic-minded. These and many other accomplishments of The American Legion come readily to the mind of every Legionnaire when he is called upon to explain to those outside the Legion the organization's reason for being. But every Legionnaire should learn fully what has been done and what is still to be done, because ahead of the Legion is still the task of enrolling many hundreds of thousands of World War service men who have not gathered under the Legion's banner. It must be assumed that these men have never had an opportunity to understand the Legion. Father Time is the Legion's great membership missionary, it is true, and the men now outside will be in eventually, but the growth of the organization will be accelerated if more Legionnaires will become active evangelists, converting the doubtful with facts.

It is significant that Paul V. McNutt, newly elected National Commander, increased the membership of his own Indiana post from eighty-seven to 502 and of his department from 18,000 to 25,000. For Mr. McNutt had and has the faculty of presenting the Legion's mission in flaming words that leave conviction. It may be taken for granted that in 1929, as he travels about the United States, the membership in-

creases of the last two years will be continued and probably will be exceeded.

Certainly 1929 will be another record membership year if in every department, in every post, there is made an effort to give to the world the true picture of the Legion's accomplishments and aims. In seeking to enroll those who have not yet joined it is not necessary to speak only of the past, for the list of Legion tasks still ahead is so large and important that every service man who is not now in the Legion ought to want to have a share in the work to be done.

One need only study the Legion's battle orders for 1929—the mandates given by the San Antonio convention—to understand that the problems still facing the Legion are as numerous and as important as those it has already solved. There is, for example, the problem of national defense, which to the average citizen is only a puzzle. At a time when the country is thinking in terms of disarmament conferences and multilateral treaties there is a real danger that this country's minimum needs for its Army, Navy and air forces may be disregarded simply through public ignorance. The Legion joins wholeheartedly in the public desire for permanent peace, but it is not willing that this nation shall gamble with fate by premature sacrifice of its inherent right to defend itself.

UNCEASINGLY, therefore, the Legion must, as a public service, sound its warnings and counteract the extreme pacifists and exponents of absolute disarmament. It must battle for adequate provisions for the Navy, the Regular Army, the Organized Reserve and our growing air services. It must promote in every way possible the Citizens' Military Training Camps. It must continue its campaign of education on the overwhelming need for the passage of the Universal Draft Bill which would be the country's salvation if the republic were ever thrust unexpectedly into a future war. It must do all that it can to encourage aviation. The Legion is united on all these aims, but it must present its claims clearly and forcefully to the American people. Otherwise the tragic lessons of the World War will be forgotten.

In studying the Legion's battle orders for 1929 every Legionnaire will be conscious of the continuing responsibility the Legion owes to the disabled, particularly to the men in hospitals and to the orphaned children of men who died in service. At the San Antonio National Convention the Legion's experts on rehabilitation studied hundreds of recommendations for changes in laws and official regulations affecting the disabled. The convention adopted sixty resolutions on this subject, most of them embodying recommendations which the National Legislative Commit-



GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

tee and the National Rehabilitation Committee will seek to carry out in the coming year.

The San Antonio convention decreed that the National Child Welfare Committee shall continue its efforts to obtain the enactment in every State of uniform laws needed for the protection of children. These efforts are only one phase of the work for orphaned and needy children of service men which the Legion is carrying on—work in which every Legionnaire may take pride.

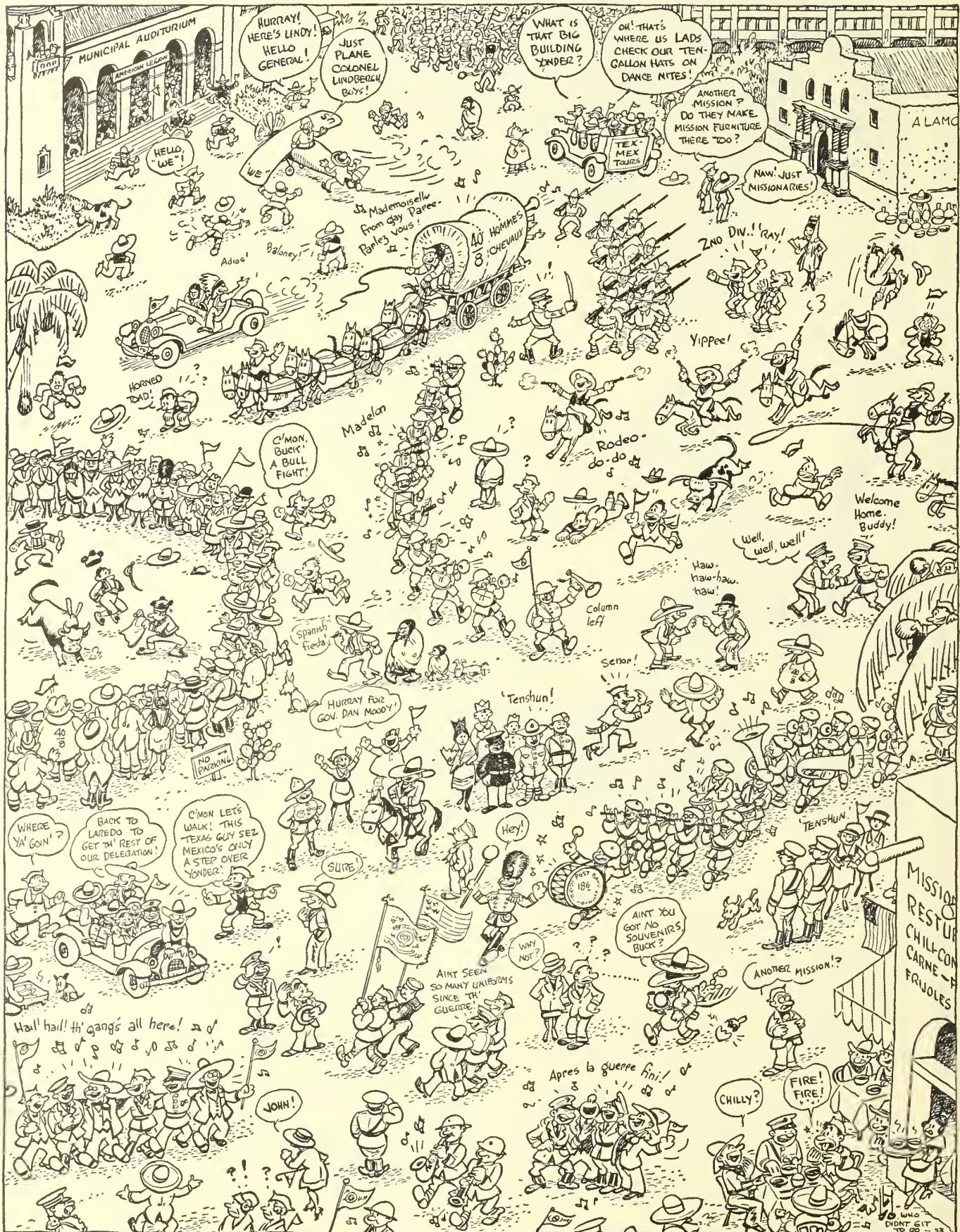
Every Legionnaire may also be proud of the Legion's junior baseball program, which is to be carried on in 1929 as fully as in 1928. In no better way, perhaps, can the Legion demonstrate that its program of Americanism is not a head-in-the-clouds affair but is based simply on common sense.

Aside from all its activities and aims, the Legion is able to present an irresistible appeal to the service man who has not yet joined it—the appeal of true comradeship. It is expected that the 1929 National Convention, to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, will bring together more Legionnaires than have ever before assembled in one place, this largely because Louisville happens to be near the center of population of the United States. There is something tremendously inspiring in a Legion national convention, in the mingling of Legionnaires from all the States. And the spirit of America's greatest national pageant is simply the same spirit which exists in every Legion post in the country—the desire to serve the nation in peace as in war. The service man outside the Legion ought to be told what he is missing.

THE CONVENTION

Impressions Gathered from a Dizzy Delegate's Description

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

**For Those
Not There** THOSE WHO WERE there saw the convention for themselves. They felt it, too. I am writing for those who were not there, who make up about fifteen-sixteenths of the whole. No business was done in fur coats or woolen underclothes. It was a shirt-sleeves convention, with shirts stripped in hotel rooms and a desire to remove your flesh and sit in your bones in a refrigerator.

**What Price
Ice?** NOT DROPS of blood but drops of sweat spotted the line of march. The Texas cowboys in ten-gallon hats as sun-shades had it over the bandmasters in fur busbys and the bandsmen in metal helmets. Usually it is comfortable in October in San Antonio. But this year a broad heat wave, which shot the thermometer up to ninety in St. Paul and broke all records for the season in Chicago, touched high in San Antonio.

**Golden
Base Hits** EVEN TEXANS FOUND it hot. Those of us who came from the North where the snow flies early were not acclimatized. Broiling and roasting honors were with the delegations that slept in steel Pullmans. Los Angeles to the rescue. Every yellow ball that the Los Angeles delegation tossed during the parade from their motorized bins was a base hit and every one was fielded. And those oranges were iced! When a chunk of ice was thrown to one marcher he slipped it into his shirt and let it rest against his breastbone.

**In Spite of
The Heat** NOT AS BIG a gathering as at Philadelphia, of course. San Antonio is too far away for that. We learned how big Texas is, larger than France, the distance from one corner to the other twice that of the old battle-line in France. If we had such a good time in spite of the heat, what kind of a time would we have had when the storm doors are on up North and San Antonio is a climatic paradise?

**No
Ballyhoo** NOT ONLY DID we learn how big Texas is, but the long journey reminded us again how big our country is. Those who had been there before the war saw how rapidly San Antonio had grown. And San Antonio did not advertise itself, but the convention. No local ballyhoo stuff on programs or billboards. Southern courtesy was thinking of its guests. And that was the best kind of advertising.

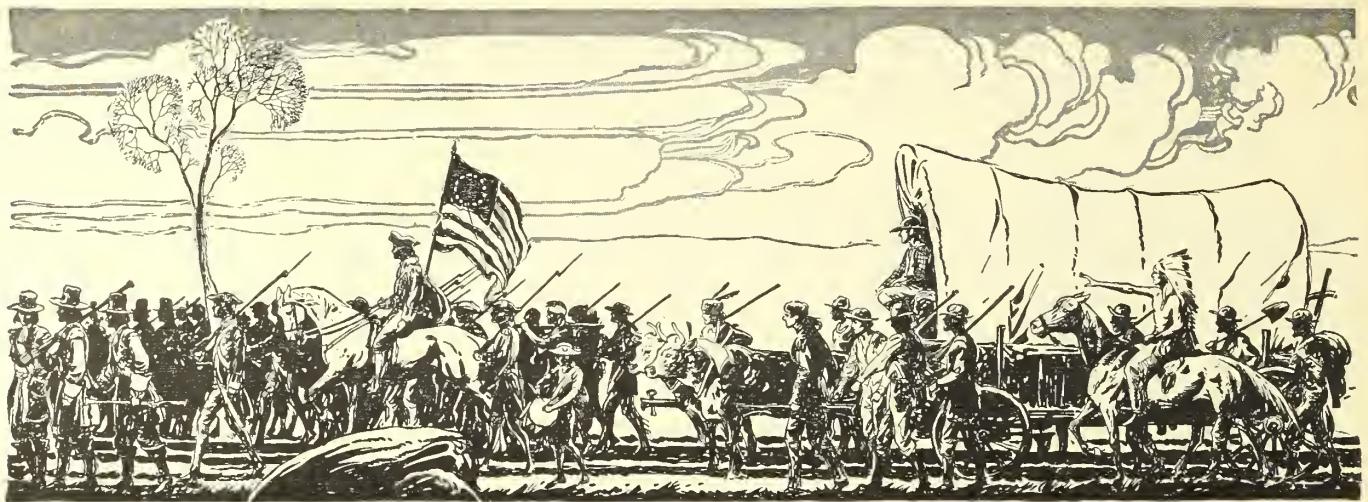
SAN ANTONIO IS used to being host, a natural convention city. Its hotels, vacant out of the tourist season, are in one section, and in that section "the city is yours" was applied in a practical manner. It was roped off from traffic and the streets, brilliant with decorations, became promenades in one open-air informal convention hall where Legionnaires coursing back and forth found it easy to meet the comrades they were looking for. There was no crowding for eats, plenty of restaurants. I do not know whether the merchants profited, but we all know their rates did not beggar the hotels.

**A Shrine
Of Heroism** NEXT TO THE hotels the Alamo did the biggest business. To no other convention guests that San Antonio may have could her historic shrine ever mean so much as to us. We could understand what passed behind the stone walls of that old Spanish mission which became the fortress where the little garrison fought to the death against the Mexican Army, every man giving his life. "Remember the Alamo!" Then Sam Houston raised the legions whose valor led to Texas and California becoming a part of the United States.

**History
First Hand** I WONDER WHAT percentage of Legionnaires have never been to a convention, have yet to see the colorful uniforms of the bands and hear their music and get the thrill of their own marching days renewed? Next year we shall be at Louisville. That is not so far to go—a central point. More history for us at the source. We shall be in the region where George Rogers Clark in the Revolution mustered his little band of frontiersmen for the marches that captured Kaskaskia and Vincennes and made Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and the Northwest ours. Another year we may go to Boston and march on that road to Concord and Lexington where the shot heard 'round the world was fired.

**The Bands
Improve** EVERY YEAR THE bands are better. All the convention hounds who boast that they have never missed a convention, or only one or two, agree on that. So widespread have been our conventions from San Francisco to Philadelphia and Saint Paul to New Orleans and San Antonio that the best way to "see America first" is to be a convention hound. Happy Wintz may yet write a guide to the United States. Care does not set heavily on Happy despite his great responsibilities as general director.

(Continued on page 67)



KEEPING

Dog Days

ADJUTANT F. Lloyd Oliver of Monahan Post of Sioux City, Iowa, wasn't sure just how popular a dog show would be with the members of his outfit when the idea was first brought up in post meeting. But Mr. Oliver and the other dog owners of the post were quite willing to find out whether dogs are as popular in an apartment-living generation as they were when Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett were doing their stuff in a different kind of America. So Monahan Post went right ahead and put on a dog show. Results? Well, hear what Mr. Oliver says. He writes:

"Three thousand persons attended our dog show in two days. The post made a profit of more than \$1,000. We had 330 dogs exhibited and had to turn away fifty other entries because our exhibition hall wasn't big enough to hold them. The dogs exhibited represented twenty-eight different breeds, and they ranged from mastiffs and other ponderous beasts to tiny toys.

"We put on the dog show as a service to our city. A show had long been talked of by Sioux City folk who were proud of their dogs, but there was no kennel club in the city to conduct it. And nowadays dog shows are put on under a system of rules and are not hit or miss affairs. As our first step, we got in touch with the American Kennel Club. This club gave us permission to hold a 'sanctioned show.' A sanctioned show differs from a 'licensed show' in several ways, principally in the fact that points cannot be awarded toward championships as can be done in licensed shows.

"We were gratified by the interest in our show shown by dog owners living outside Sioux City. Kennel owners living hundreds of miles away sent their best dogs. The winning dog, the best in the show, was a female Irish Setter that came from Wagner, South Dakota. The second best dog was a female German Shepherd from Lyons, Nebraska. German Shepherds outnumbered all other dogs shown. There were eighty-nine of them. Boston Terriers were next—an even sixty of them.

"The post awarded thirty-three large silver cups as prizes and gave cash prizes of \$125 and many merchandise prizes. Ribbons were given to dogs winning first and second places. The prizes were donated by merchants and by individual dog owners who were anxious to have our first show succeed. All prizes were displayed in show windows of stores for several weeks before the show.

"The outstanding result of our dog show was the formation of a kennel club in Sioux Falls. The post obtained a charter

from the American Kennel Club and named the new club the Tri-State Kennel Club. It was decided that the second show should be a part of a seven day circuit, the exhibits to be shown in a succession of cities. The cities on the circuit are Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City, Red Oak, Omaha and Kansas City. In this way, we are assured of even better exhibits than we had for our first show. As I write, the plans for the second show are being completed, and we are sure that we have made the dog show in Sioux City a permanent institution. We recommend a dog show to any post which is looking about for a new activity which will interest about ninety out of every hundred people in its town."

Yeast and Cod Liver Oil

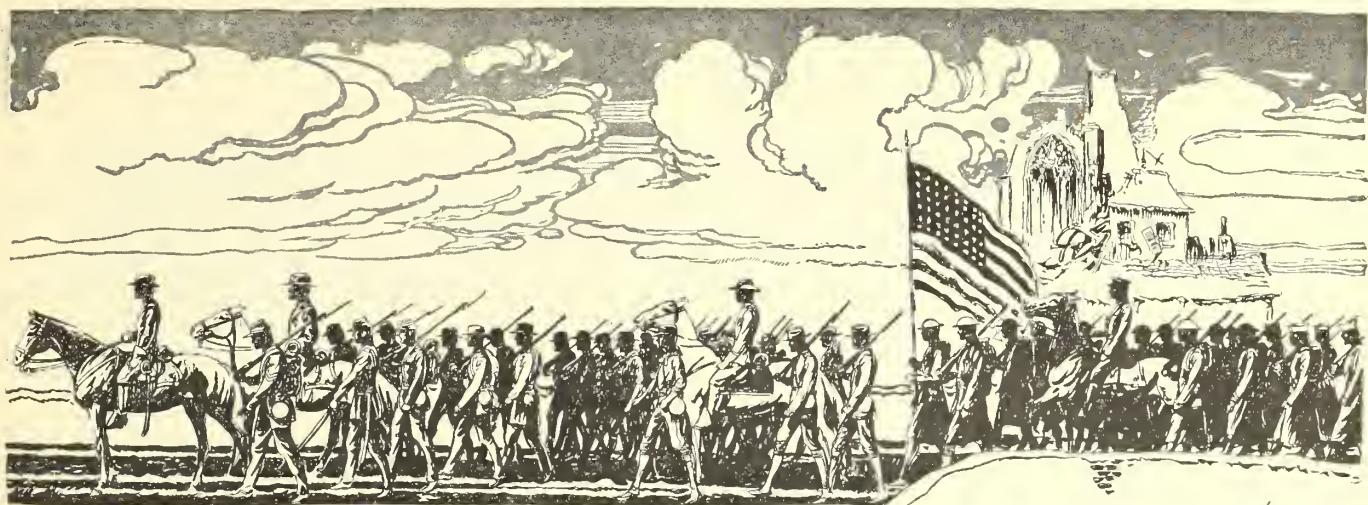
ABATTLE which began when the Mississippi River floods were ravaging the lowlands of many States in 1927 is still being fought by the Mississippi Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, which is being reinforced by contributions sent by American Legion Auxiliary departments and units in many parts of the country. The battle is being fought with tomatoes, yeast, cod liver oil and milk as ammunition, and, according to Mrs. L. N. Julienne, Past President of the Mississippi Department of the Auxiliary, it has already saved from death or lifelong misery hundreds of children and many grown-ups. The battle, being fought against time, is to arrest and prevent the development of the disease of pellagra which afflicts residents of the flood districts who subsist on an improper diet. In its fight against this disease, the Mississippi Department of the Auxiliary has worked with the Mississippi State Board of Health.

"At the time the unfortunate sufferers from the flood were living in camps," writes Mrs. Julienne, "we distributed more than 9,500 pounds of candy to balance deficiencies in diet. When the Red Cross discontinued its work, we discovered that many of the sufferers, through pride, were still without the necessities of life and disease was spreading among them. As one means of combatting this situation we saw that hot cocoa was

served to children when they arrived at school. The State Board of Health helped us overcome the disease which was manifesting itself among older people in their homes. County health officers were asked to report to Mrs. R. H. Tucker of Jackson, Department Rehabilitation Chairman, families in need of supplementary diet. We made shipments of food supplies to families in seven counties.



A case of love at first sight. Esther Ellen Dobbins of Ada, Ohio, meets a friend while Daddy Dobbins turns cameraman



STEP

"Many of those we aided would have died if it had not been for the prompt arrival of the food we sent. We are told that we should continue this work throughout this winter. We hope we can keep it up until the doctors report the last patient cured. In our work we received immense encouragement when the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks wrote to us and offered assistance, and then contributed \$1,500 which was used to purchase cod liver oil for the flood sufferers."

Snohomish Holds On

BATTERY K of the 248th Coast Artillery Corps, a unit of the Washington National Guard, had a hard time finding a home in Snohomish, Washington. In the town of fewer than four thousand persons was no building suitable for the guardsmen's training and the Adjutant General of the State had reluctantly decided it would be necessary to muster out the men on the battery rolls and transfer the outfit to some other town. That was early this year. Today a big new building stands on the principal street of Snohomish and Battery K is still there. The new building is the combined armory of Battery K and the clubhouse of Earl Winehart Post of The American Legion. It cost \$30,000.

"When we got word that the town might lose the battery," relates Legionnaire B. J. Dahl, "our post held a pow-wow. We formed a building committee, issued six percent notes secured by a first mortgage and raised enough funds to insure erection of the building. Under the financing plan, the building will pay for itself. The State Adjutant General has agreed to lease the armory for the use of the battery, paying as yearly rental up to ten percent of the cost of the structure. Dances and athletic events will provide additional revenue so that we plan to retire within fifteen years all the notes issued. A certain percentage of the notes will be drawn by lot and retired each year until the building stands free of debt."

Germantown Bites Some Dust

ROGERS Israel Post of Erie, Pennsylvania, won a membership cup in the Pennsylvania Department's 1927 race by lining up 603 members. This year on July 23d, the finishing day of the department's 1928 race, Rogers Israel Post had 1,389 members. Which is stepping right out, judged by figures alone, but more interesting even than the figures is the story Editor R. E. Hart of the *Post Script*, the post's paper, tells about the record:



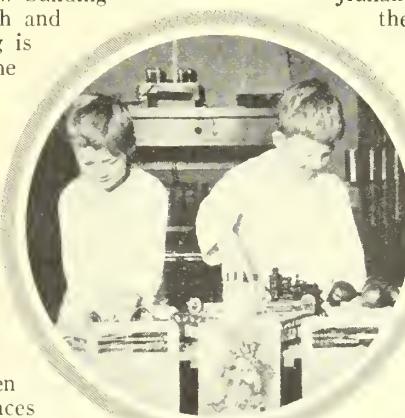
"Last year at the department convention at York, Henry H. Houston, 2d, Post of Germantown offered a loving cup to be presented each year to the post completing the year with the largest membership. 'Try and get it!' cried Houston Post's spokesman. It sounded like a safe challenge because Houston Post had ended 1927 with 1,134 members and hadn't had hard competition.

"But in the Erie delegation was David B. Simpson, commandant of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' and Sailors' Home located at Erie. Simpson still held membership in Walter M. Gearty Post, another Philadelphia post, and he was rather proud of the fact that he had helped his post beat the Germantown outfit in a hot membership race several years ago. He made a sentimental sacrifice and transferred his membership to Rogers Israel Post. Things happened fast in Erie. Post Commander Jessamine Juliante, an attorney, named Simpson chairman of the post's membership committee. In January, at the end of the first lap in the department race, Erie was trailing Germantown 835 to 660. At the end of the second lap, on March 31st, Erie was ahead—1,012 to Germantown's 1,004. Through May and June the contest was hot—neck and neck all the time. On the morning of July 23d, the closing day of the contest, we were ahead but we got the rumor Germantown was holding back one hundred cards. Then, with only eight hours to get the cards in the last mail to Philadelphia, moppers-up set to work. The prospect files were gone over anew. Lists of former members still unpaid were checked. Every corner of the city was covered. When the 6:21 pulled out of Union Station at Erie it bore 154 cards. The next day came a wire from Department Adjutant Deighan: 'Erie 1,389, Germantown 1,276.'"

Cold Weather Communiqué

ADD St. Louis to the list of cities in which bowling is a major American sport," requests F. H. Fletcher, Commander of Quentin Roosevelt

Post of St. Louis and secretary of the American Legion Bowling League of his city. "I have been reading of the good results accomplished by the Legion's bowling tournaments in Philadelphia and in many cities in Wisconsin, and I think the rest of the Legion would be interested to learn that the sport has been so successful in St. Louis that this year we will have twenty Legion teams in our league as compared with twelve last



Zero Hour, Christmas Day—home of Legionnaire F. C. Parke of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
The first look at what Santa brought

KEEPING STEP

year. Our season will last thirty-three weeks. The bowling league has been a great factor in developing three local posts and has been the means of bringing members of all posts into close touch with one another."

By Their Deeds

THE bonds of friendship between Spokane (Washington) Post and the Boy Scout troop the post has adopted are particularly strong, because the post knows that the boys who compose its troop are not overburdened with spending money. In fact, the post's Scouts have a pretty hard time getting together any cash that could legitimately be rated as surplus.

"The troop is one of the poorest, financially, in Spokane," reports Thomas G. Ware, Post Adjutant. "It is composed almost entirely of boys who are orphans and boys who have lost one parent. The post has done many things to help the troop. Last Christmas we felt that all we had done had been more than justified, because, voluntarily, our Scouts decided they wanted to do their own humble share to help make Christmas happy for the needy families of Spokane. An organization known as the Good Fellows distributes each Christmas time baskets to families which otherwise might go hungry. We were moved deeply when our Scouts put together their pennies and bought a 125-pound basket of food, provided a Christmas tree and all the other trimmings of Christmas and unostentatiously sought out a family to which they made their presentation. A post member provided an automobile truck, but otherwise the boys themselves did everything."

Investments

SHORTLY after the A. E. F. came back home, a complete file of the *Stars and Stripes* was sold in New York City for \$750. Since then the price has fallen because service men who had mailed copies home from France each week for long or short periods completed their sets by exchanging extra copies with other collectors or by paying for the numbers they needed. Single copies have sold for as much as \$10. The law of supply and demand governs the price of rare newspapers as it does the price of eggs. The reprinted edition of the *Stars and Stripes*, published in the

United States several years after the war, is also selling at a premium now.

All of which leads up to a question asked by Legionnaire H. Work of the library committee of Howard Gardner Post of Tyrone, Pennsylvania. Mr. Work wants to know how many Legionnaires have saved every issue of The American Legion Monthly? He reminds everybody that many numbers of the Monthly are already unobtainable from the magazine's circulation department and advises posts which have not already assembled complete files to start doing so right away. If all members of a post pool their saved copies, a set may be completed and bound. Mr. Work very helpfully advises.

Mr. Work speaks with authority because he has been completing his own post's sets of the *Stars and Stripes* and The American Legion Weekly. Getting early issues of the Weekly is almost as hard as getting copies of the *Stars and Stripes*, he reports. He still lacks many numbers for 1919 and 1920.

Mr. Work is a librarian any post would prize. He has assembled hundreds of volumes for his post's library without spending a cent of post money except for postage. The library was started in 1924 when Miss Elizabeth Crouch, long a teacher in Tyrone's schools, presented to the post her extensive library, including a large number of books on the Civil War and bound volumes of *Scribner's*, *Century* and other magazines of the Civil War years. Then the Pennsylvania State Library gave the post almost one hundred volumes, mostly Civil War archives. The Civil War veterans of Tyrone are everyday welcome guests at the clubhouse.

"The library is still growing," Mr. Work says. "We are now getting many gifts from citizens, including really valuable books that had long been hidden in attics. Of course, we could get tons of worthless castoffs if we simply wanted to increase the size of our library, so we look only for books that have a proper place in a Legion library."

Free Scholarships

WHEN LaVerne Noyes, manufacturer of farming equipment, died in Chicago in 1919, he left behind him a document which has already helped more than 7,000 veterans of the World War carry on courses in American colleges and universities. Mr. Noyes' will directed that his very large fortune should become a trust fund, the income from which should be used to pay tuition in a selected list of educational institutions for World War veterans and the children and grandchildren of World War veterans. In addition to the 7,000 service men who have obtained free LaVerne Noyes scholarships, free tuition has been given to more than 500 descendants of veterans. The scholarships are distributed among sixty colleges and universities. This fall 1,200 new scholarships were awarded. Even more may be bestowed next year.

Increasingly large numbers of children and grandchildren of World War service men are obtaining the scholarships as they attain college age, and posts of The American Legion throughout the country are assisting prospective applicants for the scholarships.

A list of the institutions in which scholarships are awarded may be obtained from the Trustees of the Estate of LaVerne Noyes, 2,500 Roosevelt Road, Chicago. An eligible candidate may obtain a blank application from the college or university he wishes to attend. In addition to the scholarships in the sixty institutions scattered throughout the United States, a large number of similar scholarships are awarded annually by the University of Chicago, to which Mr. Noyes gave a scholarship fund of \$2,500,000 in the year before his death.

Scholarships are conferred without regard to race, color, sex or religion. It is required,



The very best day for the daily good deed. Spokane (Washington) Post's Boy Scout Troop on Christmas Day donates a 125-pound basket of food, purchased by the boys' own pennies, to a needy family. Many of the Scouts of the troop are orphans and the pennies meant real sacrifices to all of them



Melvin E. Hearl Post of Moorhead, Minnesota, provided a 40-foot community Christmas tree for its town, transporting the tree 100 miles by motor truck, but nature provided the ideal Christmas Eve setting reflected by this photograph. The city's high school helped the post give a Christmas entertainment

however, that applicants must have served in the World War at least sixty days before the Armistice was signed, and scholarships will go only to descendants of World War service men who served sixty days before the Armistice was signed.

New Jersey First?

LEGIONNAIRE George M. Leach of Hammonton, New Jersey, rises to applaud the formation of the society composed of Massachusetts Legionnaires and Auxiliaries who have attended national conventions of The American Legion, as recorded in the Keeping Step sector of the Monthly for September. But in all modesty, Mr. Leach advances the claim that New Jersey was one step ahead of Massachusetts in taking up this idea and as proof of this he submits the printed report of the New Jersey National Conventionaires Association in which are listed the names and addresses of two hundred members. As treasurer of the association, Mr. Leach says:

"We believe our organization was formed ahead of the one in Massachusetts, and we know that Connecticut has followed in our footsteps. We hope other States will do so."

The foreword to the report of Mr. Leach's association states: "Following The American Legion national convention at San Francisco in 1923, the members of the New Jersey delegation started the custom of holding a reunion during the winter, for the purpose of renewing friendships made on the convention trip and promoting attendance at future conventions. At the reunion in the following year, the suggestion was made that a permanent organization, similar to a school or college alumni association, be formed from the list of Legion and Auxiliary members who had attended one or more of the national conventions, the object being to promote additional interest in The American Legion, and especially in attendance at national conventions."

Civil Service

UNCLE SAM has set out to make it easier for disabled service men of the World War to get jobs with the Government. President Coolidge is to receive soon the report of an advisory committee composed of prominent service men of the World War and Government civil service experts who have

been conducting an inquiry to determine ways and means of making Government positions available for service men. The committee has been making a survey of positions available in the executive branch of the Federal Government and its recommendations will include proposals for modifications in the existing provisions relating to preference given veterans in the civil service.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., New York member of the House of Representatives, is chairman of the advisory committee. Other members are: William C. Deming, President of the Civil Service Commission; Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Director of the Veterans Bureau; William J. Donovan, Assistant Attorney General, and John Thomas Taylor, Vice Chairman of the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion.

Ten Thousand Men a Year

CAN you run a brick plant? Are you a physiotherapist, a lithographer or an agronomist? Lots of Legionnaires could answer yes to these questions. That fact has significance with many posts conducting employment agencies to help Legionnaires get jobs. It has significance because Uncle Sam recently was trying to hire a brick plant superintendent, a physiotherapist, a lithographer, an agronomist and some hundreds of other men skilled in specialized occupations. Uncle Sam's hiring agency, the United States Civil Service Commission, is always looking for men to fill Government jobs. The commission's notices are posted on the bulletin board of almost every post-office and in 5,000 postoffices there are representatives of the commission who can tell off-hand just what the current openings are and when the examinations to fill them will be held.

Ten thousand World War service men are annually given positions in the Government service, one-fourth of all the men appointed to fill vacancies and new jobs on Uncle Sam's staff of 425,000 workers.

The Civil Service Commission recently called attention to the fact that veterans are given ten preferences over non-service men in examinations. The veteran is released from age limitations. He is certified without regard to apportionment among the States of appointments in the departmental service in Washington. He is released from height and weight requirements

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in most cases. He is released from many of the other physical requirements. He has five points added to his earned rating in examinations, and therefore need make only 65 percent, whereas a non-veteran must make at least 70 percent. A disabled veteran has ten points added to his earned rating and therefore need make only 60 percent. Time spent in World War service is counted as training and experience in many cases. An appointing officer who passes over the name of a veteran and selects a non-veteran with the same or lower rating from a certificate of eligibles must place his reasons for doing so in the records. A veteran may not be dropped or reduced in rank or salary through reduction of forces if his record is good. Examinations which have been held and are closed to applicants generally are reopened to veterans under certain conditions. In 1927 48,114 veterans took

Civil Service examinations, out of a total of 245,535 applicants. One-fifth of all service men applicants received appointments.

Positions in postoffices and in rural free delivery service have been especially popular among veterans.

Arizona Hut

ARIZONA'S outstanding soldier of the World War was General John C. Greenway, founder of the little copper town of Ajo and a pioneer in his State's industrial development. When General Greenway died several years ago, he was in the midst of plans for establishing a great workshop in which the disabled men who come to Arizona from all parts of the United States

to seek health in the tuberculosis hospitals of the Veterans Bureau could find with Legion help new physical strength and added income by making and selling furniture, leather and copper articles and toys and gifts of various kinds. Today the vision of General Greenway has come true. The workshops which he had in mind stand as a memorial to him and hundreds of disabled service men acknowledge a debt of gratitude to him. All because Mrs. John C. Greenway, a leader of the Arizona Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, is endowed with the same qualities which made her husband a great figure in civic and industrial affairs and has worked tirelessly in carrying out his ideas.

The Arizona Hut is the institution which is the fulfillment of General Greenway's plans and Mrs. Greenway's energy. It is located at Tucson, near Veterans Bureau Hospital 51. It is virtually a factory. From its workrooms hundreds of articles are turned out every week. Truckloads of them are hauled to the Tucson railway station to be shipped by freight and express to all parts of the United States. Morgan McDermott Post of The American Legion in Tucson and its Auxiliary unit and the Legion and Auxiliary throughout Arizona have given Mrs. Greenway all possible help in the enterprise and a large staff of instructors has been assembled to direct the work of making beautiful articles which are sold strictly on their worth in near and distant cities alike. Legion posts and Auxiliary units throughout the country have assisted the enterprise by selling consignments of articles made by the Arizona disabled men.

"The success of the Arizona Hut has been remarkable," reports Forrest E. Doucette, director of the Arizona American Legion News Service, himself a seeker after health in Tucson. "The entire State of Arizona is proud of the hut. The original

quarters were in a building donated by the citizens of Tucson. More than \$10,000 was spent the first year on machinery and tools, raw materials, models and other things and \$37,000 worth of articles made by disabled men were sold. As was to be expected, a deficit of \$6,000 was sustained the first year, but with increased output and wider sales facilities the enterprise will approach a self-supporting basis the second year.

"This year in February the growth of the institution compelled it to seek new quarters. The office and the leather and art departments are now located in a fine building in the business section of Tucson. The wood-working machinery and toy department is in a large planing mill and carpenter shop which the hut has taken over. Several scores of service men are always at work in the departments of the hut.

They are taught, free of charge, how to

make salable articles of wood, includ-

ing furniture and toys, leather,

copper, tin, cactus and other

materials. Articles sent to

the hut by service men are taken on consignment and are shipped for sale in distant markets in the same way as articles made in the hut. The work is in keeping with the physical strength of the men and is invaluable in its effect in restoring a wholesome mental attitude which assists physical recovery.

"As Christmas approaches this year, the hut anticipates demands for its articles from many posts and Auxiliary units which have yet to learn of the possibilities of conducting sales of things which make ideal gifts.

Just to indicate these

possibilities, here is a list of some of the things which may be had: cheap and practical furniture, artistic and utilitarian, especially furniture adapted to the popular Spanish type home; toys and gifts in unique designs adapted from domestic and foreign models, as well as vases, bread baskets, hat stands, book ends, lamps, picture frames and door stops; hand made articles of copper which make appropriate gifts; leather purses, vanity cases, bill folds and such like; a wide variety of bed jackets, negligees, underclothing, smocks and similar things suitable for gifts. Anybody wanting to help the hut enlarge its market may get specific information by addressing a letter to the hut in Tucson."

Baseball Hero

THE hero of the Legion's junior baseball season in Great Falls, Montana, is not a boy who made a home run in the ninth inning with the bases full. He is Teddy Antonich, 16-year-old Boy Scout, who was playing center field for one of the Legion teams when a cry for help sounded from a flood-swollen river some distance behind him in which younger boys had been swimming while holding to ropes. With the same speed that he would have put into a dash for a ball that would have let the other team win, Antonich reached the swollen river and plunged in unhesitatingly. Hampered by the high water and strong current, he succeeded in saving from drowning 10-year-old Arthur Norgard. When police and firemen, who had been summoned by telephone, reached the river with grappling hooks and lungmotors, they found Teddy Antonich dazed by his hard struggle in the water but intent only on getting back to the baseball diamond, where his team needed a center fielder

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who could cover a lot of ground and hit hard and run bases well. Great Falls Post, sponsor of the junior baseball league in which Teddy played, is trying to get for him a Carnegie medal for heroism, according to Vice Commander Carl Hoelzel.

Out In Front Seven Years

MONAHAN Post Band of Sioux City, Iowa, had held the honor of being the Legion's official band so long that it may have had a premonition that some other band would take the honor away from it at San Antonio. In the convention band competition, Thomas Hopkins Post of Wichita, Kansas, took the title by scoring only four more points, the totals being 1,800 and 1,707. Only a few trombone notes between them, apparently.

Well, Sioux City band's history is rich with the memories of victories at Paris, Philadelphia, Omaha, St. Paul, San Francisco and New Orleans, and now it is looking toward Louisville, its spirit the same as ever. Its remarkable record is due largely to the fact that its men have been playing together since 1920.

Thousands of Legionnaires who never heard Monahan Post band at a national convention have heard its music from their victrolas and radio sets. Mrs. Gertrude Henderson, wife of the band's manager, relates that the outfit got a big kick out of its experience in making its first records for the victrola, when it traveled to the studios of the Victor Talking Machine Company in Camden, New Jersey, after the Philadelphia convention.

The phonograph company had been doubtful whether a band, untrained in recording methods, could produce music worth preserving on records. The band was given a chance to play for recording through the efforts of Legionnaire W. G. Porter of the Victor Company who had assumed the responsibility of authorizing the investment of \$500 in a trial record.

"As the first number was played," Mrs. Henderson recalls, "Mr. Porter's expression changed from surprise to pleasure. This number was 'The Conqueror.' Mr. Porter had the band repeat it to be recorded in wax for a trial record. In four minutes after the band finished playing it, it was played back from the record.

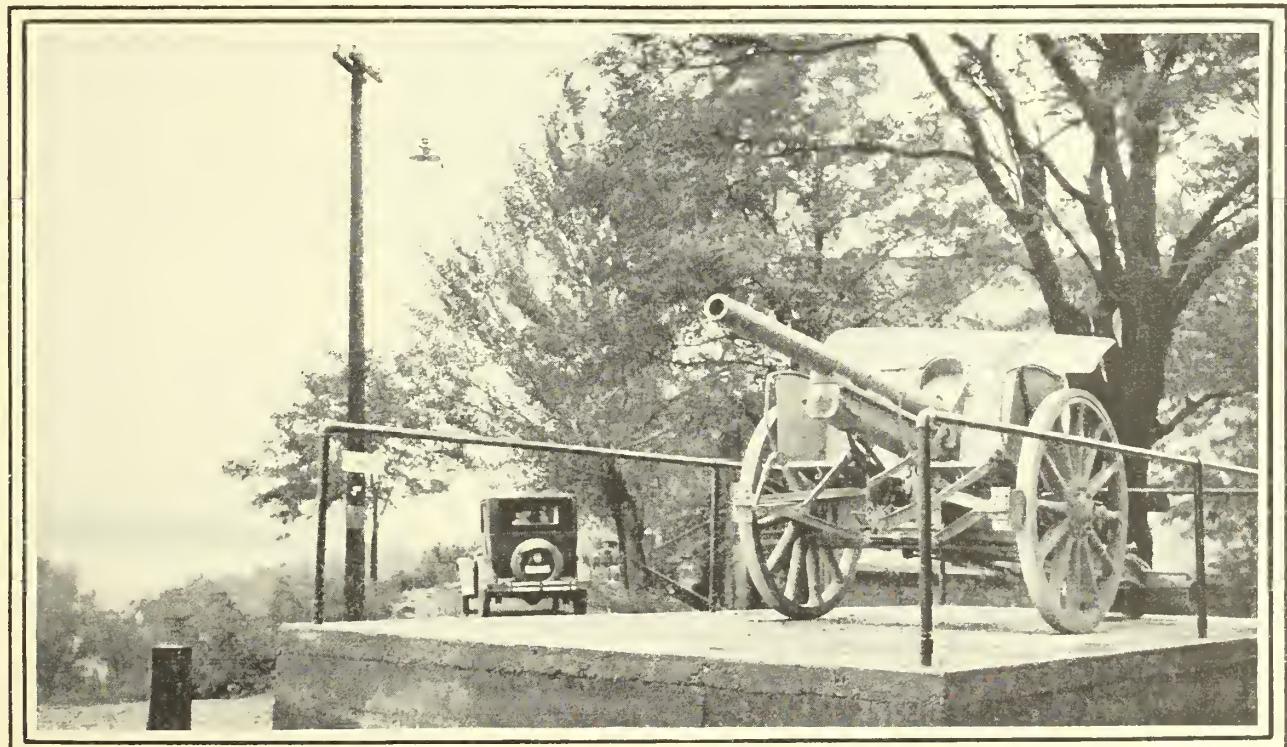
"As the bandmen heard their own music played back to

them, they registered surprise, chagrin and amusement. The drums, the pride of the band, seemed to be playing a solo; the bass horns, also, were much too prominent; and other sections of the band were not in balance because of the different recording qualities of the various instruments. This was the difficulty the phonograph company had foreseen—doubting whether the director could bring the band into proper recording balance. A second time the band played the selection, and it was recorded in wax. This time it was satisfactory. The Victor Company accepted it and the record is now listed nationally for sale. Mr. Porter then had the band play for record the Iowa corn song, the best-known song of every Legion convention for a half dozen years. That song, too, is now on a Victor record. In appreciation of what the band did, the Victor Company sent to the band in its home city the finest orthophonic victrola it manufactures."

Wet and Dry

WHEN Manhattan Post of New York City decided to hold a good old-fashioned debate, it wasn't satisfied to pick some such subject as "Resolved, That fire is more destructive than water," or "Resolved, That the pen is mightier than the sword." The post, having had its fill of boxing shows and other mild entertainments, wanted good red meat for its oratorical repast. And it got it. It picked a subject which, in September and October of this year, was as safe as a cargo of nitroglycerin on a flat-tired automobile driven by a man with the toothache. It chose prohibition as the subject of the debate, reports Post Vice Commander J. F. Faulhaber, who adds that, strangely enough, the show went off smoothly. Seventy-five percent of the post's members attended, according to Mr. Faulhaber, and everybody was satisfied. Which means, presumably, that everybody went away more deeply convinced than ever that the sentiments he held when he came were right.

Dr. J. P. Thornley, a member of the post, argued against the Eighteenth Amendment in the debate. His opponent was William Baird Reed, eighty years old, once a well-known figure on lecture platforms, whom Mr. Faulhaber compares with the late Chauncey M. Depew and Uncle Joe Cannon, his contemporaries.



Where Illinois looks across the Ohio River to Kentucky, at Shawneetown, Illinois, a German cannon, captured at St. Mihiel, is a reminder of the World War service of Shawneetown Legionnaires of St. Mihiel Post

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Mr. Faulhaber adds a note of caution for other posts which might want to hold debates on prohibition. The "no decision" rule would prevent any public misunderstanding of the Legion's attitude on a controversial question.

Celluloid History

LEON MARTIN POST of Barnesville, Georgia, each year conducts an Armistice Day celebration in which its whole community takes part. It makes sure that the inspiration of its ceremonies and the spirit of the day shall remain throughout the year by preserving on motion picture films the full record of the celebration. The post's Armistice Day motion pictures, available for showing at home or in other cities, were taken when 25,000 persons were assembled to see a parade and take part in a public meeting. Past Department Commander Emory P. Bass of Valdosta, Georgia, a member of the post at Barnesville, recommends the use of motion pictures by other posts as a means of acquainting all citizens with the Legion's true character and enlisting support for Legion aims.

Facts, Flowers

THE Louisiana Department doesn't often hand out citations of praise and appreciation, but when it held its department convention at Baton Rouge it did issue such a citation and formally presented it to O. L. Bodenhamer, National Executive Committeeman of Arkansas. That citation recites:

"When the speaker who was to deliver the principal address notified the Louisiana Department that he could not be present at the department convention a telephone request to Comrade Bodenhamer was made by the Department Commander of Louisiana explaining the dilemma and appealing to him to save an embarrassing situation. Without personal considerations, Comrade Bodenhamer drove his automobile alone all night from Eldorado, Arkansas, to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a distance of over three hundred miles, in nine hours, without rest or relief, and within an hour after his arrival delivered a magnificent and inspirational address."

"Those are just simple facts but Mr. Bodenhamer deserves flowers and music too," comments C. J. Bourg, Adjutant of the Department of Louisiana.

They Grew in England

WHEN Captain P. B. Garrett, formerly of the British Navy, got a packet of zinnia seeds from Pasadena (California) Post last spring, he wasn't sure how the seeds from the soil of California would grow in his Lindores Garden at Oatlands Park in Surrey, England. Now he sends photographs of his zinnia bed as proof of the good luck he reports, and he wants to know whether others who ordered the seeds from the flowers grown in Pasadena's Busch Gardens had as much success as he had in growing the flowers. The Step Keeper hereby passes his request for experience reports to the seven hundred Legionnaires who also got seeds from Pasadena Post. Let's hear from the Legionnaire

amateur gardeners scattered about the United States, and here is hoping they will send some more photographs. Unfortunately, Captain Garrett's pictures were not, as they say in Surrey, "too good."

Incidentally, Captain Garrett invites Legionnaires traveling in England to visit Lindores Garden, where in his quiet inn his chef, a World War veteran of Mesopotamia, is performing culinary miracles every day.

Indiana, Too

FRED SCHMIDT Post of Crown Point, Indiana, applies for membership card No. 4 in the Society of Legionnaire Fathers of Triplets in the name of Past Commander Foster Bruce.

"When the stork arrived at Commander Bruce's home seven years ago, The American Legion Auxiliary and the Daughters of the American Revolution each gained three new members," reports Post Commander J. Hiram Johnston. "Mr. Bruce's daughters, Helen, Leone and Jeanette, are now in their second year at school. Their great grandfather, Daniel E. Bruce, served four years in the Civil War, and a progenitor of a much earlier generation, Corporal Andrew Malone, served through the Revolutionary War in the Virginia Militia."

Helping Santa

FRANKFORD Post of Philadelphia is getting ready for its fourth annual Christmas party. There will

be a Christmas party every year as long as the post lives, predicts Post Adjutant William H. Boerckel, telling how 750 members had more fun than the children in last year's party.

"Almost three thousand children greeted the post's Santa Claus in the lobby of a theater," relates Mr. Boerckel. "They found three thousand toys, piled on a table, waiting for them. They saw Christmas movies for an hour and then spent another hour watching our entertainment. Each boy and girl got a toy as he passed out of the theater, and with it apples, oranges, candy and popcorn. Legionnaires looked over the throng and picked out thinly-dressed children and gave them sweaters, gloves, caps and other things the Auxiliary unit had provided.

"It took many days of careful planning and work at the post clubhouse to get ready for the party and for the post's annual distribution of Christmas baskets. We gave out 165 baskets."

This year will bring a happier Christmas to the children of Desha County, Arkansas, than last year brought, for last year's Christmas was saved by Claude E. Jaynes Post of McGehee, Arkansas, from being only another day of sorrow.

"Desha County was more sorely stricken by the 1927 floods than any other county in the whole Mississippi Valley," reports John A. Harper, Post Historian. "Scarcely a square mile in the whole county was above the flood waters. Our post hut stood three feet deep in the flood. Every member of our post suffered loss. Our post held a meeting early in December and resolved to make it a 'Christmas as usual' for the 3,500 children of the county. We saw to it that Santa Claus visited every home."

RIGHT GUIDE

Then and Now

Sunny Italy to the Fore—Not All the A. E. F.

*Cavalrymen Were M. P.'s—Ex-Gobbess Sally Wolf Has a Word
or Two to Say—Who Was Who in Official Pictures?—Outfit Announcements*

EXCEPT for a slight re-arrangement for the purpose of answering an inquiry therein, we are glad to broadcast a letter from D. H. Bancroft of Shreveport, Louisiana, who introduces himself as an ex-sergeant, Base Hospital 102, A. E. F. Referring to an item in *Keeping Step* in the September Monthly reporting the death of Dr. William Le Roy Dunn, whose influence bore much weight in getting special Congressional consideration for veterans with arrested cases of tuberculosis, Bancroft remarks:

"The item brought to mind, also, for the nth time, the query that has so often risen in my mind. Why—if there is any reason—is it that we who fought, bled and died in the Battle of the Mess Line in Sunny Italy where the sun, which to my certain knowledge didn't shine a total of twenty-four hours from the early part of October, 1918, when it went out behind a sticky, clammy, drizzling, icy mist until the first of April, 1919, when we marched out of the hospital buildings on the first hike of the homeward trip . . . why is it that the activities of those aviation, infantry, machine gun, ambulance, and various S. O. S. units in Italy have received such scant space in the Monthly?"

The Company Clerk's answer to that inquiry is straightforward and simple: The former members of those aviation, infantry, machine gun, et al, units in Italy have failed to make report of any of the interesting, unusual or amusing incidents of their service. Now that the ice has been broken, he hopes that some of those selfsame former members will produce. And, to continue with Bancroft's letter:

"We of Base Hospital 102, the Loyola Unit of New Orleans, knew Dr. Dunn as Major Dunn. He was a little, rather quiet man, but, oh my, a friend in need to every enlisted man in the outfit. The unit trained at Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, Louisiana, mobilizing in April, 1918, and the medical commissioned personnel showed up in June. On July 4th we went into quarantine and stayed in quarantine for two solid months—including the first two weeks after we reached Vicenza, our permanent station fifty kilometers or so south of Monte Grappa, Italy.

"We had sailed—200 enlisted men, 101 or more officers and about 100 second looey (female)—from Baltimore on August 3d and made the passage to Gibraltar all alone, no convoy, no nothing; just us. Landed at Genoa about the first of September and stayed there, still in quarantine, two weeks and then moved up to Vicenza.

"Now I should like to get in touch with some of the B. H. 102 gang and, incidentally, to ask any of the A. P. O. detail on duty at Vicenza between September 1, 1918, and April 1, 1919, if they happen to know who 'salvaged' my Arditti knife and Austrian bayonet out of the mail? In my young innocence or in a moment of aberration, I very carefully overlooked the

fact that, being extremely sharp, these arms were not mailable matter. At any rate, they never reached their destination and I've had a mean suspicion ever since."

SINCE Legionnaire Leschander of Long Beach, California, assured us in the June Monthly that there actually was cavalry in the A. E. F. some of the veterans who served in that branch are gaining sufficient courage to add a little to Leschander's account. It would appear, from the letter received from George S. Danhour of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, which follows, that some of the cavalrymen were impressed into service as M. P.'s. Give ear:

"As a member of one of the four regiments of cavalry in the A. E. F., I was glad to read the letter of Mr. Leschander in the June issue.

"I have long since been forced into silence regarding my part in the war by the pitying and doubting glances of both comrades and civilian friends when I sounded off about the cavalry. And, as time passes, I myself have begun to believe that my tale of cavalry in the A. E. F. was indeed a myth.

"Governed by a deep-rooted prejudice against walking as a mode of transportation, I 'joined' the cavalry in 1917, with the result that I spent the major portion of my time in service on the hoof, walking through part of England and most of France. I took part in this bunion derby with Troop C, Sixth Regiment of Cavalry, and painfully recall those first ten thousand kilometers in cavalry boots, before acquiring a pair of hobnails, number ten.

"Our regiment did not go in as a unit, though many, both men and officers, saw action with infantry and artillery regiments and when assembled at Vendome after the Armistice, wound stripes and other marks of gallant action were in evidence.

"For the benefit of all those who are still making wise cracks about the M. P.'s, I say: If you ever have a choice between a front line job and that of helping steer a reluctant outfit through the vagaries of that thankless job of policeman in a foreign country, take the trench every time!"

Referring back to our first mention of cavalry in the A. E. F., you may remember that we recalled the persistent rumors just preceding each drive that a troop or regiment of cavalry was in the offing ready to help the infantry carry on. And then the cavalry failed to materialize. Leschander's and Danhour's letters supported the idea that A. E. F. cavalry was used only for remount and M. P. duties, but now we find out differently in a report from Legionnaire Thomas J. Kilderry of William P. Roch Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who supports his statements with extracts from General Orders. Here we are:

"Cavalry in the A. E. F.?—Yes! I want to fall in line with Legionnaire Leschander of Long Beach, California, and add to his report. My regiment, the Second Cavalry, saw plenty of action and I shall give you a few reports that can be verified.



The family milk supply posed with its mistress away back in 1918 for Legionnaire Barney Goss of Long Beach, California, one of the hundreds of unofficial A. E. F. photographers

"Extract from General Orders dated February 10, 1919, France, and signed by Peter E. Traub, commanding the 35th Division, commanding the service of Troops B, D, F and H, Second Cavalry, while attached to that division from September 26 to October 6, 1918, reads: 'The task of making a record of the individual acts of devotion and duty in the face of a most deadly artillery and machine-gun fire is an almost impossible one, for many of them will never be known.'

"I might state here that members of the 28th and 35th Divisions cannot very well forget the battle along the Aire River, September 26th to 30th, when a squadron of the Second Cavalry filled the gap made by the retirement of the 35th Division due to misunderstanding of orders, and at the same time supported the right flank of the 28th Division.

"And again, extract from commendation of Major General Dickman, dated October 3, 1918, France, Fourth Army Corps Headquarters: 'Service of Troops B, D, F and H, Second Cavalry, in operations of September 12 to 18, 1918, in the St. Mihiel offensive. These troops were held back several hours longer than appeared necessary; the squadron passed through the forests of La Belle-Oziere, Nozard and Vigneulles, scouted the open country as far as Heudicourt, Crews and Vigneulles, eventually advancing to St. Maurice, Woel and Jonville, pursuing the enemy, fighting his rear guard and capturing numerous prisoners, forcing deployment and delaying his retreat; in fact, doing everything that so small a force could accomplish with new and untrained horses not well adapted to cavalry purposes; exhibiting a devotion to duty and spirit worthy of the best traditions of the regiments of the American cavalry.'

"Also another extract from the commendation of Major General Summerall, Headquarters, First Division: 'A detachment of Second Cavalry attached to the First Division distinguished themselves by conspicuous and tireless devotion to duty in harassing the enemy and procuring valuable information.'

"In addition to the foregoing, the Second Cavalry also saw action in the Luneville Sector, Baccarat, Chateau-Thierry, Rosignol, Aiden, Cheppy, Exermont, Dun-sur-Meuse, Landres-et-St. Georges, Sedan and other places. The cavalry stayed in the Meuse-Argonne continually from September 23d to November 11th and then advanced into Germany as scouts. My diary shows that we supported at different times thirteen divisions.

"These facts prove beyond any doubt that the cavalry saw action."

ALMOST a year ago we introduced to the Gang the first "Legionnaire" to become an active member of the Gang—Sally R. Wolf, Adjutant and Finance Officer of Hunts Point Post of New York City. Since then probably some of the members have been thinking, in the terms of the song of yesteryear, "I wonder what's become of Sally?"

After four years in the harness as Adjutant, Miss Wolf has now transferred to the job of Historian of the same Legion post, and she's still a very active member of the Then and Now Gang. Cast your eyes on the cartoon reproduced in this page. Miss Wolf sent it to us and tells us it appeared in the *Broadside*, the official publication of the Third Naval District, most likely in the issue of October 18, 1918. We have a suspicion as to who did the work, but no doubt some member of the Gang can confirm that suspicion. We have had several letters from this gobbess—her own term—and we're going to let you read parts of them. With a "Hello, Comrade," Miss Wolf writes:

"As one of the Gang, Then and Now in all issues interests

me, but the columns in the August number are especially interesting because so many ex-gobs piped up. Naturally I liked Adjutant Fosdick's contribution about the show at Goat Island best of all, but I wonder where in the world the girls are now that none of their number sent in the item and picture to you.

"Personally, I can't imagine why the order against the use of the word 'gob' was issued because I honestly do not think any of the boys object to the term. Besides, just what substitute did the admiral suggest or order? So at least until a better one is suggested, why change?

"As for information about us 'lady gobs'—aside from routine work there were a few amusing incidents that I know of personally. You have no doubt heard of 'landsmen' who were sent by shipmates to get anchor watches, etc. But one of the pharmacist's mates at the training station at New York who used to communicate with me in reference to cases sent to the hospital almost convinced me that his chief's name was W. T. Door, so that I would ask for him by that name in making reports. However, I soon realized that the man's name was not 'Water Tight Door.'

"During 1919 and the latter part of 1918, the station at

Pelham Bay, which was the object of so much jest, was used as a Receiving Ship for regular Navy men who were being paid off and checked out. During this time R. A. Latimer, then a captain, was assigned as Executive Officer.

"One day I had occasion to call on Dr. McLaughlin, on duty in the infirmary. By some twist of the wires, I got a wrong connection and after a few pleasantries, the man at the other end instructed the operator to 'connect this little blonde with Dr. Mac but don't tell her who I am.' But by another queer twist of the wires I heard the beginning of an-

other call in which this same man was addressed by name and so I knew that the 'Old Man' had been kidding me. And it happens that I'm a brunette.

"Of course, the change to a star over a stripe and a half from four stripes only, may have made a change in personality, too, but otherwise the men at the Philadelphia Navy Yard are fortunate in having Rear Admiral Latimer detailed as their skipper.

"Incidentally, I want to add in connection with your introduction of the Gang to me and your reference to a special 'feminine branch' of service, that there was no such thing. We were simply Yeoman—third, second or first class—on duty at the various Naval Stations doing the same detail as gobs of similar rating. We got the same initiation into service and the same release from active duty at the end, by virtue of which we are members of the Legion now."

We are hoping that Miss Wolf's contribution will lead other gobblies to join the Gang.

IN reading Then and Now in the June issue," writes Adjutant L. McLarry of Walter Kincaid Post of Sulphur Springs, Texas, "I noticed Earle J. Tower's suggestion that the ex-gobs settle forever the question of whether or not a shark would attack a man. This suggestion was timely in view of the experiments recently conducted by some man in southern waters who offered himself as shark-meat and claims to have disproved the contention that sharks crave human flesh.

"A couple of instances that come to mind are my contribution to the discussion.

"While serving as signalman on the U. S. S. *North Dakota* in southern waters on or about December 15, 1918, a sailor from our ship tried to swim from the ship which was anchored in Guantanamo Bay to the Marine Camp at Deer Point, Cuba.

During the swim he was attacked by what he said was a shark and lost a leg in the encounter.

"During March, 1919, we were leaving Guantanamo Bay for a two weeks' cruise and were some miles out to sea when a very strong wind was encountered. The *Utah*, flagship of the Third Division, was carrying an observation balloon and in lowering the balloon to the deck a sailor was caught in its lines and thrown overboard. The *North Dakota*, which was following second in line, immediately fell out and lowered a lifeboat to make a rescue.

"There had been observed during the morning a large school of sharks following the fleet. Just as the lifeboat was lowered into the water, the sailor was seen to disappear quickly from sight as though he were a cork on a fishing line. When the lifeboat arrived at the spot there was no sign of the sailor, only the sharks were still milling around the spot where he disappeared.

"Such report was made to the Officer of the Deck by the lifeboat crew upon its return to the ship. I was on duty on the signal bridge at the time this happened and could see the sailor until he disappeared. If any of the lifeboat crew see this, I would be glad to have them set me aright if my version is incorrect."

No report has as yet been received regarding the death of Ernest Ely, late water tender, U. S. N., cited in Tower's letter. The Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department in Washington, D. C., advises the Company Clerk that the following entry appears on Ely's service record: "31 May, 1917, about 6:00 p. m., while swimming, attacked by shark in Bacoon Bay and killed instantly." At the time of his death Ely was attached to the U. S. S. *Dale* at Navy Yard, Cavite, Philippine Islands.

SEVERAL times we have reported the fine co-operation received from various Government offices in Washington in helping solve many of the unusual problems put to us by members of the Then and Now Gang. And the Gang has reciprocated nobly by helping some of the Government offices. Another interesting opportunity has been offered us by Major Walter E. Prosser, Officer in Charge of the Army Pictorial Service, U. S. Signal Corps. The Major reports:

"During the World War the Signal Corps made a large

number of photographs of our troops in the A. E. F. At the time these photographs were made it is obvious that in most cases it was impracticable to secure identification of the men who appeared in the photographs.

"It is now desired to begin the task of systematically identifying as many as possible of these men in order that the War Department may have this additional data in its files. It has been suggested that by publishing some of these pictures in The American Legion Monthly, readers might be able to identify individuals appearing in them."

While the Company Clerk has found from experience that after these ten years since the war it is a hard job to identify men from photographs, he stands ready to help the Major and therefore reprints on this page one of the photographs submitted. There is at least one basis on which to work: The men shown were members of the 153d Infantry Brigade, 77th Division. Furthermore, the picture was taken at Nordausques, France, on May 20, 1918. Now all we can do is to call upon the members of the Gang and particularly former members of the Liberty Division of New York State to help us out. Let's go!

Additional official Signal Corps pictures will be reprinted when space conditions in this department permit.

THE American soldier's penchant for inscribing his name on all he possessed and, sometimes, did not own, has brought some interesting wartime incidents to light. For instance, Dr. J. A. Hielscher of Lorentz Post, Mankato, Minnesota, ex-major, Medical Corps, A. E. F., reports:

"About two years ago, our Legion post requested two German trophy guns from the War Department. When the guns arrived and we started to polish them, we found the following punched into the barrel of one: 'C. V. Shreeve, 1st Div. Amm. Train, A. E. F.'

"A letter to the Adjutant General's Office disclosed the fact that ex-corporal C. V. Shreeve now lived away out in Dallas, Oregon, and in answer to a letter I wrote to him, Shreeve furnished the following account:

"While I cannot claim the honor of capturing the gun which you tell me came into the possession of your Legion post, I do remember helping to move it and recording my name and outfit on it. More than sixty enemy cannon (Continued on page 79)



Here's a chance for the I-knew-him-when fellows to help in a good cause. Above are shown some men of the 153d Infantry Brigade, 77th Division, at Nordausques, France, getting acquainted with their new French friends. The U. S. Signal Corps which took the picture on May 20, 1918, wants to know who these soldiers are and where they are now located.

Bursts and Duds



F. O. B., SYMPATHY

"I just called up my mother on the long distance to wish her lots of luck on her birthday," proclaimed a sophomore virtuously.

"Gosh, it must have cost you plenty!" said a freshman.

"Aw, it didn't cost me anything. I reversed the charges."

THE ULTIMATE LIMIT

"Speaking of absent-minded men," said one waiter to another (and we refuse to guarantee the truth of this story), "I saw a fellow pouring syrup down his neck and scratching his pancakes."



"That's nothing," retorted his co-worker. "One of my customers poured ketchup on his shoelaces and tied bow knots in his spaghetti."

PRIVILEGE

Sonny: "Dad, can I be President when I grow up?"

Father: "There's a chance for everybody, boy, but why do you ask?"

The Brat: "Because today I saw a picture of the President shaking hands with Babe Ruth."

RUEFUL TALE

"When you were in the war," asked one ex-soldat, "weren't you just bogged down in the routine?"

"No," replied another. "my troubles were in the Rue Ste. Anne."

SOFT!

"Ah heahs yo' am an aviator's assistant. What does yo' have to do?"

"In case we loses de propeller. Ah has to sit out in front an' swing mah arms aroun'."

OH, FOR A PLAIN ONE

"What caused all those deep gashes on your face? Shaving?"

"No. The heavy embroidery on a guest towel."

THE GUSHER

"Here's a Rolls Royce for your birthday, darling," announced the aged millionaire.

"Well," countered the chilly wife, who had been in the show business before she found the meal ticket, "what do you want me to do? Kiss you or something?"

OUR TIMES

Small Elinor's father was a psychiatrist and her mother belonged to a society that dabbled extensively in Freud, Jung and the rest of those lads with elongated brain cells. So it came as a shock to both parents when Elinor, returning from school, announced she wished she was back in the First Grade, from which she had recently been promoted.

"But," expostulated the adults in horror, "don't you want to get ahead in school? Don't you want to advance quickly? What's the matter with Second Grade?"

"The teacher's got a superiority complex," explained the tiny tot, "and won't let us express our individuality. I'm afraid she's causing repressions of a serious nature in our subconscious minds."

TOUGH? ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!

"The man I'm going with now has both money and brains," Gladys proclaimed.

"Gosh!" sympathized her friend Elaine. "That makes it tough, doesn't it?"

THAT'S ALTRUISM

"You thought a great deal of Nelson, didn't you?"

"Yes, he was a true friend. He never asked me to lend him a cent, although he knew very well that I knew he was starving to death."

THE CENTS OF HUMOR

"Do you have to have talent to make a living writing jokes?" asked the fair one.

"No," returned the humorist, "all you need is a steady income from some other source."

JUST A CASUAL CALLER

"Eleanor," called the girl's mother from upstairs, "it's two o'clock in the morning and time that young man was going."

"Oh, but he left an hour ago, mother," Eleanor returned sweetly.

"This is another one who just dropped in."

FOR EMERGENCY

Garage Mechanic: "The rear end of your car is very weak, sir. Shall we go ahead and fix it?"

Motorist: "Sure. I might back into a pedestrian some time."

NOTHING TO IT

"How on earth," asked the puzzled person, "do you figure the reading time on articles and stories with such accuracy?"

"Very simple," the magazine editor replied. "We merely double the author's writing time."

"WEATHER PERMITTING"

The family wealth of the Nuvo-Reeshes had been suddenly acquired, and Mrs. N-R was determined that one and all should know her as the sophisticate of the sophisticates that she was.

"I suppose you'll be touring Europe some day soon," enviously gushed a caller, not so blessed with worldly trappings.

"Oh, yes," yawned the lady of the house, suddenly afflicted by a touch of ennui. "We have it all planned as soon as it's a nice day."

NO ETHICS AT ALL

"Madge is the most treacherous woman I know."

"Why so?"

"She shot two of her husbands from ambush."

FORTUNATE

"I have no appetite, doctor," complained a mendicant patient.

Modern times demand original approaches. But—

"That's good," responded the physician. "I simply haven't a thing here in the office that's fit to eat."

THE LAST STAND

"You're fired!"

"Then," said the employee with dignity, "I assume that you will be willing to accept my resignation."

REPARTEE, IF NOTHING ELSE

"Go to hell!" said the janitor.

"I'd gladly do so," replied the tenant, who had just been entering a feeble kick, "but it would be just my luck for them to turn off the heat."

THE BAD NEWS

They were dining in an expensive restaurant.

"Women mean nothing to me," proudly proclaimed the man.

"Tee-hee," the girl giggled. "You haven't looked at the check yet, have you?"

"Cream of
the Crop"



"Reach for a
Lucky and not for
a bonbon."

Fannie Ward

Fannie Ward,
Famous for Her Ever Youthful Appearance,
says:

"Reach for a Lucky and not for a bonbon.' That's been my policy ever since Luckies started—my way of retaining the figure I need to be known as the ever youthful Fannie Ward. So I say to you women who want to cheat time as I have done, 'Reach for a Lucky and not for a bonbon.'"

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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Outside Help

(Continued from page 13)

dark skinned youth with a small black mustache, and the heavy rings under his eyes indicated that he slept too little. Just now he wore the tight, provincial finery of a small town French dandy; a suit of smooth worsted cut rather badly across the shoulders, a stiff collar somewhat too tall for comfort, short vamped shoes, and in his button hole the inevitable wilted bouquet.

He glanced at the two officers and addressed himself familiarly to the general's silver stars.

"My name's Wales, sergeant, D. C. I.," he said. "Sent out on this shooting. Your interpreter, sir, wasn't it?"

Larned stiffened, taking on a sudden ferocity that the sergeant chose to ignore. He hung his hat upon the back of a chair without invitation; his cane, which he had swung from his right wrist, he stood carefully against the fireplace.

"You gotta nice office," he affirmed pleasantly.

"Where's your uniform?" Larned demanded. He sputtered before the policeman could reply. "Sergeant, eh? Nobody would know it!"

"They're not supposed to," Wales answered. "Uniform's in my locker. I work in civvies. Got to look like this. Here's my read-em-and-weep."

From an inner pocket he drew a black cardboard folder, which he opened and thrust forward under Larned's astonished and rebellious eyes. A sergeant in that get-up! Why, he looked like one of those foreign . . . those foreign milliners he'd seen in Paris!

"The bearer of this identification," so the card explained, "is attached to the Division of Criminal Investigation. Officers of all grades will assist him in the pursuance of his duties. He is authorized to go at all times, in uniform or civilian clothes, into any part of the American Expeditionary forces." On the opposite fold, instructions, no doubt of the same nature, were printed in French. The signatures were potent, with a flourish that emanated from General Headquarters.

Larned grumbled, and compared the photograph in the lower left corner with the man who stood before him.

"Very well, then," he admitted, "what do you want?"

"Information, sir. All the dope you got."

Peabody, who had said nothing until now, passed the card back across the desk.

"We don't know anything about it," he affirmed.

Wales looked at him sharply.

"Mebbe," he said, "you don't. I ain't askin' who done it. Just tell me all you know, and I'll hang the stuff together. Use the old bean, see? After a bit I begin to get it. That's how I work."

Both officers looked at him coldly while he made the explanation. It was Peabody who spoke.

"I certainly wish you success," he grunted. "But there's nothing here and

you are taking the general's time. The crime was committed at the mess shack. I advise you to investigate there."

"My partner's there now. He's to come here to report when he's lined up. Now if you two'll tell me all you know. . . ."

"There's a cook in arrest," Larned began, speaking slowly, in an effort to hold his temper. "I would first question him."

The sergeant smiled slightly.

"I've done that already, sir, soon as I got here. He says it wasn't him. He's cooling in the provost marshal's tent. Nothing on him yet."

"It seems to me you've plenty on him, to borrow your expression," the general contradicted. "If I had ceased being a soldier and become a detective, I'd have heard at least that the cook and Beard had a quarrel, an argument, and the cook threatened him."

"Sure. You got that straight enough. But that can opener wasn't the only one had a row with Beard today. Soon's I got to camp I heard about another one. The chief of staff and him was throwing a nasty barrage a little while before Beard got bumped. . . ."

"Just a moment!" Peabody stood up, his back straight. "Leave me out of this! Don't mention that again!"

Wales shrugged.

"I gotta mention it to my skipper, sir. He's particular about things like that."

"Sergeant!" The general became suddenly fierce and as suddenly ingratiating. "You know, Sergeant, that it wouldn't do, wouldn't do at all, even to insinuate that Colonel Peabody knows anything about this case. He had nothing to do with it. I give you my word."

"Where were you, General, when the shooting started?" Wales demanded.

"At mess."

"And the colonel?"

Larned coughed before he replied. He picked up a small piece of paper from his desk, looked at it absently, and again put it down. A moment he considered the map above the fireplace.

"Colonel Peabody was with me, at the officers' mess hall," he said testily. "And Sergeant. I'm appointing a board of inquiry to investigate this matter. I don't see that it requires any outside help. It will meet soon . . . before morning . . . and I promise you that tomorrow I'll forward the findings to your office."

Wales crossed deliberately to the book shelves.

"Lots of good reading here, I'd say. Was you able to parleyvoo it. Beard was quite a reader, the M. P. boys tell me."

"Yes. He read a great deal. I let him sit in the corner there and read between jobs. He'd gone through half the library. But as I say, I'll send you a report of the board, Sergeant."

The operator turned, again showed a slight smile.

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"That ain't necessary, sir. I can live happy without it. I've seen reports before. Neat and military and all that. And they hang the blame on the same guy every time. Old 'parties unknown' sure gets hell whenever a board starts working on 'em."

Larned sputtered, frowned, then his face relaxed and he half smiled.

"If you were in uniform, Sergeant, I'd know how to handle this. But in that get-up, why, damned if I know how to discipline you! Come in!" he bellowed in reply to a rap on the door.

The sergeant major walked slowly toward the desk. He saluted listlessly, after the habit of a staff subordinate, bored at daily contact with greatness.

"It's the new interpreter, sir, that Pieyard. Wants to know if the general needs him tonight, or he's to wait till morning."

"Send him in. And, Sergeant. That list of missing stores . . . get it."

The Frenchman Paillard was middle aged and immensely fat, with small feet and plump hands. He advanced properly into the general's headquarters, bowing heavily from the waist, his broad black felt hat grasped in both hands across his expansive middle.

"Good evening, *mon General*." He smiled with abounding good nature. "There is a task, no?"

General Larned frowned as he observed him. This was the second man tonight whose appearance he disapproved. He shuffled through the papers on his table.

"Your name's Pieyard?"

"Paillard, monsieur!"

"Oh, yes." Larned glanced at his chief of staff and raised his eyebrows. "You're an interpreter? How much do they pay you at the supply depot?"

"Fifteen francs the day. A most pitiful amount."

"Fifteen? Too much. You write French? Good decent French?"

Paillard shrugged, rubbed his hands deprecatingly.

"The perfect, *mon General*. Eighteen year I am with Monsieur Graffstein, right here, before the war. I am his *notaire*, I do all writing for him."

"Graffstein, eh? Why weren't you in the army?"

"It is the heart, *mon General*. I am desolated, but I have the unsuitable heart. The doctors do not permit."

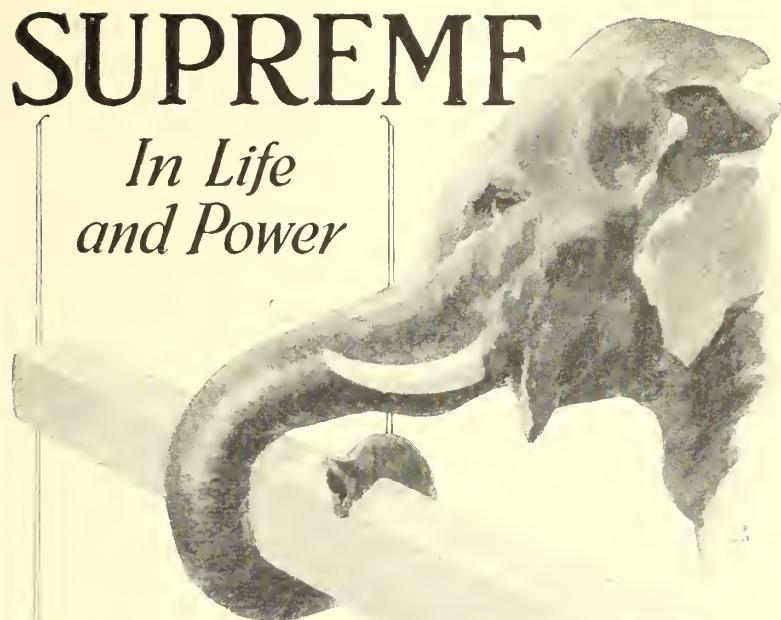
General Larned frowned. This man's manner made him sick, on top of everything else that had happened tonight. He'd hate to have him around all day. Still, he must have an interpreter at once.

"I've heard about that kind of heart," he grunted. "Don't know, though, you're fat enough to have a heart. Where you live?"

"By the side of camp, in front of the *poste du police* M. P."

"Fifteen francs . . . not a cent more! Certainly not. They'll have to get along without you over at supply office. I'll issue an order relieving you there. Need you . . . my interpreter's dead."

"Dead?" the little man stared fixedly at General (Continued on page 46)



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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

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Outside Help

(Continued from page 45)

Larned's stern, thin face. He dropped his felt hat and stooped to pick it up. "The interpreter?" he asked. "M'sieur Beard? Dead? I know him. I talk to him this day by the road. Ah, it is sad. He is dead?"

Sergeant Wales came forward.

"Talked to him today? When?" he demanded.

"Afternoon." Paillard studied. "About five o'clock I think. The captain adjutant is waiting for a car to town and he see us. He will know the hour."

"What you talk about?" Wales shot out the question.

Paillard shrugged.

"How can I remember? Do I know he is going to be dead, poor boy, and so remember? I think . . . but yet, books we have in discussion."

"That guy had liter-chure on the brain!" Wales grumbled. "What about books?"

"I disremember much," Paillard wrinkled his fat forehead. "I think he discuss the books concerning orchards . . . the orchards in France."

"That's a hell of a thing to be thinking about just before you get bumped off!" Wales affirmed. He snorted. "Orchards!"

The general inspected the document which the sergeant major had brought.

"Here's a memo, Paillard," he said, and passed it across the desk. "Translate it, it's a list of stores and supplies missing. It goes to the French general commanding this department. The sergeant major will have your translation typed. Be accurate. It's important. Soldiers selling stuff to civilians, civilians stealing, hundred thousand dollars worth of property lost last week. Do it as quick as you can, Paillard. The sergeant major will find you a desk. Report when it's done. I'll have something else."

He paid no attention to the Frenchman's bow. "And now you," he turned summarily to Sergeant Wales, "is there anything else you want?"

"Yes, sir. Beard's service record. And Cook Concord's."

"Certainly," General Larned answered and sighed. "Get them for him, Sergeant Major. I'm glad to see this civilian gentleman is finally interested in the cook."

Cook Concord's record was unenlightening. It stated only that he had been a bricklayer before war converted him to cookery, that he was married, lived in Maine, was thirty-three years old, and never had held non-commissioned office. He once had been found guilty of drunkenness by summary court and was fined two-thirds of his pay for one month. His rating at the cooks' and bakers' school was good.

Private Beard, according to his record, was born in Illinois in 1806, and at the time of induction into service had been a student at Acme College, in the same State. He once held the rank of corporal, but later was relieved of his

stripes for a breach of company discipline. He had been unmarried.

Sergeant Wales took the forms back himself to the personnel office after he had perused them carefully. He returned to the room within five minutes.

"I see you got some folks down around Acme, Illinois, too, Colonel," he said affably. "Ever know this man Beard out there?"

"Sergeant!" General Larned jumped to his feet. "Sergeant," he thundered, "did you look up Colonel Peabody's record? You dared do that? Why, I'll try that personnel adjutant for giving you that card without my permission? This is outrageous . . . the chief of staff's card!"

"I got it off a corporal, sir. He didn't know any better."

"You sneaked out there, snooped into officers' files?"

"I had to, sir. Part of my job. How do I know, maybe the colonel *did* know Beard?"

"He did not," General Larned shouted. "Neither of us did. I've warned you, Sergeant, keep the staff out of this blasted business . . ."

"Wait a minute, sir," Sergeant Wales objected. "I think the colonel wants to get a word in himself."

"I do," Peabody retorted. "It's none of your damned business, but I did happen to know Beard in Illinois. You'll dig it out sooner or later . . . you hold nothing private, nothing sacred. . . ."

"You knew him? Before the war?" Larned had turned full about. "You knew him back in the States?"

"Yes, damn it, back in the States. At Acme College. It's a little school near Chicago. I've been there a number of times."

"What for, sir?" asked Wales.

"To see my daughter," Colonel Peabody snapped. "She's a student there. That's what he saw on the card, General, her address, next of kin." He looked at Wales suspiciously. "What's that got to do with this murder?"

"You knew Beard quite well?" Wales asked.

"I did not!"

"Daughter know him?"

"Everybody knew him. He was one of those vocal athletes. Couldn't step on the campus without hearing him . . . conceited pup . . . he was a cheater, General, no use talking. Never looked you in the eye. . . ."

The sergeant major knocked.

"Another policeman," he announced.

"My partner, Corporal Talley," Wales said.

"Send him in!" the general commanded.

Larned leaned back wearily in his chair. Events were too rapid. Like being under fire. Like that first night . . . everything strange . . . no two orders alike . . . men going in and coming out, the same noise in his head, the same

empty feeling in his stomach. He drew his shoulders together. Damnable mess Peabody was in. And this detective in civilian clothes . . . no discipline. He reflected sourly that no discipline was one of the things that ailed the war . . . whole army going to the dogs . . . and Peabody knew Beard in Illinois. Why the devil had he never mentioned it?

Corporal Talley, also of the D. C. I., was immensely tall and as stiff as the general himself. Larned saw with satisfaction that he wore a uniform and guessed him at once an old soldier, with at least three regular enlistments behind him. He saluted punctiliously but without enthusiasm, holding his right hand rigid. In his left he carried a blanket, by its four corners, making of it a sack that bulged with irregular objects.

"I got Beard's belongings, sir. Sergeant Wales said bring 'em here."

"I don't know why," General Larned commented. "This isn't an M. P. tent. But let's see them."

Both the camp commander and his chief of staff leaned over the table as the corporal spread out the blanket. Tooth brush, soap, mess pan, a silk handkerchief printed with Allied flags, a Y. M. C. A. sewing kit bound in red tape, two paper-backed French books, a fountain pen, a bar of milk chocolate, a pair of hobnailed shoes, three bronze buttons, the photograph of an attractive girl, and twenty-nine francs in metal coins . . . these were the entire possessions of Private Roger Beard, deceased.

The sergeant major, who had followed Talley into the room, was the first to speak.

"He must of got that money since four o'clock, sir," he said, addressing General Larned. "He hadn't a centime then. Borrowed five francs off me. Told me he was broke."

"Gambled," Wales guessed. The sergeant major shook his head.

"Never. Couldn't get him interested in nothin' like that."

Wales picked up the photograph. He examined the signature of the photographer on the lower corner.

"Nice gal," he said, "American gal." Talley released the edges of the blan-

ket and wiped his hands on his blouse. He looked at Wales.

"Got the gun?" Colonel Peabody demanded excitedly. "The gun that killed him? Let me see it! How'd you know it's the gun?"

Talley stolidly withdrew the weapon from his pocket. It was an army issue .45 caliber automatic pistol. The corporal placed it on the table and beside it two discharged pistol shells, their cylinders sticky with yellow mud.

Wales was the first to touch the weapon. He lifted it slowly, pressed the release, dropped the half-filled magazine to his palm, and pulled back the barrel, ejecting a shell. He squinted down the bore, then sniffed at it.

"It's been fired lately, smell burnt powder all right," he agreed. "Where you find it?"

"On a bunk in the cooks' shack alongside the mess (Continued on page 48)



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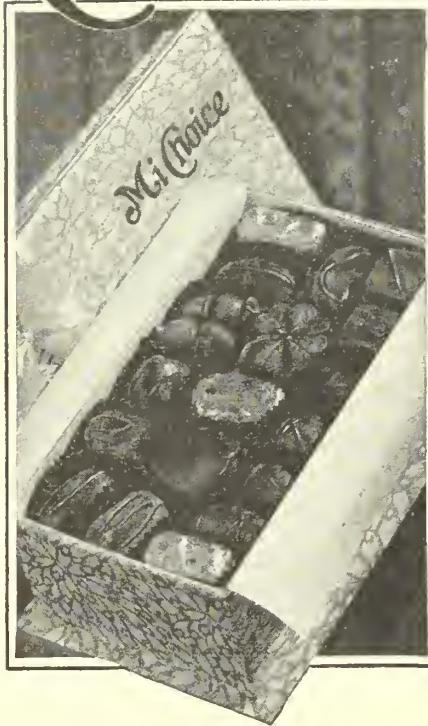
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Outside Help

(Continued from page 47)

hall. Just inside the door. I'll show you, sir." He addressed the room as a whole. "Beard was killed about there, where the general's sitting. The door he come out of was here. And that bunk room was over there. Door into it was about where the fireplace is. It was open. Cook Concad, he slept in the first bunk inside. Double decker. He slept below. Nobody above. Just an empty straw tick. This gun was layin' on top of the straw tick up above, kind of in this position." He spread his fingers on the desk.

Sergeant Wales held the weapon under the light and examined it again. Neither Larned nor Peabody spoke. The sergeant major was backing reluctantly toward the door. Wales picked up the desk telephone, neglecting to ask the general's permission.

"Give me ordnance office, camp ordnance office," he directed into the transmitter. After a moment he said: "This is Wales, D. C. I. Listen, bird, take this number. Automatic pistol. See if it's on your issue list. Ready?" He held the barrel close to his eyes. "U. S. 127305. Get that? Call me right back . . . General Larned's office."

"Thanks for the telephone," he said as he removed his elbows from the general's desk. Then to Talley. "How far inside the door was that bunk?"

"Right inside. Not a foot."

"Happen to notice which way the gun was laying?"

"Barrel pointing out, towards the door."

"Um. And them shells? In the mud outside?"

Talley nodded. "It was all tromped down. Been raining, you know. Had a hard time findin' them."

The adjutant arrived, unannounced. He was a plump, breathless young man, flushed of face, and his riding boots, with their muddy spurs, were too tight. Wales looked at him curiously. Nothing very wrong with him . . . nice, innocent boy . . . even for an adjutant.

"Sergeant major told me on the phone, sir," he was speaking rapidly. "A board? Yes, sir. I'll get an order out at once. Too bad about Beard, sir. I saw him just as I left camp . . ."

Wales turned. "Where?"

"Talking with a man named Paillard down by the M. P. post." The adjutant hesitated.

"Talking chummy?" Wales prompted.

"Why, yes. You might call it that. It attracted my attention. Beard was acting a little, well, superior. You know how he was, sir," he turned apologetically to the general. "The Frenchman was gesturing, rather excitedly . . ."

Wales interrupted. "You mean he was waving his arms?"

"Yes."

"Um. Could hang a lot of frogs for doing that." Wales stood thoughtfully a minute. "Paillard said he saw him," he explained for the benefit of Talley.

The adjutant, who had been eyeing Civilian Wales a little askance, ceremoniously faced his commander. "Has the general decided what officers to call for the board?" he asked.

Wales turned his back to this example of punctilious military courtesy and slouched in the security of his civilian clothes upon one corner of the desk. He picked up the two books from the blanket and spelled out their titles.

"One more thing I'd like to know of you, Colonel," he said. His voice was casual, as if the subject were not forbidden.

The lieutenant colonel scowled. "You're insolent," he began.

"Listen, sir," Wales said. His tone became conciliatory. "I ain't aimin' to be insolent. There's ways I'd rather spend my time'n this. I ain't enjoyin' it no more than you are, sir. I feel like an addy-camp that's lost his dug-out. It's like this. You and Beard were tanglin' it this afternoon, a little while before Beard got shot. I want you to tell just what Beard was doin' when you came in here, was he mad or scart or anything?"

"I can't see that there's anything wrong with that question, Colonel Peabody," Larned interrupted. The adjutant saluted and left the room.

"How do I know whether he was mad or scart as you say?" the chief of staff replied testily. "He was standing there, by that wall, with a blue book in his hand. . . ."

"Might it of been this book?" Wales held up a paper covered volume.

"It might. It looked like it."

"The two books was in the pockets of his blouse," the corporal affirmed.

"Well, he was standing with this book in his hand, then," Wales went on, almost absent-mindedly. He picked up the photograph of the girl, examined it, then looked hard at Colonel Peabody. "You was arguing," he resumed, "and the sergeant major overheard you. Wait a minute, Colonel. . . . I learned all that before I came in here, whole camp's talking about it. You two were arguing." Once more he looked at the photograph. "This picture was taken at Acme, Illinois, sir. Maybe you know the gal? Friend of your daughter, maybe?"

Peabody did not reply. Wales began again.

"Sergeant major heard you say . . ."

"Get that sergeant major in here," General Larned snapped. "I don't believe he heard anything!" He banged on his bell. The door opened. "Sergeant, you've been telling tales . . ." he slowed down; the sergeant's sallow face had whitened. "This man from the detective division claims you told him something or other, Sergeant," the general said more calmly, "something you heard Lieutenant Colonel Peabody say to Private Beard."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Ever hear anything about a good soldier keeping a quiet tongue in his head?"

"He asked me, sir, showed me his authority."

Colonel Peabody threw down his cigarette and stamped on it.

"Tell it," he commanded, "tell it exactly. You heard me say . . ."

"Heard you say you didn't give a damn if he found all the money in the world, he never could. . . ."

"Never could what?" Larned asked sharply.

"That's all, sir. I didn't hear any more. I got out then."

"Get out now!" Larned turned to Wales. "Well, is that so incriminating?"

Sergeant Wales, apparently oblivious to all that just had been said, was still admiring the picture. "Nice gal," he commented softly, "I kind of like her myself. . . ."

Colonel Peabody sprang to his feet.

"Put that down! Keep your hands off it!" he exploded. "Yes, sir," this to the general, "of course it's my daughter! Why the devil she ever gave Beard her picture! I told her he was a dog! She had no business to write to him. . . ."

The telephone interrupted. General Larned lifted the receiver impatiently.

"General Larned speaking, camp headquarters. Yes . . . hello, ordnance . . . yes, that automatic. Got it? Wait a minute . . . let's see the gun . . . now repeat the number. That's correct. Who? Wait . . . some mistake there! No, no . . . got his signature for it? Last week?"

He hung the receiver slowly upon its hook. As slowly, and with a brittle dignity, he turned in his chair. He looked squarely into the eyes of his chief of staff before he spoke.

"It was your gun, sir, killed Private Beard."

Peabody leaned forward, his big hands opening and closing spasmodically. His cheeks became gray while the general spoke. His eyes fixed on the general's face, and there stayed, as if he couldn't take them off. Larned sat stiff as a post, motionless except for his lips which he pouted and sucked in. Corporal Talley looked straight before him at the book-lined wall. He was embarrassed apparently. Sergeant Wales thrust a hand into his vest pocket, drew out a piece of chewing gum, removed the paper carelessly, crumpled it, and dropped it to the hearth.

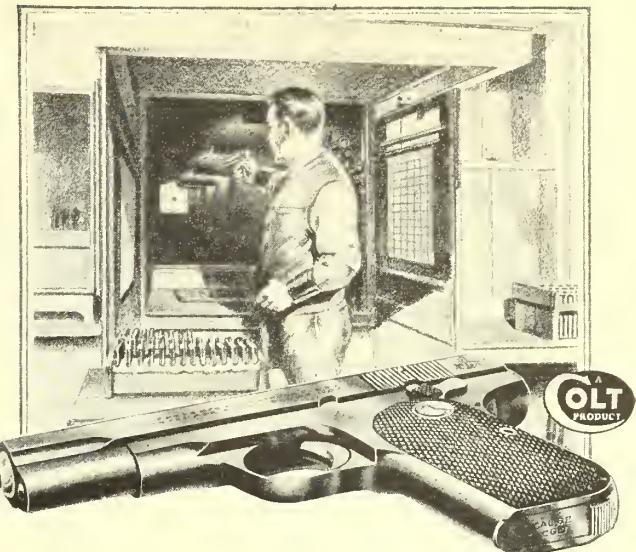
There was an alarm clock on the desk. It ticked a full minute. Then Peabody arose jerkily, unable to stand the silence any longer. He moved backward, without taking his eyes from the general's face. He felt behind him for the smaller pine table and fumbled in one of its two field desks. He searched with his right hand through the stacks of papers it contained. Then he turned his head and stared incredulously into the desk.

Wales opened the blue volume.

"Read French, sir?" he asked the general coolly.

Larned did not suffer himself to reply. (Continued on page 50)

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Outside Help

(Continued from page 49)

"Colonel . . ." he began. Wales interrupted.

"This book's got 'Graffstein' wrote in the front of it," he said. "Beard took it out of this here room, all right."

Colonel Peabody returned toward the desk, his mouth half open. Denial poured out of it suddenly. "I left my gun in that field desk, sir!" He addressed the general, paid no heed to the others in the room. "Never had used it! Got it two weeks ago for pistol practice on the range. . . ."

"You men get out!" the general waved his hand. "Out! Both you policemen!" His voice was husky. "You stay, Colonel."

"Just a minute, sir," Wales insisted. "I ain't through, not half. I got to check up a couple more things. I was just askin' you, sir, do you read any French?"

Larned glared.

"You damned little nuisance. Have you no sense at all? I'll tend to you later. . . ."

"This here book's all about orchards," Wales said doggedly. "Vergers. That means orchards. Beard was talking about orchards today, remember? Kind of a hobby with him maybe, like liter-chure."

He advanced with the book open. In it Larned saw a yellowed slip of paper, scrawled in ink. The writing was blotched and the lines ran up hill, as if it had been hurriedly done.

Larned choked.

"What's this?" he sputtered. "What difference does it make? What's it to do with Colonel Peabody's gun?"

"Says something about some money bein' hid."

Larned reached for the paper irritably.

"You'll get a court for this, Sergeant, or I'll know the reason why! I warned you . . . I gave you more chance than you deserve!" He glanced at the paper. "Money hidden in the . . . What's a *puits*? Oh, Lord. Beard could read this in a minute. Where's that Frenchman, that interpreter? What the devil's an interpreter for?" He banged on the bell. The sergeant major opened the door at once. "Fetch in that Paillard! And you, sir," he swung on his chief of staff, his eyes hard. "I'll attend you in a minute. Soon I'm rid of this damn detective. Explanations . . . yes, sir . . . you'll have a plenty to make!" He lifted his voice and shouted at Paillard. "What's a *puits*?"

"I misunderstand, *m'sieur*," the new interpreter bowed breathlessly. "A which?"

"Here . . . read this . . . tell me what it says!"

The Frenchman stared bewilderedly at the slip of paper. Then, suddenly, recognition came.

"Pour l'amour Dieu!" he muttered, and his face went white.

"Read it!" the general repeated.

"It is difficult, *m'sieur*. The . . . the . . ."

"Money!" Larned prompted.

"Oh, but yes, money, it is . . ."

"Hidden in a *puits*?" Wales rapped upon the table with his pencil. "What's a *puits*?"

"*Puits*? That is one *fontaine*. A . . . you call it 'well,' 'cistern'."

"All right! What about it?" Larned snapped. He still held the paper. "In the well without water," he read, "at the end of the . . ."

"Orchards," Wales supplied. His arm leaned heavily against the silver star on Larned's left shoulder. "The dry well at the end of the orchard near the stone wall. . . ."

Paillard lurched forward, snatching the paper.

"That is mine!" he screamed. "Where you pigs get it? The Beard found it! He tells me he found it! It is this I try get from him. . . ."

Wales' hand came down sharply on the Frenchman's fat wrist. "Me and you got a date," he said. "Compray 'Come clean?'"

"Hold on there!" Larned cried. "Stop this tomfoolery!"

"Never mind, sir, I got him." Wales yanked Paillard down to his knees. "Why'd you bump off Beard?" he demanded.

"Oh, mon Americain! It is the distressful mistake!"

Peabody leaned far across the desk, his face very white. Larned wiped sweat from his eyes. Corporal Talley moved forward deliberately, took Paillard by his tight collar and dragged him up to his feet.

"How you get that gun?" Wales demanded. "Lieutenant colonel's gun? Him havin' seven fits and near gettin' pinched? Steal it?"

"Non, non, non! I would not steal! I buy it, from the Beard. Thirty francs I pay. This day!"

"Cheap enough," Wales growled. His eyes narrowed. "Bought the gun off Beard, then bored him with it. That's sweet justice. Bumped Beard off and throwed the gun in the first door you see. Tryin' to get some simple-minded cook in trouble! Sure, gun just happened to land on that hash maker's bed!"

Colonel Peabody straightened his shoulders, his face still pale. "Did this man . . . did he shoot . . . Beard?" he demanded shakily.

Sergeant Wales laughed, a little nervously, as if he too had been under strain.

"You're pretty slow, sir. Don't know a confession when you see it comin' up the road! Sure, what you think he's hollerin' about? Frogs always holler that way when they get done confessin'."

"Confess? Non!" Paillard's teeth

chattered. "The Beard, that is not his paper! I tell him so! I ask only half the money . . ."

"Yeh," Wales agreed, "only half! That's the story, General. Comes of a man readin' too much. Beard found that paper in the book, just like he found the colonel's gat in the desk. Takes the gun, sells it to this dirty *vache*, then gets chummy with him. Talks to him about the well and the orchard, see? Tells him he's salvaged a funny lookin' paper. Pieyard wants it. Beard says, 'Go find your own money, this is mine.' . . ."

"But the letter, it was put in the book for me!" Paillard cried. "The *M'sieur* Graffstein, he hide it for me when he must depart quick . . . I do not discover it . . . I search . . . three year I search for it!"

"Well, these damned foreigners!" General Larned exclaimed. He wiped more sweat from his face. "I never heard anything like this before in all my service! Colonel . . ."

The chief of staff spoke quickly.

"I'd like to say, sir, that I did threaten Beard tonight. He had a letter, too, in the same mail I did. He bragged about it, sir. Told me after the war he'd have money enough to marry any girl he wanted to!"

"Know the writing on this letter, sir?" Wales asked.

He had been searching Paillard's clothing. He deftly removed a pink envelope from the right outside pocket of the coat. It had been torn in two. There were black fingerprints upon it.

The chief flushed and reached for it. "I'll take care of it," he said.

"'S all right with me," Wales grunted. He was examining Paillard's vest. "Never like to shake down a Frog," he complained. "They uses perfumery. Stand around here and stop that racket."

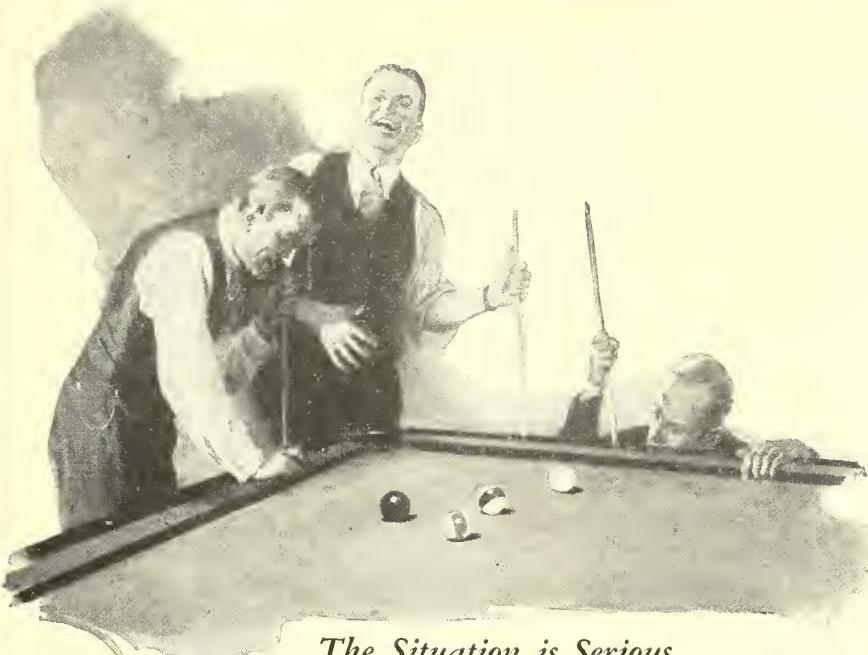
"But *non, non*, I do not shoot intentional! I wait for him outside the door where he eat. Once more I demand it, the paper which locates the money. He laugh. I discover the other, the pink letter, in his pocket. I think it is the one I want. I take it quick. By mistake I shoot . . ."

"Shoot twice," Wales amended. "Both times mistakes. You ain't started to holler yet. Wait till the jen-darmes get to workin' on you. Bracelets, Talley?" He stepped back while Corporal Talley hooked the steel cuffs about Paillard's wrists. "Good night, General," he said pleasantly, "sorry you had to have help." He put on his damp straw hat. "Still rainin'," he commented at the door. "Haven't no umbrella." He followed Talley and the shrinking Paillard into the dark.

General Larned extended his hand quickly to his chief of staff.

"Well, that's over, Colonel," he said. "Here, take this picture, it's yours." He tapped the bell twice. "I need another new interpreter. Lord, there's a lot to do. Have to get the adjutant busy, appoint a board. Got to have a board. You know, Colonel, we always had a board, affair of this kind in the Philippines!"

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Music in the Air

(Continued from page 23)

person, who is as pretty as a picture on a horse or off. Maybe you remember that two or three years ago there was something like a dispute between Texas and Oklahoma over the actual right to this symbolic gray mare and Roy Hoffman and Alvin Owsley, representing the commonwealths of Oklahoma and Texas respectively, decided to settle the issue by a membership contest or something of that order, and Oklahoma won and received formal title to the mare. And now she turns up as part and parcel of the Texas welcome. I have been asked to explain that. I am afraid that I can't explain it, except to say that these Southwesterners all belong to the same tribe at bottom, and like to help one another in a neighborly way. Moreover, in response to specific inquiries, I do not know what the mare's name is or who pays her feed bills between conventions. But I promise to find out at Louisville, in case we are both there, and request that extension of time in which to report.

Mr. Bill Stern, the sage of Fargo, North Dakota, was reclining against a pillar in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel on Sunday night, the eve of the official opening, when Happy Wintz appeared and took charge. Asked for a statement on the significance of this incident Mr. Stern made one.

"This convention," he said, "can now proceed."

Happy holds the office and title of national court jester of The American Legion by the highest right on earth, for no such office or title exists separate from the person of Frank George Wintz. It came into being when Happy began attending Legion conventions and it will pass when he quits coming. Happy Wintz's eccentric pants and hat are as famous in the Legion as Charlie Chaplin's shoes and cane. A lot of people think Happy is a professional entertainer, who makes big dough and has a chauffeur, but it is not so. Happy Wintz is an asbestos worker in the Standard Oil refinery in his home in El Segundo, California, and like most of the rest of America he gets a two weeks' vacation a year. One week of this he spends at the Legion's national convention and the other week at the California state convention.

The trip to San Antonio represented a homecoming to the scenes of army life for a great many Legionnaires—to General Pershing, for instance, who was in San Antonio when out of a clear sky he received a cipher message asking him to report to the Secretary of War, who told him to take hold of the expeditionary forces that were to go to France; to National Commander McNutt, who was married in San Antonio, by the way; and to Happy Wintz.

In the fun-making and general entertainment line Happy had more organized help this year than before. Every night and every day there was regular

carnival along flag-spangled Houston Street and Commerce Street and the Alamo Plaza and the shaded paths by the river. The merrymakers had the thoroughfares to themselves because the municipal authorities roped off the central section of the city and barred it to all traffic on wheels in favor of the light-hearted throngs. A chorus of good-looking girls from Little Rock made themselves very welcome. They toured the hotel lobbies taking possession of a piano and singing songs. They sang a song about Arkansas and a lot of old favorites like "The Long, Long Trail" and several newer ones like "Ramona." The crowd at the St. Anthony kept the young ladies singing until two o'clock one morning. Then they went to the Gunter.

The Legion is going to Louisville because the Legion cannot help itself. There is no answer to simply being nice except an affirmative answer. An investigator with a microscope and the power of subpoena might find a trace of highly organized campaigning in Louisville's bid for the convention, but that is not what showed on the surface and that is not what influenced the Legion. It was just that they were so nice and agreeable and so friendly about it.

But what I had started out to say was that this seductive influence that Louisville cast over the convention was enhanced a right smart by a band of four Negro minstrels that trailed about among the crowds. Three of them played on banjos or guitars and one of them played on a jug—common or mountain variety of Kentucky jug, rarely used to carry water in. They sang a song about how Louisville wanted the Legion in '29, and "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe" and all of those. Propaganda, of course, but enjoyable and how effective! I think Mr. White had better see that these boys are on duty at Louisville, too.

There were more bands of music and drum corps and bugle corps at San Antonio than there have been at any convention; and they were sprucers looking and played better. The official statisticians enumerated, I believe, some seventy-odd such musical aggregations. Anyhow it was impossible to get out of earshot of one without hitting your head on the bottom of the swimming pool in Brackenridge Park. No one was drowned doing this, however. The contests for prizes among the bands and the drum and bugle corps were more spirited this time than heretofore. As to bands, there was a big upset and Monahan Post of Sioux City, Iowa, lost first place where it had been dug in for five years. The gentlemen blowing for Thomas Hopkins Post of Wichita, Kansas, gathered to themselves this appreciated honor by the close squeak of 1800 points to 1797. Greenville, Ohio, was third with 1695 points. It is a lean Le-

gion convention when Florida does not make off with something and Miami held first place with its drum corps, although crowded sufficiently for excitement by a newcomer to the lists from Salem, Oregon. The Salem boys were mighty good and they traveled 3,200 miles to make their first appearance before a Legion convention. They stacked up 177,595 points to the Floridians' 177,900. Frankford Post of Philadelphia was third with 176,566.

General Pershing addressed the convention and his appearance on the platform was a signal for the greatest ovation of the week. He stood there, smiling, before a tumultuous acre of people, as fine a figure of a man and a soldier as this country or any other has ever seen. He was in civilian clothes, but civilian clothes did not conceal what a lady seated near this writer called "the most magnificent pair of shoulders in America." If the General has grown a day older in the past ten years he doesn't show it.

The General said he had listened to the annual report of National Commander Spafford and remarked that it sounded "a little bit like an account of the progress of the Government during the past year." He was glad, however, to see the Legion doing all of these things, but disappointed in one particular—he had not heard the Powder River yell. Which, come to reflect, was one of the mysteries of the convention. I do not believe anyone else heard it either.

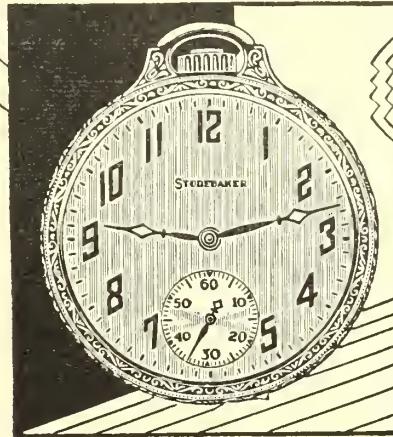
General Pershing spoke of the presence of Major Georges Scapini, the blind veteran and member of the French Chamber of Deputies, the guest of honor from France. Nothing, said General Pershing, had impressed him more than the scene in Paris last year, at a dinner to the Legionnaires at Les Invalides, as an address by Major Scapini, who read his remarks with his finger tips from a manuscript prepared in raised letters.

The old Commander-in-Chief praised the Legion's efforts toward peace, and said that the pilgrimage to Paris last year had given real impetus toward better international understanding. He spoke of the Kellogg pact as an important step, but how effective a step "only time can tell." Irrespective of this treaty, he said, America maintains "the very minimum of forces necessary for security," and there should be no further reduction of these forces "regardless of the views of some inexperienced citizens who think that this treaty will end war."

Lord Allenby extended the greetings of the British Legion, and made a fervent appeal for faith in the Kellogg Treaty as a way to peace. Possibly, he said, it was like hitching our wagon to a star, but by this courageous pursuit of the ideal the world had progressed through the centuries.

At the conclusion of his remarks Commander Spafford pinned the Distinguished Service Medal of The American Legion on Lord Allenby's coat and the great (Continued on page 54)

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Numerous Legionnaire References

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Music in the Air

(Continued from page 53)

British soldier was visibly moved. This medal has a meaning. Lord Allenby is the tenth man to receive it in all the Legion's history.

When Major Scapini spoke to the Legion at Les Invalides in Paris last year he spoke in French. Since then he has learned English, which he speaks distinctly and with a deliberation which was quite impressive. He read a number of greetings from societies of war veterans in France and spoke of the great boon to international accord that the Legion pilgrimage to France last year had been, concluding with an appeal to the veterans of all the world to unite in the cause of peace.

The parade was a great spectacle. General Pershing led the marchers as far as the official reviewing stand and then, with Lord Allenby, Major Scapini, Lady Spencer Churchill, representing the Women's Section of the British Legion, and the other distinguished visitors reviewed them as they swung through the Alamo Plaza for four hours. Two hundred thousand people lined the streets along the route of march or filled the stands, and San Antonio, with the greatest concentration of army posts in the country at its doors, is used to parades. Nevertheless, for the Legion a general holiday was declared and all of the shops were closed.

Thanks to the co-operation of Brigadier General and Legionnaire A. J. Bowley, commanding the Second Division and, pro tem, the whole aggregation of Fort Sam Houston, the parade was touched off by something of a military aspect by units of the Fifth Cavalry that were sprinkled through the line. The Legion's thanks also to these troopers who marched overland from Fort Clark, one hundred and sixty miles away, in order to garnish the pageant.

Louisiana led, carrying sugar cane stalks as if to tell the world that I-o-way is not the only place that grows something tall, and then pretty soon came the bugle corps in dazzling orange uniforms from Beppo-Arnold Post of Greenville, Mississippi. Like many another post in the lower valley of the big river, Beppo-Arnold has staged what is technically known as a comeback. It was one of the heroes in the fight against the flood which washed the Legionnaires of that part of the country pretty clean of everything except their Legion enthusiasm. And the same applies to the comrades from Louisiana, Arkansas and slices of Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. The Legion did not flinch in the crisis there, and came to San Antonio the stronger for it.

Los Angeles presented the best one-town show of the parade. A bugle corps in gorgeous Mexican uniforms and a splendid pageant that told the romantic history of California—Conquistadores, Indians, friars who built missions there as they did in early Texas, señoritas,

caballeros, covered wagons, forty-niners—they were all there in colorful representation. Los Angeles wants the convention in 1930 and the impression she created to that end was a pleasing one.

The Auxiliary marched with the Legion and toned things up considerably, as for example the Kentucky contingent on horseback in their blue and white blazers, the Blue Bird Chorus, which is the right name for the girls from Little Rock who sang so nicely, and the Eight and Forty representatives in their flashing regalia from North Carolina.

There were more things to see than at the Ringling Brothers Circus or the Field Museum in Chicago. The foreign departments: Canada, Greece, Hawaii, Mexico, Italy, France, Guatemala. Illinois was practically a parade by itself. Oklahoma sticks to its feathered head-dress, which the Cherokees recommended for ceremonial purposes long years ago. As usual Wisconsin went in heavily for music. Band after band, and good ones, and the Spirit of '76 float that has been making conventions for years now and never failing to stir a rear of applause. The Powder River boys and girls in cowboy hats and chaps called attention to their presence with long blue-barreled pistols, and one hopes that General Pershing did not go away disappointed.

Oregon turned out a lively contribution to science with an authentic representation of the cave man. Another study in the subject of social evolution was provided by the kilt-clad girls of the drum corps from Ponca City, Oklahoma, land of the heap big oil well. Their close-order work would suit the author of the I. D. R. And, dispensing credit where credit is due, the ladies practically made the parade for Minnesota. Girls' band from Brainerd, Auxiliary drum corps from Hibbing, and the Minneapolis contingent in the prettiest smocks you ever did see. I am informed from a source none too trustworthy in such matters that the color of those smocks is salmon pink, but if this is not right a correction will be made in the report of the Louisville parade, in case they are there and I am.

Senor Frank Miles, the Horace Greeley of The American Legion, carried the standard for Iowa, and National Adjutant Barton, United States Senator Dan Steck and Mr. Hanford MacNider walked behind him carrying shields like the shock troops of Caesar's Tenth Legion, only these shields bore a vague resemblance to big ears of corn. Mr. MacNider is the proprietor of a counting house in Mason City, and has long been active in Legion affairs.

A trivial matter like a gale of wind can not keep Florida down. For years Florida has been making a big splash at Legion conventions and in Legion parades and they were there this time,

stepping high behind their prize-winning musicians from Harvey Seeds Post of Miami. A strong force assured convention visitors in the words of a song that "Massachusetts passes by," and incidentally Massachusetts had an invitation to lay before the assembled conventionaires. The Bay State speaks for the 1930 convention in Boston.

The Forty and Eight paraded at night. Red fire, locomotives, box cars, P.G.'s, all led by Mascot Jay Ward on a great big horse.

The Legion is glad to know that it still stands so well with the Army. The Army did a great deal to make things pleasant at San Antonio, and capped things off with a night battle demonstration out at Fort Sam Houston, where the Second Division is garrisoned. The men of the Second still wear the Indian head insignia and a few officers and a few seasoned sergeants are with it who wore that insignia ten years ago.

The battle demonstration was a fine thing. The situation opened upon a normally quiet trench sector, with the usual desultory artillery and machine-gun fire on both sides. Then all at once the Blue (or American) artillery dropped a barrage on the Red (enemy) front line. Immediately rockets calling for a defensive barrage went up from the enemy line and the enemy artillery opened. Planes met overhead and the Blue, obtaining the ascendency, illuminated the enemy lines with flares.

Minute Men of the Storm

(Continued from page 4)

'Glades land is below the level of Lake Okeechobee. Consequently dyking of the lake is necessary. Drainage canals have been dug through the 'Glades and most of the farming land is reclaimed. The virgin land of the Everglades is covered with saw grass. This is practically the only growth. Trees are rare. Small farms are scattered along the rim of the lake for many miles and the security of these farmers and their families depends almost entirely on the strength of the lake dykes.

When the hurricane force reached Lake Okeechobee Sunday night the water was literally picked up from the lake and thrown into the lowlands. Almost simultaneously the dykes gave way. Death, desolation and destruction rode out of Lake Okeechobee that night into the 'Glades. Survivors say that a wall of water twenty feet high came down from the lake. In the city of Belle Glade lake water stood eight feet deep at the highest point. Nearly all of the something like 2,500 deaths in the Everglades were caused by drowning. The winds shattered the homes and the water drowned the fleeing farmers.

When it became evident to residents of Belle Glade and surrounding territory that the hurricane would strike the Everglades, Legionnaires set out under tremendous handicaps to warn the people in the back country of the ap-

It was the sort of thing that carried one back. Not even the M.P.'s were missing, and they worked with neatness and dispatch. Just before the demonstration began they got a little unscheduled practice on Hanford MacNider, who appeared on the field without the proper credentials. Colonel MacNider wished to see the show because ten years ago that evening he had been commanding the Ninth Infantry of the Second Division in battle, but the M.P.'s were not aware of this. Colonel MacNider refrained from telling them, and neither did he mention the fact that he was an ex-Assistant Secretary of War and a Past National Commander of The American Legion—M.P.'s are used to hearing good stories. He simply said he thought it was all right for a member of the Legion to come out and see the Second Division and after getting in the wrong places three or four more times was finally shown the way to the unreserved section of the reviewing stand, where he watched his old outfit perform and went to town satisfied.

This was the sort of diversion that lasted for four days and four nights, and on the last night Miss Parks rode the old gray mare into the St. Anthony Hotel lobby, the cowboy band from Brownwood gathered around her and the people from everywhere gathered around the band while it played "Home Sweet Home."

Adios San Antonio.

proaching dangers. All through the day these veterans defied the elements and carried their message through the lowlands. As the storm struck, the Legionnaires carried on—traveling by auto and afoot, getting the women and children into places of apparent safety. For many hours these men risked their own lives, deliberately deserting places of safety themselves to rescue those in the back country. These men are credited with saving at least five hundred lives in this manner. When the storm subsided Monday morning these same men, climbing through the wreckage and wading and swimming through the flood waters, went into the back country and searched for survivors. Many more lives were saved in this manner. And then the work of removing the dead fell to these same men.

After hours of nerve-wracking work previous to and during the storm, with many of their close friends and relatives killed, these men went about the work of bringing in their dead. For another week they carried on. And finally, with sadness in their hearts, they went about the task of rehabilitation.

Praise of the Legion's effort in many instances took the form of official proclamations that will go down in history as impressive documentary evidence of the organization's will to serve and, more im- (Continued on page 56)



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Minute Men of the Storm

(Continued from page 55)

portant still, of its capacity for service. "So long as the hurricane of 1928 is remembered," declared Mayor Vincent Oaksmith of West Palm Beach, "the people of Palm Beach County will reverse the work of The American Legion. As we pause to place credit where it is due, we find in the foremost ranks of our relief workers the figures of more than two thousand members of the Florida Department of The American Legion. Because I am an ex-soldier and a Legionnaire I am reluctant to praise too highly, and yet, as chief executive of the city, I must forego modesty and commend to the world the heroic deeds and actions of our Legionnaires."

"Rescue and relief work of The American Legion in the devastated storm area is considered one of the outstanding services rendered," declared Adjutant General Vivian B. Collins of Florida, who personally directed military activities in the stricken area. "Hundreds of well-organized Legionnaires performed the most disagreeable duty in recovery of the dead; in transporting, feeding and clothing refugees and in the aid of civil authorities in maintaining law and order."

"Fully ninety percent of the relief work was done by The American Legion," said George W. Carr, General Chairman of the Disaster Relief Committee. "It is no exaggeration to state that among the few organizations that had their heads clear was the Legion."

From the vast bulk of statewide editorial comment on the Legion's help the following extract from the Palatka *Daily News* may be selected as typical: "The Florida units of The American Legion have scored again! When the call came from Palm Beach and the Lake Okeechobee section the Legion was first to respond. It is still on the job. Hats off to the Legion, both for its heroic service and for its splendid co-operation with other relief agencies!"

Posts and departments of the Legion far and wide contributed loyally in money. Within ten days after the storm fourteen Legion departments had sent cash. Among the contributors was the California Legion with \$1,000, Georgia with \$1,300, Louisiana \$1,650, Mississippi \$1,545, and Tennessee \$1,205.

The following summary of some of the specific accomplishments of posts scattered throughout the State cannot attempt to do more than convey some slight picture of the practical form of relief work done by the Florida Legion. It is necessarily fragmentary and incomplete. Incidentally, wherever the word "Legion" is used, the words "Legion and Auxiliary" would fit the facts more closely—never could local post ask for finer helpmeet than it found universally in its Auxiliary unit. The summary:

TAMPA POST, TAMPA: Established radio station in Everglades and put area in touch with outside world; helped put Belle Glade power

plant back into working order; put Belle Glade water system back in condition. Sent large detail of men into all sections to handle "dead crew" work during height of effort; sent clothing, medicines, supplies, cash.

LAKELAND POST, LAKELAND: Shared in drive to raise \$4,000; gave money from own treasury and collected large shipment of clothing; mobilized twenty-five Legionnaires, fifteen nurses, twelve doctors.

RABE O. WILKINSON POST, FORT MYERS: Sent first relief detail to Miami Locks; handled relief work southwest shore Lake Okeechobee; helped raise \$2,890 cash; sent money, seven trucks of supplies; took charge of evacuation Ritta and Miami Locks section; inoculated, bathed and clothed refugees; furnished funds to send refugees to relatives; two nurses and two doctors sent to Clewiston; helped collect and remove dead to southwest shore.

HARGER WILLIAMS POST, WAUCHULA: Sent \$887 to state Legion fund and \$50 to Okeechobee; sent detail of experienced men who had served with relief squad at Moorehouse in 1926 to storm area; four loads of clothing; now handling all claims for dependents of service men who died in storm.

POST NO. 17, NEW SMYRNA: Made survey from Vero Beach south to West Palm Beach; went on relief work at Stuart; sent supplies; mobilized doctors and nurses; handled refugees at junction point of transfer (Smyrna); raised \$200 to aid refugees.

MAKINSON-CARSON POST, KISSIMMEE: Raised \$400 cash; sent ten men for duty at West Palm Beach and several trucks supplies.

CAMPBELL-LOSSING POST, SANFORD: Sent detail twelve men to area, including physician; worked on various details in Belle Glade, reconstructing power lines, handling boats, working on "dead crews"; Auxiliary collected clothing for Legion and four carloads were sent; sent \$554 to Auxiliary relief fund.

BISCAYNE POST, SOUTH MIAMI: Raised more than \$200 in cash; sent clothing; looked after one member of post who lost all personal property on Kraemer Island; this member went back on duty with relief and rescue crews in Everglades.

CORAL GABLES POST, CORAL GABLES: Collected clothing by house-to-house canvass; sent detail with clothing and food to Palm Beach area; sent three truck loads clothing to Lake Worth and West Palm Beach; raised \$300 cash for Salvation Army work and \$262 for state Legion relief fund; installed chlorinator at Lake Worth for purifying drinking water; sent detail to other stricken cities to purify water; raised additional sum of \$177; sent two additional truck loads clothing to Salvation Army; Legionnaires handled all transportation between Coral Gables and storm area; large detail of men kept on duty in storm area.

K POST, ARCADIA: Reported at Boynton for guard duty where considerable looting was reported; one member arrested eleven alleged looters in one night; shipped clothing and bedding to Okeechobee City; shipped ten loads clothing to Boynton; sent \$100 cash to state Legion fund.

HIGHLANDS POST, AVON PARK: More than \$175 in cash raised; sent blankets to storm area; sent six men to West Palm Beach, 26 to Okeechobee for duty, two men and two nurses sent to Clewiston; number of refugees provided for at Avon Park.

OKEECHOBEE POST, OKEECHOBEE: Raised \$1,000; distributed seven tons groceries, nine truck loads clothing, three trucks beds and bedding; repaired bridges on Connors Highway; opened road to Canal Point; policed up city of Okeechobee; operated information bureau to keep contact with Pahokee area; supplied water, ice and tobacco; outfitted thirty complete kitchens for homeless.

ST. CLOUD POST, ST. CLOUD: Sent detail into West Palm Beach and Belle Glade; worked in relief and construction work; \$154 cash; sent new merchandise.

HAROLD JOHNS POST, STUART: Sent four sea-skiffs and mother ship into Lake Okeechobee section; sent four outboard motors; sent detail to Boynton for guard duty; furnished food, etc.

ERNEST WESTBROOK POST, EUSTIS: Total money contribution between \$1,500 and \$2,000.

POST NO. 14, ST. PETERSBURG: Organized unit for local relief but finding no local damage, broadcast through radio station WSUN that unit was available for service anywhere in State; sent detail to Okeechobee City; sent detail to Clewiston, among first to reach this territory; sent to Okeechobee two ambulances, with drivers and attendants, two doctors, two nurses, four Legionnaires as radio operators with portable sending set, water, food, serum and other medicines; sent to Clewiston two doctors, one nurse, twenty Legionnaires for

duty, carload food, medicines, water; recovered and buried dead; sent carload of food and clothing into stricken area each night for six consecutive nights; collected \$4,500 in cash; sent ten men to West Palm Beach for duty.

FELIX POPPEL POST, VERO BEACH: Legionnaire chairman of community fund campaign raised more than \$2,000; Legionnaire first to complete survey of local storm damage; sent five carloads food and clothing to Okeechobee section, two carloads to Palm Beach area.

INDIAN RIVER POST, COCOA: Surveyed own damages; sent relief workers to Palm Beach area; raised \$500 for Legion relief work; two truck loads of clothing sent to stricken area, first truck load distributed direct to sufferers.

WARREN G. CREWS POST, LABELLE: (It is interesting to note that this post is located in the Moorehaven district where the hurricane of 1926 wrought great havoc): Six men on burial detail at Ortova Cemetery; sent 35 cots and mattresses, clothing and food to West Palm Beach; looked after refugees coming in to LaBelle.

CLAUDE L. SAULS POST, TALLAHASSEE: Sent 23 Legionnaires, one undertaker and five assistants into Palm Beach area for duty; \$100 cash.

EDWARD C. DESAUSSEUR POST, JACKSONVILLE: Raised \$300 by subscription, \$746.40 by benefit show; continuous detail of twelve men on duty with Jacksonville Relief Committee.

SARASOTA BAY POST, SARASOTA: Sent two truck loads supplies to Okeechobee City on three hours' notice; sent additional trucks each day carrying clothing, blankets, bedding, stoves, vegetables, milk, water to Okeechobee City and West Palm Beach; sent five cars and thirty men, some working on "dead crew" in Everglades, others in patrol work; sent Legion sponsored Boy Scout troop to Everglades; sent boat and outboard motor to Everglades for use in rescue work.

MADISON COUNTY MEMORIAL POST, MADISON: Sent \$50 by telegraph; staged benefit show, sent proceeds to Legion relief fund.

DELAND POST, DELAND: Assisted in getting four tons of lime, one truck load of roofing, one truck load of clothing; raised \$350.

TITUSVILLE POST, TITUSVILLE: Raised \$300; sent detail of men to Palm Beach and Everglades.

YALE-YARNALL POST, HAINES CITY: Detail left Haines City Tuesday being members of one of first relief parties reaching Okeechobee City; raised \$450 for state Legion fund.

BERT HODGE POST, PALATKA: Sent detail to area, carload potatoes; raised \$300.

D. N. MCQUEEN POST, PUNTA GORDA: Sent food and clothing—more than 1,000 garments, 300 pairs shoes.

WILLIAM C. MORRIS POST, FORT LAUDERDALE: Two Legionnaires hurried into Everglades section, reaching Pahokee at 1:30 Tuesday morning; brought out 130 survivors, 30 of this number going to Fort Lauderdale; same two men with two more Legionnaires went back into Pahokee section Tuesday; more added next day; set up supply bases; initiated search for

bodics; Legion handled refugees coming to Fort Lauderdale; sent two trucks and laborers to Lake Worth for duty; raised \$300.

LESLIE COLLIER POST, SEBING: Legionnaires, with other volunteers, penetrated Everglades to South Bay and Bare Beach on Lake Okeechobee; contributed to rehabilitation work at Clewiston and southern lake section.

FORT MEADE POST, FORT MEADE: Sent detail of men and two boats to Okeechobee.

CLEARMONT POST, CLEARMONT: Raised \$134.65 for state Legion fund; sent clothing.

MELVILLE E. SULLIVAN POST, HILEAH: Did pre-storm preparation work in own city; experience of 1926 hurricane beneficial to these workers in preparedness methods; sent detail to stricken area immediately after storm struck; sent trucks with food, clothing and supplies; aided in work at Tropical Radio Station; accompanied radio men to Belle Glade district to establish first outside communications; sent another detail of fifteen men into area; arranged quarters for doctors and nurses; worked on "dead crew"; raised over \$1,000; sent clothing, supplies; cared for refugees coming to Miami.

GROVER C. MAHONEY POST, LEESBURG: Raised \$1,500 for Legion fund; sent three trucks clothing, food, medicines and supplies; sent detail of men for three days' work.

GORDON M. CROTHERS POST, DADE CITY: Sent detail of men to Everglade section; two car loads clothing to Pahokee; detail opened road between Belle Glade and Pahokee; worked on "dead crew" in Pahokee section; raised \$100.

MIAMI SHORES POST, MIAMI SHORES: Sent \$25 in cash immediately; sent three separate details to storm area for duty; collected and sent in clothing, bedding.

GENE OWENS POST, AUBURNDALE: Raised money for state fund; sent in \$25 of post funds, then put on big benefit dance.

OTTO WALKER POST, MONTICELLO: Worked with other local agencies in raising \$517.76, of which \$256.86 was sent to state Legion fund; helped in work of collecting clothing for storm area.

HARVEY SEEDS POST, MIAMI: Organized before storm for local emergency; two groups of Legionnaire volunteers entered Palm Beach area during height of hurricane to make survey; fought through hundred mile gale and rains for entire distance; got to West Palm Beach, surveyed, and returned to Miami with first news of destruction; at 4:30 Monday morning 30 Legionnaires helped get relief train out of Miami into storm area carrying ten doctors, twenty nurses, milk, bread, fresh water, blankets, cots, food, medicines; post organized bus train, each bus carrying stove, kerosene, cooking utensils, food, water, milk, medicines, one doctor, two nurses, two Legionnaires; these buses stationed at each of following cities—Pompano, Deerfield, Boynton, Delray, Lake Worth; supplied first aid, served food to refugees; fifty additional Legionnaires to area; total number Miami Legionnaires on duty in storm area, 161; worked in all sections including "dead crew" in the Everglades.

Pershing As His Orderlies Know Him

(Continued from page 15)

and found the General with a long Moro kris in one hand and a chamois cloth in the other. He called me over and showed me the Filipino weapon. When I asked him what it was, he told me the story of its presentation to him by Dicky Dicky, the Moro prince. When he found that I was interested in his old relics he showed me others.

I never saw such a collection in my life. Being a tried old veteran, the General was evidently a souvenir hunter, like all the rest of us in the A. E. F. He must have kept every souvenir he had ever got since he was a boy. There were the medals presented him by all the Allied countries as well as the marksmanship badges he had won as a cadet at West Point a generation and more ago. There were bolos, pistols, sabres, and souvenirs of his trips all over the world. The General liked to talk about his collection, and whenever I saw him

in the library alone I sneaked in, hoping to learn more about his prizes and the circumstances under which he received every one of them.

At the end of a long day, the General usually withdrew either to the Chaumont room or to the library. He sat around for about an hour or so reading, writing or polishing up his souvenirs before going to bed. When Warren was home, he always tiptoed into his room before turning in to tuck in his son's bed covers.

With all the responsibilities that hung over the General, it was quite obvious to me that the center of all his interests was, after all, his son Warren.

In the daily routine that the General followed very carefully, Warren played a regular part. Every afternoon the General devoted some time to Warren's physical training. Usually the time was spent in riding along the banks of the Potomac, the (Continued on page 58)

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Pershing As His Orderlies Know Him

(Continued from page 57)

General on one of his own mounts and Warren on Kedron, which his father had bought for him.

Warren had to train Kedron just the way cavalrymen were required to train the remounts in their troop. Warren learned quickly and his horse responded. Nothing pleased General Pershing more than Warren's ability to put Kedron through his paces.

In other ways, too, Warren had to act as a soldier. As he grew older, like most young boys he had no conception of the value of property. When he went away to camp one year fully equipped he returned with many articles of his clothes missing. The next year the General required him to make a complete list of all of his belongings, arranged somewhat like the old Form 637 of clothing issue, familiar to anyone who served during the war. The list was made in duplicate. One copy was kept by Warren and the other turned over to the General. When the boy came back from camp that year, the lists were verified, and while every item was not there, Warren succeeded in convincing his commanding officer that the missing articles had worn out "through fair wear and tear in the service."

When Warren was away he was required to write every day to his father, and the orderlies had instructions that the first letter on top of the heavy mail that arrived at the house every morning had to be from the boy.

When Warren was home his father spent at least one hour every evening with him in his room. The doors were usually closed and what they talked about, of course, I do not know. When the weather made it inadvisable to go riding in the afternoon, however, father and son often put on the boxing gloves in the evening and sparred a few rounds.

These boxing bouts were no tame affairs. As Warren grew older he developed quite a wallop. The General used to spar along with him good naturedly until Warren cut loose a few and then the fun began. At one time Warren slipped one over on his father which sent the General reeling toward the floor. The General recovered quickly and tore into the boy until he had him under the bed, as Warren expressed it. The next day the General had quite a pain in his side. He thought he had broken several ribs, and so serious did the doctors consider the injury that they ordered an x-ray taken. Fortunately, no bones had been broken. This affair, instead of breaking up the boxing bouts, merely increased the zest and interest of both father and son, and the battles continued all winter.

During Warren's absence at school or camp, the General was always just a bit less cheerful and spent the time which he ordinarily devoted to his son

in his library or the Chaumont room. His daily routine was so arranged that every hour fit exactly into his schedule. This system greatly simplified matters for his orderly.

I always knew when the General would get up, when he would leave for the office, what time he would ride, when he would be home to dress for dinner and when he would leave the house for an engagement in the evening. I suppose he had so many demands on his time that he had to follow a rigid schedule, but I guess the old army training of years played an important part, too.

Every morning he was up at seven-thirty. He began the day with calisthenics and the swinging of Indian clubs, which he always followed with a cold shower, both summer and winter. His breakfasts were easy for any one to prepare whether he was at home or on a trip. He varied his fruit from prunes to grapefruit, but his one egg, toast and tea were always there.

Cooking for the General was an easy task for any ex-soldier, but others did not have a chance. When I first came to Chevy Chase a woman was preparing the meals in the kitchen, and before that I understood there had been a highly-paid chef. Neither made good, however. The General was accustomed to the old army chow, and none but a soldier cook would do for him. His tastes in food were very simple and any capable mess sergeant would have saved money on the ration taking care of him.

Usually the orderlies and the cook had the night off, but I seldom went out when I knew the General was at home. I kept my eyes open, hoping to catch him in his library where I could hear again his tales about his trophies. After I got to know him pretty well he asked me to stay in now and then and listen in on the radio to the talks that he was making here and there in Washington.

Whenever he returned home on such occasions he always asked me how he had sounded over the radio. I usually said, "Oh, fine, sir."

One day, however, I got up my courage and answered truthfully that I did not think his talk had been very good.

"What was the matter, Ceto?" he asked.

"Well, General, there were too many 'ers' and stops. I got a little nervous listening to you."

"I guess you're right, Ceto, but I just can't help it," he remarked and laughed.

The General used to spend a great deal of time preparing his speeches. He used to write them all out in longhand first. He would write and erase, and write and erase some more, until he was satisfied with every word, and then I would hear him going over the speech to himself. I remember on one occasion

the General sat up all night in a Pullman drawing-room on his way to New York from Washington preparing a speech that he was going to make the next day.

Incidentally, the General did something for me that night that I will never forget. When we got on the train we found that all the berths had been sold and that there was none available for me. Rather than let me spend the night in one of the coaches, General Pershing invited me into his own drawing room and turned over his upper berth to me.

In many other ways, the General showed his interest in me and the other enlisted men in his detachment. When my wife was taken sick and had to be rushed to the hospital General Pershing let me take his personal car. When my child was born, her first dress was bought by the Pershing family. A short time after that the General was taken sick, but he remembered the baby and had me bring it to his bed for him to see.

While the orderlies had certain liberties around the house we were never allowed to forget the fact that first of all we were soldiers. At the suggestion of General Pershing every soldier on special duty in the District of Columbia was required to stand inspection Saturday morning, and his orderlies were never excused. Not only did we have to appear at the formation, but we had to first stand the inspection of General Pershing himself. Any man who could get by his inspection would have no difficulty with the detachment commander or any other commander, for that matter.

I remember the time that Sergeant Lanckton, the General's other orderly, who had just come out of the hospital, appeared at the preparatory inspection in long trousers.

"Where are your leggings, Lanckton?" asked the General.

"I cannot wear leggings, sir, on account of my broken foot," Lanckton explained.

Then, instead of excusing Lanckton from wearing leggings, the General told him to report to General Rockenbach, the Commanding General of the District of Columbia, under whose jurisdiction we properly came for matters of discipline, and get permission to wear long trousers.

The General always took a great deal of interest in the appearance and comfort of the soldiers. He gave the matter of their uniform a great deal of thought. Before he finally approved the new tailored uniforms he had different patterns tried out on Lanckton and me. For six months the best tailors in the country were submitting their designs until the General finally decided on the new type, which has so improved the appearance of the present-day American soldier over the soldier of war time.

Particular as he was about the appearance of his soldiers, that was nothing compared to what he practiced himself. Either in military or civilian dress General Pershing, I am sure, is still the best-dressed individual in the United States. His civilian clothes may not be the most expensive, but none shows better taste.

He considers it essential also that he always appear in the proper clothes on every occasion. Sometimes his insistence leads to some embarrassment, but he is always right, so I feel certain he never feels any discomfort himself.

One humorous incident in this connection occurred when Mr. Cameron-Forbes had invited the General to his lodge in Massachusetts for a hunting party. I was taken along as orderly and in packing I included in the General's trunks all the different suits of clothes that I thought would be necessary for the trip.

The General dressed in ordinary hunting clothes in the morning and the other guests in the party dressed similarly. The hunt lasted all day, and General Pershing, an unusually good shot himself, succeeded in bagging a few prizes, including a large buck. When the sun had set the guests returned to the lodge for supper. General Pershing, who had probably had a more strenuous day than any of them, came down in a Tuxedo, while all the others had slipped into ordinary civilian clothes.

I always enjoyed these trips with the General, particularly those to Evanston, Illinois, where he visited General Dawes. The two seemed to be the best of friends and regular fellows together. I do not believe anyone enjoys the intimacy with General Pershing that the Vice-President does. When General Dawes was in Washington he called on us frequently. The two always greeted each other as Charlie and John—and with the exception of General Pershing's sister and brother, I have never heard anyone else call him John. The two often put on the boxing gloves together and I usually acted as timekeeper. I used to enjoy these bouts as much as I did those the General had with Warren.

There were other trips with the General, some very brief and some extensive. The most prolonged trip was the one to South America when General Pershing was sent by the United States Government to Tacna-Arica to conduct the plebiscite for Peru and Chile.

The Tacna-Arica party included a number of army officers and civilian experts on international law and South American matters. General Pershing took both Lanckton and me along, and I guess we are the only enlisted men in the United States Army who had ever had the privilege of crossing the equator on duty. The occasion did not prove very much of a picnic to either of us, however, although the General enjoyed it immensely.

Navy tradition required that all those aboard the *Utah* who were crossing the equator for the first time be properly initiated and neither the General nor any of those in his party could be exempted.

A platform was built on one of the *Utah*'s large turrets, and there General Pershing, Congressman Hicks and Admiral Dayton sat on their thrones watching the rest of us go through the initiation.

There were royal doctors to pitch bitter pills into our mouths, royal barbers to run (Continued on page 60)



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Pershing As His Orderlies Know Him

(Continued from page 59)

clippers through our hair and royal dentists to examine our teeth while the chair we occupied had a charge of electricity passed through it. There were the royal bears to pitch us into the large improvised pool, and others to duck our heads into the water when we tried to swim out. Finally there were royal police to club us with their flat nightsticks when we evaded the royal bears. From nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, the festivities continued, while General Pershing, sitting on the throne of Neptune, made certain that the members of his party, particularly the orderlies, were not left out of any of the details of the ritual.

The initiation of the General omitted the stunts that were provided for the rest of us. He was ordered by King Neptune, however, to sign the 1,100 certificates of the soldiers, sailors and civilians aboard the *Utah* on their first trip to the southern hemisphere, testifying that they had properly crossed the equator and were, therefore, accepted members of the Royal Shellbacks. Included among the other signers of the certificate were Admiral Dayton, Davy Jones, and King Neptune.

On our second trip to Tacna-Arica, on the *Denver*, Lanckton and I as veteran Royal Shellbacks got our revenge on the novices in our party. We were members of the royal police. Although General Pershing had no special assignment himself, he kept a watchful eye on the members of his party, and kept Lanckton and me informed as to which ones needed the ordeals most.

I was glad when we reached the shores of South America after our long cruise, for after all I am a soldier and not a sailor. I believe, though, that the South Americans were not so glad to see us. The Peruvians and Chileans began to have their rows shortly after we got to Tacna-Arica, and they continued until we left.

One day a delegation of Peruvians would call on the General and argue and talk for hours and the next day the same performance would be repeated by the Chileans. The General certainly had a lot of patience with them, but for reasons which I had never quite understood, the plebiscite was not meeting with very much success.

At first we enjoyed our stay in Tacna-Arica. The country differed sufficiently from anything in the United States to make it interesting. The natives had never seen American soldiers before. Lanckton and I became conspicuous figures in the towns and we enjoyed ourselves strutting around the streets. The General always had a full house of visitors and I was kept busy doing my part in arranging for their comforts.

Gradually, however, I became disgusted with the place. There were no amuse-

ments as we understand them. The only ones who spoke English in Tacna-Arica were included in our own party, and we got tired of seeing the same faces over and over again. I think it affected the General the same way, for he began to grow restless on the job.

To get away from the monotony we hit the trail several times and tried to get the same enjoyment out of the trip that we had on a five-day march through Virginia, but somehow the spirit was lacking. We rode along quietly for a few hours while the sun beat down our backs and then had to go back. We found the heat a little too much to endure just for the sake of a horseback ride.

Now and then some South American government invited the General to visit its country and then he always took me along. I had some very good dinners at the expense of some of these republics. I remember particularly, though, the party I tried to charge up to the Argentinians, only to find later that I had overstepped all the bounds of reason on the liquid courses of the dinner and had to pay for most of them myself.

The average day in Tacna-Arica somehow passed satisfactorily. There was plenty of work for the orderlies while the General was busy with conferences, inspections and interviews with newspaper men. The nights, however, were unbearable for the want of something to do, and the General was just as lonesome as the rest of us. One day while I was polishing his boots he heard me singing, and although I have not much of a voice he had me come into his room that night and repeat my efforts. After a while my evening song became part of the daily routine at the house. Incidentally the song that the General seemed to like best began, "When the rest of the world goes by, go back to your home, sweet home."

One evening after Lanckton and I had seen the barber we provided a hearty laugh for the members of the party. The others thought they would profit by our mistakes but when they returned their haircuts created just as much fun as ours had. When the time came for the General to go, however, he ordered both Lanckton and me to accompany him. The barber did not speak English and we did not speak his language, but we bossed the haircut successfully—at least to the satisfaction of the General.

There were various improvised amusements. We knew, for instance, that every night at ten o'clock the watch was changed on the *Denver* and one naval party was allowed to go ashore on liberty. We all stayed up until that time at least when General Pershing and the rest of us would stand up in front of the window and watch the performance. We used to call the formation "checking

up on the *Denver*," and the evening's diversion usually ended when the General stretched his arms, yawned and then solemnly remarked, "Yes, the *Denver* is still there." When he finished that sentence it had the same significance to us as the last note of Taps.

One dull Sunday which seemed to be duller than any of the previous ones, General Pershing decided to signal an alarm just to see what would happen. We realized when we first came to Tacna-Arica that an occasion might arise when the inhabitants would get a little excited. It was, therefore, prearranged between the General and the authorities aboard the *Denver* that if we sent certain signals of distress, naval support would be rushed to us immediately from the warship.

When General Pershing gave the command on that particular Sunday we pulled up our double emergency checkerboard flags, fired our small field-piece, breaking the lanyard incidentally, blinked our lights and signaled in every manner possible to the *Denver* below us that we were in trouble.

We then sat back and waited, expecting any minute to find that the Marines had landed and were getting the situation well in hand. Instead we sat around for twenty minutes until a launch drew up with an ensign and about ten sailors.

"Say, did you fellows call for a launch?" were the first words that came from the commander of the expeditionary force to save Tacna-Arica.

We fired a barrage of impudent questions at the sailors, but the General stopped us.

"If we had really needed them they would have been right on the job," he assured us, and we never referred to the incident when we joined forces with the sailors and Marines.

We had a good time with the members of the naval forces and we took a great deal of interest in their activities

and their games. When the Marines and sailors played football, General Pershing decided to attend with the rest of us.

On the way to the field the General noticed Mike, the mascot of the Marines, and stopped the automobile while we tried to induce the dog to come to the game with us. We chased Mike through the streets of Arica, much to the amusement of the General, but I guess the dog did not want to come to the game with any soldiers, for we never caught him.

Our happiest moment in Tacna-Arica came when we received word that the General would return to the United States for treatment at the Walter Reed Hospital. I had not heard such good news since the armistice. I was particularly happy for the General's sake. He never complained, but he was a sick man in Tacna-Arica. There were days when he could not eat a bite of food, nights that he could not enjoy a wink of sleep. Major Jones, the army medical officer with the party, was always beside him and we were all greatly concerned about his health. He did not appear a bit anxious to go with the job still incomplete, but the soldier's training left no provision for any remarks.

We packed our belongings quietly and returned to the United States. The General went to the hospital, where he regained some of his lost health, and several months later I was transferred to Governors Island, where I am now on duty.

The seven years I spent as General Pershing's orderly will give me something to talk about to my great-grandchildren. I was treated more like a son than an orderly, and I enjoyed my duties. Since I could not have been his chief of staff or his aide, I am mighty proud of the fact that I had the privilege to be the orderly to General John J. Pershing.

THE END

The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 19)

batteries, intrenching tools, giant wirecutters, and airplane signaling panels.

The three machine gunners crept cautiously from shell hole to shell hole. They saw many dead, mostly Americans. There were first aid men that bound up the wounded, but there were no stretchers, and there was nothing to do but swab on some iodine and stick the wounded man's bayoneted rifle in the ground butt uppermost, so that searchers could find him later. They came, finally, into a hole where a man sat and fired rifle grenades.

"Where's the Boche?" Gordon demanded.

"Don't ask *me*!" replied the man. "Where *ain't* they? There's a bush down there, and every once in awhile a spudmasher sails out of it. So then we sail one o' my rum bottles back at him. A machine gun crew went by a minute ago. The place is lousy with machine guns."

"Hit any of 'em?"

"No. They come in and out of the fog too quick. Just as well. If I'd let go at 'em and missed they'd set up their gun and made a skimmer out of me. Rifle grenades ain't no good at short range like that anyway."

"Let's get out of here!" suggested O'Nail. "We can't see anything and the first thing you know someone's liable to grab us off! How can a man tell where his own front line is?"

The three of them went cautiously over the ridge again and found to their surprise that there were many more men there. O'Nail's thought about dropping back had occurred to a great many isolated groups out there in the shell holes, and they had come back one by one to the far side of the ridge. A group went by, bending double, and carrying someone in their midst. It was the tall man that had (Continued on page 62)

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The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 61)

laughed at Gordon just a short time before. The man's head dangled out of the blanket in which they carried him and Gordon recognized him.

"Hey!" yelled Gordon, "pick up that guy's head! He'll break his neck."

The carriers stopped, looked at Gordon, then at their burden, then clumsily slid the blanket farther up his shoulders, to support his head. But he was too tall and the other end of him slid out.

"Where can a man get to a dressin' station?" cried one of the bearers irritably. "We got a man here that's hurt! Seen any around?"

"Put him down," called somebody, "there's first aid men around. Put him down and holler. They'll fix him up."

"He don't need first aid, he needs a doctor!"

"Well, I don't give a dam' what you do with him!" replied the other. "You got to lug him, I ain't!"

There appeared then two more, who supported a third. He could walk, but with an effort, and his knees at times would go away from under him entirely, so that the men who bore him up would groan with his weight. He had been hit in the face, perhaps by a grenade, or perhaps a gun butt. It was a superficial wound, but it had swollen as face wounds do, until his head looked like a jack-o'-lantern's. Moreover it bled freely. There were exclamations of sympathy from all sides.

"Where's a doctor, we got a man here that's hurt!" exclaimed the newcomers.

"Where's a doctor?" demanded several. "Hey, first aid!"

The first aid men appeared, and the man with the face wound having been laid down, they examined him. Several others demanded the whereabouts of the doctor. The first aid men did not know. They had not seen him.

Gordon, O'Nail and Droghan watched silently. They knew where the doctor was, where a doctor was. He was over the other side of the hill, lying on his face in the tangled grass. A doctor was as vulnerable as any other soldier, and a Red Cross brassard no protection.

"Here! I've been looking for you fellows! Where's that captain that commanded the battalion that first showed up? Have you seen him?"

The three turned and beheld the colonel that had approached them shortly after daybreak. His face was stern and drawn, and his voice hurried.

"He was hit!" said O'Nail. "That first gang that came out of the fog shot him."

"Oh hell! Are you sure?"

"Yes," said Gordon, "he knocked me down when he fell. It finished him. I looked when we came out of the hole and he hadn't moved."

"You see, Colonel?"

The last speaker was a man they had not noticed before, who was at the colonel's shoulder. He was young, no older

than Gordon, and looked like an officer. In the crouching position in which they all were, he had been partially hidden by the colonel, but now he moved, and they could see first lieutenant's bars on the shoulders of his enlisted man's slicker.

"I know," protested the colonel, "but I can't go out and take command of an organization by just turning over my hand. I'm not a combatant officer. Good God, the extent of my military knowledge doesn't cover the School of the Squad!"

The lieutenant looked his disbelief. Moreover, there was a sign of something else, a shade of disgust, that began to creep into his expression.

"You needn't think I'm yellow," snapped the colonel, "I'm not. It isn't that, but I'm not a soldier; I'm a cop. I was Chief of a Bureau of Criminal Investigation, and they made me a colonel and sent me overseas. I'm in the Intelligence. I wouldn't know the first thing to do!"

"Shhshh!" protested the lieutenant. "I don't know what to do either, but if you just say you're in charge that will help. We've run into the Boche in the fog, and they into us, and I don't think either side knows how strong the hostile force is, or where its own units are. If you'll take command, we might straighten out. Look at all the wounded that are being brought in! That's wrong. Four rifles off the line, or five or six, every time a man is hit! How long will any force last? You and I are the only surviving officers here, and we've got to save this crowd from disaster."

"Well," said the colonel decisively, "I'll go you. I suppose, with a little use of the bean and you to help—huh? But how are you going to get any order out of this madhouse?"

He swung his arm in an open gesture that took in what they could see. Fog, the edge of the thickets, scattered packs, five or six wounded men, the bayonets of half a dozen more protruding from shell holes, and all around a continual clamor of faint yells, machine gun fire, and the ear-splitting crash of grenades.

"First, we'll send out runners and try to get some idea of what's going on. We should send two in each direction. We should find some place to re-organize; I don't know how or where, but it should be done. We should stop this carrying in of wounded. That above all things. Where have the men gone that brought in those last men? Disappeared. And not back to the front line either. Then we should get someone out to tell Higher Authority where we are. They won't leave us here to be butchered. We haven't got any liaison with anyone, but they have. How the hell can we expect help if we don't tell them we need it?"

"Where do we get said runners?" inquired the colonel.

The lieutenant's eye lighted on Droghan, O'Nail and Corporal Gordon.

"What are you men doing here?" he inquired sternly.

"'S all right," interrupted the colonel, "I know them. They're machine gunners. Where's the kid you had with you? Where's your gun? Thrown it away?"

The other two looked at Gordon. As ranking man it was up to him to answer and take any harsh language that might be uttered. Otherwise why did he get three dollars extra a month?

"He was captured," answered Gordon. "He and the mule were both captured."

"What the hell did they want with the mule?" asked the colonel.

"It's meself was just asking meself that!" exclaimed Droghan excitedly. "He was a darb of a little mule, for all he'd lie down if you would be hurryin' him. And I'd taught him that cunnin' that he'd eat cigarettes when I had them to give. And shake his head the while any Military Police was going by. Sure he'd forgotten that one since he'd been at the front, not seeing many of them and all, but—"

"Could we use them as runners?" interrupted the lieutenant.

"I wouldn't," said the colonel slowly, eyeing the three machine gunners. "I think anyway that you and I would do better going out and having a look around ourselves. How is anyone going to find his way back in this fog? We've got no time to waste!"

"Right!" agreed the lieutenant.

"Go get that gang in that shell hole, we'll take them with us. And these three."

As the lieutenant ran across the open space, crouching low, the colonel began to hunt about the pockets of his mackinaw, as though in search of cigarettes.

"I've got two packages in one of these pockets," he muttered. He gave a surprised grunt and looked down at himself, pulling his mackinaw around. There was a ragged tear in the skirt of it, that entered at one side of the pocket and went out the back, bursting the cloth jaggedly.

"What the hell!" he muttered. "That was a bullet or a hunk of grenade. I never felt it do that! Boy, two inches this way and I'd have had as nasty a wound as ever collected ten thousand smackers!" He unbuttoned the pocket and hurriedly thrust his hand therein. He brought it out filled with a shattered mass of white and brown. "My cigarettes!" he gasped. "It went right through 'em!" His face took on an expression of stark tragedy. "Oh God, and now I'll be all day without any cigarettes!"

The other three said nothing. They had been without cigarettes themselves, also without food, and the saddest thought of all was that it was very unlikely they would get any in the near future.

The lieutenant returned after a time. He reported that the bulk of the enemy firing was coming from the front and left, which seemed to coincide with what the machine gunners had heard of an enemy force coming from the west the night before. He suggested they

gather what men they could and move westward, feeling out the strength of the enemy, and that they make no attempt to attack in force until they received help.

"Would you mind my asking, sir?" said Gordon, during a pause, "what the chances are on getting fed. We haven't had anything but a few pieces of chocolate now for a day or so."

"Unroll some of these packs that are scattered about," said the lieutenant, "they ought to all have emergency rations in them."

"Gee, I never thought!" cried Gordon. He and the other two immediately went about inspecting the packs in the vicinity.

"Don't wander off absent-mindedly into the fog!" remarked the colonel, "because I've got my eye on you!"

"There's a one-pounder gun I've discovered with about twenty rounds of ammunition," went on the lieutenant, "that ought to help us. We have six and three is nine men; we ought to be able to glean at least a platoon out of the shell holes in front of us, and with that we ought to be able to get in on their flank and cause them some anxiety."

"The Boche aren't very strong here, or they'd have swamped us by now!" muttered the colonel.

"Well, about that you can't tell, because they've no way of knowing how disorganized we are. On the other hand, the Boche don't let their units go tearing off on their own hook either."

"Let's go!" decided the colonel. "This is your one-pounder coming, isn't it? Here, you machine gunners, lay off robbing those packs and come on."

The search for food had not been very fruitful, for emergency rations were heavy, and often were the first thing that went into the ditch on the fag end of a night march, when a tired soldier jettisons what he can. They had found a can of willie, two boxes of hardtack, and what was really a find, a can of peaches. This food disappeared in a twinkling, and they moved off downhill, taking the can of peaches in turn and shaking a peach out of it down their throats. They had rammed a hole in it with a bayonet just large enough for one to emerge at a time, along with a tiny stream of juice that hung in golden drops on their beards.

They began to find men immediately. There were fewer shell holes here, but the men lay behind bushes or in hollows in the ground. They increased their strength in a short time to forty men, and had not yet had a casualty. They continued down the hill, slowly, cautiously, with wide intervals. The flank squad ran onto a German machine gun that immediately wounded and killed six Americans and drove the rest to shelter. Also it alarmed all the Germans in the vicinity, who, from the yells and the firing, located the hostile force, and began to pound the vicinity gleefully. Some of those in shelter began to crawl up hill again, but the colonel and the lieutenant stopped some, and the (Continued on page 64)

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The Man in the White Slicker

(Continued from page 63)

enemy stopped some more, and for good.

It was then that these two officers, having some idea of where the enemy strength was right here, brought up the one-pounder. This gun was on its tripod, its detachable carriage having been lost, but its gunners had not carried it very far, and so were not too tired to be able to shoot it accurately. They set it up, and under cover of a tree stump, began to fire into the fog.

"You corporal there," said the colonel, addressing Gordon, "you said you'd been down here before, didn't you? No chance of any of our own troops being in front of us is there?"

"No, sir. That is, we didn't notice any, did we, O'Nail? We didn't come down this exact part of the hill, but there wasn't anyone here. Somebody told me there was a gap here, a gap in our lines. That's what our battalion was up there for, to stop the gap. There's no Yanks down there now, anyway."

"Let her go again," said the lieutenant, "and then let's see if we can't advance a way."

Success. They crawled downhill, sent a patrol around on the flank to throw a few grenades and advanced the one-pounder again. They went forward some more, crawling on their stomachs, inching along, some of the men firing from time to time with their rifles. If a machine gun buzzed, like an alarmed rattlesnake, they directed the one-pounder in its direction, and silenced it or drove it away. They had the sensation of men who cut their way foot by foot through a jungle.

They came down, finally, to the lower slopes of the hill. The fog was thinner here, and they could see some of their handiwork. They came first upon a heavy machine gun, rearing itself from a hole in the ground, its steam pipe running away out of sight through the grass. There was straw scattered about it, several ammunition boxes, an empty belt, and a little pile of stick-grenades. Gordon, who was familiar with these guns, examined it cautiously. The feed mechanism had been removed and the gun was useless. They found some dead after that, and a few wounded men badly hit and on the point of death.

"Umm!" muttered the colonel at this, "they're well in hand here, you see. We haven't seen a slightly wounded man, and we haven't taken a prisoner yet. But they aren't able to get their badly wounded out, which shows there's something bothering them. Either they're too far from roads an ambulance can run on, or they're short of medical personnel."

"We ought to move faster now," remarked the lieutenant. "We can see better and farther. Now don't you think we ought to work right a little—"

A burst of bullets from a machine gun struck just behind the group composed of the colonel, lieutenant, the

three machine gunners and the corporal of the one-pounder. There was a hasty change of position. Within the next minute a number of men were hit, and slight confusion began to be manifested.

"There's the Boche!" cried Gordon suddenly. His automatic barked twice. The others just had a glimpse of a short line of men running out of a fold in the ground and disappearing. They had run toward and not away from the Americans. A hot fire was opened upon the latter very shortly, in all probability from the Germans that had just been seen. They were in front of a low hillock, against which their heads, cautiously exposed, could not be seen. They had several machine guns with them, with plenty of ammunition.

"This is another counter-attack like we had yesterday morning," yelled Gordon in O'Nail's ear.

"Yeay!" howled Droghan, "there's more of them! Crawlin' on their bellies for the snakes they are! Lookut!"

"I'll say!" agreed Gordon. "I know what that gang are after!" He turned and getting to his knees, crawled rapidly back up the hill.

"Here! Come back yere! I'll jam a bullet through you! Hey, up there, grab that man!"

Thus yelled the colonel, but those who were nearer Gordon than he had other things on their minds. The machine gun corporal halted however near where the captured German gun still shoved up its head, like a snake about to strike. *Bark!* went his automatic. Then he turned and taking a long look around, rejoined Droghan and O'Nail.

"What the hell were you doing?" demanded the colonel. "What's the grand idea in all that wild-west stuff?"

"I was letting a slug through the water jacket of that gun, sir," answered Gordon.

"Well, what's the percentage in that? Didn't you tell me the thing was useless? Thought I might make you work it, huh?"

"Sir, they've taken out the feed-block," answered Gordon. "One of these krauts that you can see running around the bushes has got it in his pocket. He crawls up to that gun, shoves in the feed-block, and it's in working order again. Then they shoot us up from behind. Well, they won't with that gun, because the water jacket has now a hole through it you can run your hand through!"

"Humph!" grunted the colonel. "The next time you go smoking off on these mysterious missions you ask my permission first! You and these two cut-throats here are members of my staff, now, and don't forget it!" With that he crawled back again to the lieutenant.

"Now just what in the name of supreme Jupiter is biting him?" demanded Gordon. "That old bird doesn't like me for sour owl feathers. What

did I ever do to him to get him riled? What's he pick on us for all the time?"

"I don't know," replied O'Nail, "but I have a hunch. I fear he has an idea in his mind that we crowned teacher's pet in the white trench-coat."

"Never!" protested Gordon. "He doesn't even know about it. Wouldn't he have asked us right out if he thought we did it?"

"Aw, well, he thinks we're suspicious characters. Didn't I tell you he was a bull? It's marked all over him. He's up here smelling around for somethin' and he thinks we know about it."

"Why should he?"

"Why should he? Well, if you met three tough eggs like us wandering around a battlefield when the outfit we claimed we belonged to was ten or twelve kilometers to hell and gone back of the lines, wouldn't you be suspicious?"

"He's crazy as a coot and so are you!" protested Gordon. "Man!"

"One" had cracked between Gordon and O'Nail so close that they felt the wind of it. They lay down. Shortly afterward the colonel and the lieutenant crawled over to them and haggardly announced that they must retire westward.

"We can't hold them," said the colonel, "and to try to hang on here would simply be murder."

So they went back, slowly, along the face of the hill. The fog protected them again, and so that the enemy would not have rifle flashes to guide him, the colonel forbade all firing.

"Keep up the old courage," said the lieutenant. "A man begins to think he's all alone and abandoned here just because all he can see is his little corner of the battlefield, but there must be a hundred thousand men within a mile or so. If there weren't the Boche would sweep over us like the sea!"

"True enough," replied the colonel, "but each and every one of the hundred thousand is having just the same dam' kind of nightmare that we are. This thing is getting hotter and hotter. By George, you can *feel* the pressure they're bringing on us!"

"Well, we've brought a little on *them*, after all," cried the lieutenant. "The army knows we're here, they're not going to let all the work and preparation and sweat they put into this offensive go for nothing without a struggle. An-

other thing, the enemy hasn't got any replacement, and we've got plenty."

"That's all we have got!" growled the colonel. "Cannon fodder! And that's just what they are, too, replacements! If we had a few soldiers and fewer replacements—say, can't that one-pounder give us a little fire on that gang in the grass down there? Their shooting is getting accurate as hell! There! Juh see that?"

A number of Americans, scarcely visible, their grey slickers merging with the fog, had come into sight a little way off, and as the others made up their mouths to call to them, the group sprang apart, like nine-pins at the arrival of a well-aimed ball, and became lumps of grey in the tangled grass.

"Put down that gun and turn her loose!" ordered the lieutenant, turning about to the one-pounder crew that panted behind. They complied, the tripod clicked into place, in went the shell, slam went the breach. POW! Down the valley appeared a round cloud of white smoke, like a cotton-boll.

"Good! Shoot her again!"

"That's our last shell, sir!" called the gunner.

"Sir," said Gordon, "if we go uphill a ways we'll come to our old position. Not where we were this morning, but farther along. There's a trench there that will be good protection."

"Lead us to it!" said the two officers together.

They continued their retreat, but now swung uphill. They had not far to go, but it took a long, long time. They made no attempt to carry in their wounded. If a man was hit and could not walk, he was left where he was. The retreat would have become a panic and a rout, but the men were too tired to run, and then it was uphill. They met more men in the grass, in shell-holes and behind bushes, and finally, some hundred or so odd, they reached the crest of the hill, where Gordon had had his gun the morning of the day before. Behind this, just over the crest, was the old trench, and into this every one fell, many to lie panting in the mud.

"So here we are back again!" said O'Nail. "Now what's all the sweat and blood of the last twenty-four hours gotten us?"

"We're holdin' our own, anyway," said Gordon.

(To be continued)

Another Neglected Industry

(Continued from page 7)

glistens on the spot where Kit Carson cried defiance, a chain drugstore sells sponges and alarm clocks over the grave of Louisiana's code duello. The world has tightened. Cincinnati and Bombay buy the same calico. Newspaper readers will tell you that America has already fought her way out of isolation. We've got to speak the language of the world.

And the language of the world is

civil. Remember that. If our diplomats ever fail to come home with a desired treaty, the fault will be ours. We have not been sufficiently trained in hard thinking and soft speaking. We have not yet learned that "Hey there!" is inferior to "Beg your pardon" as a preliminary to deadly discussion. From the schoolboy to the college president we have ignored the importance of politeness.

This is not a polite dissertation

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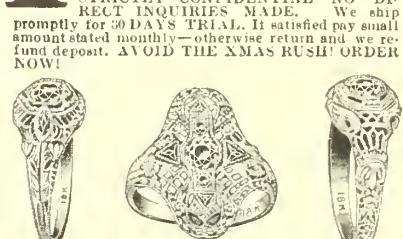
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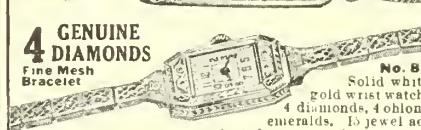
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The Heart of American Youth

(Continued from page 9)

We old folks are too much influenced by the pessimism and cynicism that just now poisons our literature. The sneer is out of place on an American face. Where boys and girls "go wrong" it's not a matter for exultation by the prophets of evil. America has no more important business than the quickening in the heart of youth of sound aspirations and healthy ambitions. The critics of youth show amazing little disposition to help correct the conditions of which they complain so vociferously. There have always been boys in the world who needed a friendly hand on the shoulder and a cheering word to help them in their perplexities and difficulties. No boy wants to be foolish; and, more important, no boy wants to be a failure. A boy's pride usually offers a sure approach to his good impulses. I have rarely known of the case of a young man who had begun to skid who couldn't be set going straight by an appeal to his dignity and by conferring upon him a responsibility. It's an evil tongue that spreads a report that some young fellow is "no good" and can't be trusted.

If the schools and colleges do their full duty and inculcate in youth an appreciation of their heritage as Americans and the importance of service in peace as well as war the nation would be strengthened every year by the arrival at voting age of a new body of citizens realizing their responsibility and strong in the will to serve. However, a great deal of the instruction in civic duty is perfunctory, colorless and uninspiring. In institutions deriving public support teachers are precluded from speaking of political corruption even where it is near at hand and conspicuous for fear of offending the powers that control the appropriations. It is idle to take a student through a course in the history and significance of American institutions if emphasis is not laid on the necessity for eternal vigilance in realizing the best to be derived from them. The most listless student, only casually scanning newspaper headlines, knows that incompetence and graft are a growing scandal in our politics and he should be instructed as to the danger and told the remedy.

Most of the unamiable criticism of American youth is provoked, not by young men and women who earn their own living but by the children of the well-to-do and prosperous. I am not contending that the poor boy is morally sounder than the boy with the rich father, but his outlook on life is different. The poor boy has the advantage in that he comes more quickly to a realization of the necessity for sobriety and industry if he would get anywhere in the world. He may have as many opportunities for making a bad start as a rich boy but his chance of wiggling out of scrapes is not so good. He is likely to turn his dollar over several times before he wastes it.

This whole subject is greatly blurred

by foolish generalization. Because such young people as gather in country clubs drink too many cocktails and conduct themselves unbecomingly it is manifestly stupid to indict the less prosperous millions who work hard all day and are limited by their time and money when they seek diversion. So long as it is considered devilish and "sporty" to carry a flask on the hip we shall be exposing youth to temptation; and here again is one of those things the American can people seem disposed to touch warily or dodge altogether. The curious fear that makes us unwilling to come to grips with important questions that touch vitally the common life and most dangerously the youth of the land, seems likely to reserve for some more courageous generation an intelligent, candid dealing with the drink problem.

Dig into history anywhere and we encounter social disturbances similar to those apparent now. Only this morning my eye fell upon a passage from a tract, published in 1816, complaining of the low state to which the youth of England had fallen. The home was deserted; the girls (forerunners of the flappers!) wouldn't stay there but disported themselves, scandalously attired, in the eyes of a callous world. Mothers were neglecting their children; weddings were vulgar affairs, with brides presented to the public gaze with half their persons exposed.

This has a familiar sound. We read every day of the tottering of the American home, proclaimed rather jubilantly, as if the howlers were glad.

Girls will be girls, and boys will be boys. So it was in the beginning, is now and no doubt ever shall be. And yet somehow the same boys and girls manage to keep the human race alive and achieving. Amid all the wailing about decadent youth, out steps Lindbergh and by a deed of brilliant daring thrills the world. No doubt the folks who lived in David's neighborhood away back yonder criticized Jesse, his father, for allowing him to practice so assiduously with his sling; but it was another story when the boy landed a stone in the haughty brow of the mighty Goliath and sent the Philistine army scampering.

We ought to be glad that our young people face the world so cheerfully, refusing to be beaten down, doing their jobs the best they can; bewildered, wounded in their pride by discouraging criticism. The saddest thing imaginable is a youngster who harbors a grievance or grapples unaided with a troublesome doubt as to human destiny. It would assist enormously if all of us who have, presumably, profited by our own adventuring with life and consider ourselves wise in our generation, would invite the confidence of youngsters in need of sympathy and a helping hand.

Youth will listen patiently to a good deal of advice where it is not given with a preluding sneer or a kick.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 31)

NOT ONLY DO we get education as we go, but we are a travelling school of patriotism. Conventions and conventions, business, fraternal

Teaching The Others

and professional, but this is the convention of conventions in the national sense.

Members of all kinds of businesses, professions and occupations and fraternal orders are seen in the fraternity which means an army or navy discharge for war service. Any lingering idea that a lot of old soldiers are getting together to raise Cain is finally dissipated in one quarter of the United States.

NOT THE BIGGEST parade, not the biggest crowds because of San Antonio's remoteness. But best in the sense that our

place as an institution has become more established, our influence greater.

Best in that membership has kept on increasing on sound lines. America understands our purpose better; we can play a greater part. And significant of Legion character is that of the new National Commander. Spafford goes, his part well done; McNutt comes to the endurance test of travel.

SWELTERING, TOO, ALL the committees of Legion and Auxiliary on their jobs between banquets and marches. For them

Circles Within Circles

a little too much pressure. Those not on committees, the

organized rather than the organizers, had

nothing to do but to have a good time. That was the prospect shining in the faces of those who arrived at the railroad station; and they went away looking as if they had had that good time, though a little tired and heat exhausted. It is the little conventions within the big convention that always interest me; the little groups within the great group, summoning back old experiences and learning how one another has fared since they served together. The big thought, after all, is that you are going to meet an old buddy; and the big moment is when you do meet him—each man's big moment of the convention. And that does much to keep us together and to keep the nation together.

SOME OF US had been worried lest the Legion be drawn into partisan politics. It was a danger that could not be too

well realized. We met at San Antonio in the midst of a hot Presidential campaign which had ele-

ments of bitterness alienating friends and members of families. Old party lines were broken. What when Legionnaires of

strongly differing views met? "Hoover" and "Smith" were on the cars of many who motored to the convention. "I'm for Smith!" "I'm for Hoover!" "How do you get that way?" "You're crazy!" "You're steeped in error!" All this you heard—but everybody was smiling when he said it. A man got his political views off his chest—and then he was a Legionnaire at a Legion convention. No hint of any partisan politics crept into any official gathering. If any enthusiast did not know that the hint was not the thing, he knew the kind of reception it would get. As a citizen, candor as to your candidate; but as a Legionnaire, simply an American whom service had drilled in the thought of the whole for which the Legion stands, all partisan bitterness passing. That is one good that came from the war, and fresh evidence of the binding value of the Legion as an American institution.

WHEN JOHN J. PERSHING rose on the platform before the standards of the men from all the States that had served under him it was the big moment of the convention as a whole. Did he get a hand? A roar rocked

the hall. He has heard much applause, but never applause that meant so much to him. If I were to give his speech a title I should make it "We Know!" The men who had been in war and the man who had led them and had to deal with European diplomacy to keep his Army intact as an American Army—they knew. And the time the tenth year after the war. The ink was hardly dry on another treaty which was "to end war." Pershing spoke of it with respect. Every one of his audience shared his hope for peace.

"In the meantime it [the Kellogg pact] does not of itself signify that war will be no more. Human nature still remains the same, and envy, greed or gain, national and racial prejudice and the ambitions of rulers will always play their part in international relations. It does not give sufficient assurance, if such a thing were possible, to warrant the conclusion that we are safe in scrapping our modest plans of defense by land or sea. Relatively speaking, our country maintains today the very minimum of forces necessary for security."

Ten years! Still we hear talk that in the veterans of the World War we have a great national reserve that could be called to the colors! Ten years! The average veteran is approaching forty. The will may be good, the spirit high, but the body is not equal to the trenches or to riding a subchaser night and day in a heavy sea, after forty. The doughboy and the gob of the future must come from another generation. I think that some of the Legionnaires who did the four-mile parade in the heat will agree with me.

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AGE 18 TO 55

Therefore be it Resolved

(Continued from page 27)

the world's largest Legion post in 1928. Mr. Harrison said that the selection of his city would give the opportunity of attending a national convention to the largest possible number of Legionnaires throughout the United States.

"Within a night's ride of Louisville there live 42,000,000 people," Mr. Harrison declared. "Last Thursday from my office I sent out ten automobiles driven by ten business men to demonstrate to our Louisville people how close they were to the rest of the world, and they were to reach ten different cities by careful and ordinary driving in twenty-four hours. Those ten cities were New Orleans, Jacksonville, Richmond, Washington, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Toronto, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha and Texarkana. Every one of those men came in, with the exception of one who was twenty minutes late, and he lost four hours because of a burned bridge. That is powerful proof of the accessibility of Louisville to the rest of the country."

ALL posts of The American Legion will engage in a series of definite programs under the auspices of the National Americanism Commission in accordance with resolutions adopted by the convention. In addition to authorizing the continuance of the Junior Baseball Program in 1929, the continuance of the Legion's work with Boy Scouts and the extension of the national plan of emergency relief, the convention requested that each post organize a local council of national defense for the purpose of educating the people of its community on the needs of national defense. The National Americanism Commission was directed to supply plans for conducting these councils.

The National Commander was directed to designate a day annually on which contributions shall be solicited from members of The American Legion for a national emergency relief fund. Money from this fund will be used to finance relief work of posts following disasters, particularly in the "gap period" in which Legion posts conduct rescue and relief work pending the arrival on the scene of the disaster of other existing relief agencies supported by the public.

The Americanism Commission was directed to formulate a "safety first" pro-

gram for the consideration and use of all departments, with a view to reducing accidents to children resulting from carelessness on streets and highways.

The Chairman of the National Americanism Commission was authorized to appoint a committee of five to prepare a plan for systematizing and co-ordinating the rapidly growing Americanism activities of the Legion in order that duplication may be eliminated and the public may be properly informed of what the Legion is trying to accomplish.



Legionnaires on the Good Will Tour to Mexico City, following the San Antonio Convention, are given Mexico's official welcoming. In the center of the group are President-elect Emilio Portes Gil, President Calles, Ambassador Morrow, Past National Commander Edward E. Spafford and Mrs. Spafford.

The convention recommended that members of the Legion, the Forty and Eight and the Eight and Forty while wearing organization caps salute the flag in the same manner as though they were wearing service uniform.

Full support of the immigration law of 1924 was registered in a resolution which indorsed the "fundamental national origins provision" of that law, and the convention declared in favor of the removal of the statute of limitations on deportation of aliens. Congress was requested to place ex-service men and their wives and children who are residents of foreign countries on the non-quota basis for immigration.

THE professional pacifist who is working ceaselessly to induce Congress to whittle down the Army and Navy and withhold appropriations needed for defensive aeronautics will find The American Legion fighting him in 1929 as it has fought him since 1919. The San

Antonio convention adopted a series of resolutions on military and naval affairs and aeronautics which probably expresses the viewpoint of the average citizen on national defense. Typical of the attitude expressed by these resolutions is one that reads:

"We endorse the principle expressed in the recently approved multilateral treaty outlawing war as an instrument of national policy, but we desire that The American Legion make it clear to our people that the approval of this treaty does not in any way guarantee peace, and does not, therefore, permit of any reduction in the very modest military establishment maintained by our nation for purely defensive purposes."

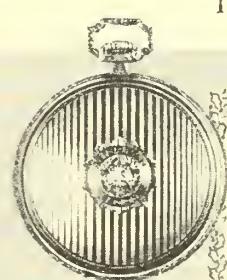
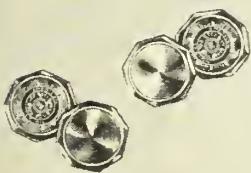
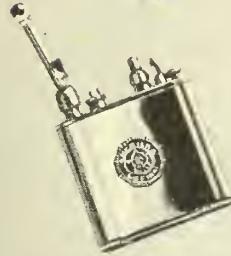
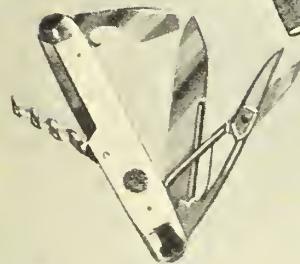
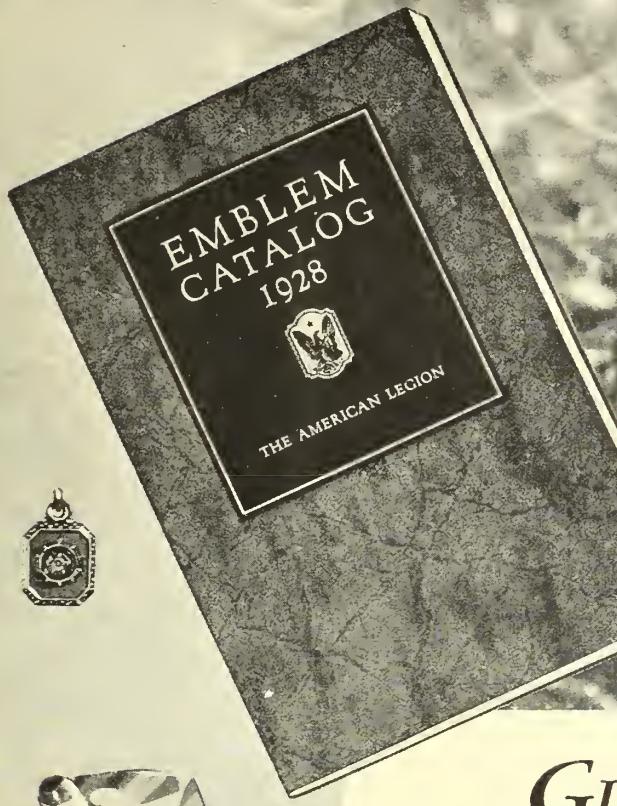
And there was this resolution also:

"We pledge anew our faith in the fundamental principles enunciated in the National Defense Act of 1920 as being in just accordance with the necessity of national security and in keeping with American aversion to militarism. This act, which was made possible by the efforts of The American Legion, contains all the essential elements for an effective and harmonious defense of our country. We recommend, however, that in order to provide a more efficient co-ordination of these components

the Secretary of War shall appoint a special committee composed of representatives of each component to make a study and recommendations upon a complete co-ordinated plan of training."

The convention also reiterated the Legion's support of the proposed Universal Draft Bill and called upon all posts and departments to "bend every effort toward disseminating information" on this proposal, with a view to obtaining the passage of the bill which has been before Congress for several years.

In other resolutions, the convention expressed the Legion's opposition to the Geneva Protocol against the use of gas in warfare, commended the plan of the National Rifle Association for making this a nation of riflemen, urged increased appropriations to permit enlargement of the enlisted personnel of the Army Air Service and the training yearly of 26,000 Reserve Army Officers and 40,000 trainees in the Citizens Military Training Camps. (Continued on page 70)



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Therefore be it Resolved

(Continued from page 68)

The division of opinion on aeronautics which had been evident at the Philadelphia and Paris conventions, a division based on ways and means and not on ends to be sought, was reconciled at San Antonio when the convention directed the National Commander to appoint a committee composed of a majority of pilots to confer with Congressional committees and other agencies on the proposal to establish a separate Bureau of Aeronautics and a single Department of National Defense. The adoption of this resolution followed advocacy of the proposal by Legionnaire William Mitchell, former head of the Army Air Service.

The convention called upon every post to take a practical part in the Legion's aeronautics program by establishing landing fields and seeing that the names of towns are clearly marked so as to be visible from the air. In this connection, a resolution of thanks was adopted as recognition of the help which the Standard Oil Company of California has given in the Legion's town-marking program.

Other resolutions adopted on aeronautics included these:

Recommending more military and naval aviation school facilities, especially those for primary training of pilots for the National Guard and Organized Reserve.

Recommendations for more and better planes for school and military and naval purposes, additional auxiliary equipment, the creation of more and better-equipped emergency landing fields, the hastening of work on proper aeronautical maps, the enactment of legislation in the States to conform with government regulations on pilotage, standards and trade, and the increase in aviation units for the Army and Navy called for in the recognized five-year program on aviation.

A countrywide Legion effort to inform citizens of the necessity for an adequate naval program was called for in a resolution which directed that each department appoint a committee on naval affairs to have charge of distribution of reliable information on the Navy to all posts in the department. The convention also indorsed the bill pending in Congress which would authorize construction of additional naval vessels, particularly fifteen light cruisers of 10,000 tons each. The resolution urged that this bill be given priority in the Legion's legislative objectives for 1929. It urged that Congress authorize the President to begin construction of these vessels at once. Construction of sufficient airplane-carrier tonnage to bring the United States Navy up to the tonnage allowed this country by the Washington Disarmament Conference was also recommended. Other resolutions urged modernization of existing naval vessels, the construction of additional submarines, and that Congress bring the Navy up to the 5-5-3 ratio allowance.

The convention emphatically disapproved of the proposal for the sale by the United States Shipping Board and Merchants Fleet Corporation of the three government-owned lines, the United States Lines, the American Merchant Lines and the American-Palmetto Lines. It urged that these lines be maintained and operated for the promotion and expansion of the United States Merchant Marine, necessary for national defense.

Another resolution adopted declared that as a matter of policy the Legion should not make controversial matters affecting the rights of several States the subject of convention resolutions, and that the Legion should not attempt the furtherance of legislation not vital to the Legion or its policies.

The convention commended the campaign of the Department of Massachusetts to raise the balance of \$230,000 needed for the reconstruction of the frigate *Constitution*, known as "Old Ironsides."

The Department of Commerce was requested to revise the standard burial permit so that space would be provided for the military records of deceased persons, to assist the Legion in making records of the location of all service men's graves.

THE PARADE PASSES

By ABBY ROBERTS



*A crowded street and a throbbing air,
Sun and laughter, and then a cry—
(Pulsed with drum beats here and there)—
"Here they come"—and the flags go by.*

*Hats off.—The Flag by the Eagle topped,
Borne by khaki and flanked by blue,
Passes, all voices suddenly dropped,
A lane of silence the flag goes through.*

*Headquarters flag, in scarlet brave,
Proudly leading the States in line.
White the flags the Departments wave,
From near and far, from palm and pine.

Here come the massed flags curb to curb,
Eagle and eagle shines in the light,
Breeze and motion the folds disturb,
Stars and Stripes in confusion bright.*

*Now come the Post flags, blue on blue,
Each one bearing a name in gold,—
Our Hero Dead, we march with you,
And you with us, as you did of old.*

*The men that follow, in frolic vie,
Lively laughter they bring,—and yet
The living Legion that passes by,
Led by Remembrance, does not forget.*

THE American Legion's policy of absolute political neutrality was not modified by the convention despite many predictions in newspapers that some such action would be taken. The convention, however, did adopt this resolution, submitted by the Department of Minnesota:

"Whereas, The name of this organization has been used by certain parties in political conventions, interviews and advertisements, representing that The American Legion has taken certain positions on various partisan issues;

"Be It Resolved. That The American Legion does hereby report itself as condemning such tactics and recommends to the National Headquarters that any member of The American Legion or otherwise who is not a duly authorized representative of this organization and who is not duly authorized to speak for it on issues pertaining to the organization and its policies be openly rebuked whenever he attempts to represent The American Legion as favoring or disfavoring any partisan issue."

ONE of the most important decisions made by the convention followed a debate on the allocation of money from The American Legion Endowment Fund for child welfare. At the Ninth National Convention in Paris last year the recommendation was made that expenses of administration of the Legion's child welfare work be met from the Legion's general funds instead of from income derived from the Endowment Fund. The National Finance Committee and the trustees of the Endowment Fund ruled that this procedure was impracticable. To meet this situation, the San Antonio Convention Child Welfare Committee presented a recommendation that in the coming year at least \$10,000 be allocated for child welfare administrative expenses before other allocations from general funds were made. Delegate Douglas of Nebraska then proposed an amendment, as follows:

"That all funds derived from the Endowment Fund income for child welfare be hereafter expended for direct aid and for regional billets as long as they are operated."

The presentation of this amendment brought to a climax a discussion which had continued all during the year. On one side were those who contended that all money received for child welfare from the Endowment Fund should be spent for direct aid to children. On the other side were those who maintained that the amount of money available from the Endowment Fund was so small that it could accomplish little in direct aid. They argued that the portion of the money spent for administrative work, in conducting educational campaigns and surveys on child welfare in various States and in promoting the passage of needed legislative measures for the benefit of dependent children, procures for children vastly more benefits than the children would receive if all Legion money were spent for direct aid.

This question had been debated vigorously at (Continued on page 72)

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of the Ill-Fated Nungesser-Coli
Trans-Atlantic Flight

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Therefore be it Resolved

(Continued from page 70)

several meetings of the Convention Child Welfare Committee, and the committee had voted by a large majority to continue spending a large portion of the Endowment Fund income for educational work and administrative expenses as had been done in the past year.

National Commander Spafford ruled that the amendment had been defeated in a *viva voce* vote and a roll call was demanded by several delegations. The roll call resulted in 272 votes for the amendment and 790 against it. Departments which voted solidly for the amendment were Arkansas, California, Canada, District of Columbia, Idaho, Italy, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York and Oregon.

The convention rejected the request of the Department of Tennessee that the National Child Welfare Committee take over a billet which the department has erected at Pressmen's National Home. This action was in accordance with the policy adopted at preceding conventions favoring discontinuance of all billets except those governed by existing contracts. In accordance with this policy the convention voted that the National Child Welfare Committee co-operate with the Kansas Department in making self-supporting the billet at Legionville, Kansas, in carrying out contract obligations.

A resolution was adopted calling on the Veterans Bureau to use its field service to locate and follow up children of deceased service men entitled to Government assistance, and this resolution endorsed the plan established by several departments whereby one or more "Legion Daddies" in each post co-operate with the Veterans Bureau to insure that the Bureau's minor wards are properly cared for and that the Government funds they receive are properly spent.

It was voted that Legion money for direct aid should be spent first for orphans and, as finances will permit, for those needy children to whom local or other relief is not available. A resolution favoring educational assistance for war orphans by Federal and State Governments was also adopted. The Auxiliary and the Forty and Eight were thanked for the great assistance they have rendered in the work of the National Child Welfare Committee.

LOOKING toward a new gain in national membership in 1929, the convention directed that the week of November 11th to 17th be observed as American Legion Week by all departments and posts and that every effort be made to obtain renewals of membership

for the new year in that period. A resolution was adopted opposing any increase in national dues, and the national dues for 1929 were set at \$1, of which seventy-five cents is to be apportioned to The American Legion Monthly and twenty-five cents to National Headquarters, as heretofore.

A resolution was adopted commending The American Legion Monthly for the inauguration of policies which resulted in profits of \$50,462.14 for the first nine



How Texas expressed its liking for the Legion. "Hurry Back, Buddy!" was the title of this cartoon which appeared in the Dallas Morning News on the final day of the convention

months of 1928. The resolution recommended that the indebtedness which was incurred by the Legion Publishing Corporation during the publication of The American Legion Weekly and the transition period of The American Legion Monthly if necessary be refunded by the issuance of new long term notes. All departments were requested to urge posts to appoint an American Legion Monthly Liaison Officer whose duty shall be to keep the Monthly informed of local Legion activities.

The convention directed that The American Legion Monthly be sent only to members of foreign departments or posts who pay the annual subscription price of seventy-five cents. This action was taken because of the policy of exempting foreign departments from payment of the annual per capita tax, while the Monthly has been sent to foreign members at a mailing expense of

five cents a copy, a procedure that has deprived the publication of \$10,580.25 in subscription revenue alone in the four-year period from 1924 to 1928.

The National Treasurer was directed to mail each month to each department National Executive Committeeman, Department Commander and Department Adjutant a statement of the financial condition of the national organization.

The National Finance Committee was directed to select the auditor to audit the financial accounts of National Headquarters and the Legion Publishing Corporation, and the suggestion was made that the same auditor be not employed in consecutive years. It was also recommended that the National Finance Committee establish a trust fund in which shall be placed not less than fifty percent of the net surplus of the national organization, interest and principal of the fund to be expended only upon recommendations of the National Finance Committee and a two-thirds vote of the National Executive Committee at two successive meetings.

National Headquarters was directed to prepare and distribute complete information concerning the investment of the \$5,000,000 American Legion Endowment Fund and the expenditure of the income from the Fund. Income is about four and one-half percent.

The convention directed that the incoming National Commander appoint a new committee to make an investigation of all the financial transactions of the France Convention Committee and to report to the National Executive Committee, which shall, in turn, report to the 1929 Convention Finance Committee. This action was taken after a discussion of the work of the investigating committee in 1928 which National Commander Spafford declared had been well conducted. J. Monroe Johnson, of the France Convention Committee, indorsed the proposal for the appointment of a new committee, declaring that the members of the committee desired conclusive findings and did not wish the question of possible blame or praise to be left up in the air.

AN outstanding action of the convention, after its Rehabilitation Committee had considered 301 resolutions, was the adoption of a resolution opposing the La Guardia Bill which has for its purpose an allowance of \$4.50 a day for service men suffering from tuberculosis who wish to receive the allowance in lieu of hospital treatment. This action was taken upon the advice of a special Legion committee which reported that it had found (Continued on page 74)

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Therefore be it Resolved

(Continued from page 72)

seventy-five organizations and medical experts on tuberculosis almost unanimously opposed to the bill, chiefly for the reasons that patients in homes would find their recovery actually retarded and that the adoption of the bill would subject children in patients' families to unnecessary exposure to the disease.

Another important action was the reiteration of the Legion's request that the operation and control of the ten homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers be transferred to the Veterans Bureau. Originally established for veterans of the Civil War, the homes, located throughout the country, now shelter large numbers of World War service men.

The convention recommended also that hospitalization of World War service men suffering from non service-connected disabilities be made mandatory instead of optional. Under existing laws, the Veterans Bureau is authorized to hospitalize men whose disabilities cannot be assigned to service origin only when existing facilities are available.

Help for many thousands of veterans was foreseen in the recommendation that the time limit of April 6, 1930, be removed on the privilege of filing evidence to establish service connection of disabilities and filing claims for compensation. A recommendation calling for an increase in compensation for dependents of disabled men was also adopted. Another recommendation advocated a rating of not less than temporary and total for veterans suffering with service-connected cases of active tuberculosis.

Numerous changes in Government Life Insurance were recommended by the convention, among them the following: A provision that policies be incontestable from date of issuance except for fraud; a guarantee to the policy holder that no alterations will be made in the terms of his contract except with his consent; more liberal interpretation of permanent and total disability, in line with custom and practice of private insurance companies; provisions whereby the holder of an ordinary life policy may permit dividends to accumulate with interest until the policy becomes fully paid-up; adoption of the practice of private insurance companies in granting disability benefits, and liberalization of policy by the Veterans Bureau in handling insurance matters.

The Convention Rehabilitation Committee reported to the convention that it had considered a resolution advocating a pension plan for World War veterans but did not feel competent to take definite action upon it. The convention adopted the recommendation that the Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee make a survey and study of this plan, as well as of a proposed plan for a change in the present arrangements of Veterans Bureau claims and rating boards.

A reorganization of the field service

of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee was directed by the convention, to provide for expansion of service facilities at Washington and for increased representation of claimants before the field branches of the Central Office Appeal Board of the Veterans Bureau. The reorganization is also to provide closer contact with Federal and other hospitals in which are located considerable numbers of disabled men. The Veterans Bureau was requested to establish in each regional office an effective employment section to assist disabled men in obtaining full-time or part-time employment.

In all, the convention adopted sixty resolutions dealing with rehabilitation,



Rabbi Herman J. Beck of Pennsylvania, the new National Chaplain

many of them concerning matters of preponderant local interest and definite groups of disabled men. Additional hospital construction to provide 2,725 new beds was recommended. Three hundred beds for general hospital patients were recommended for New York, Indiana and Alabama, and other recommendations called mostly for beds for neuro-psychiatric patients. Locations recommended for these were: Camp Custer, Michigan, 300; North Little Rock, Arkansas, 50; North Chicago, Illinois, 500; Fort Snelling, Minnesota, 200; St. Cloud, Minnesota, 100; Knoxville, Iowa, 300; Texas, 300.

THE Gold Star Pilgrimage to France was approved in principle by the convention but definite recommendations were made for safeguarding the proposed pilgrimage, and the convention declared its belief that the movement should not be conducted by the Red Cross or any other similar organization

having no experience in conducting foreign travel. The convention recommended that the pilgrimage should be made in groups of twenty-five and not to exceed fifty persons and not in large numbers, for the reason that there would be difficulty in obtaining steamship, hotel and train space for large groups and that it would be unwise for other reasons to assemble considerable numbers of women afflicted with grief.

It was recommended that cabin class passage on steamships should be provided for all making the pilgrimage and that government-owned vessels should be used so far as possible. It was also recommended that the pilgrimage should be conducted by a special bureau whose director should be appointed by the President of the United States.

These recommendations were adopted by the convention after they had been submitted by the convention's legislative committee, which submitted nineteen resolutions on legislative proposals which were also adopted.

One resolution favored retirement of enlisted men of the Army after twenty-five years of service. Others requested Congress to adopt officially the National Flag Code and to declare "The Star-Spangled Banner" the official national anthem. Other resolutions related chiefly to proposals of restricted interest or reaffirmed Legion policies expressed by preceding national conventions.

WITH the Legion's national membership at 755,689, more than 35,000 greater than the total for the preceding year, forty-one departments went to San Antonio with larger enrollments than they had in 1927. Each of the forty-one was presented with a 100 percent membership honor plate to be attached to the standard of the department colors. The leading departments and their percentages were: Texas, 160.38; Colorado, 148.64; Canada, 138.86; Utah, 138.58; Mississippi, 134.48; Louisiana, 121.11; California, 119.53; Oregon, 116.69; Alaska, 116.45, and Wyoming, 115.94.

The convention celebrated the Legion's most successful membership getting year when National Commander Edward E. Spafford called to the platform representatives of those departments which had won the huge silver trophies offered in the names of Past National Commanders and the other cups which are awarded annually. The cups were handed out in a picturesque ceremony while the motion picture floodlights gleamed upon the banked rows of the silver exhibits and lighted up the brilliant department banners and flags. Texas and Wisconsin led in the number of cups won.

Texas, with a percentage of 160.38, won the Hanford MacNider Trophy, bestowed annually on the department attaining the (Continued on page 76)

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Therefore be it Resolved

(Continued from page 74)



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highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership thirty days prior to the national convention. It also won the John G. Emery Trophy, for having the highest percentage of membership in 1928 as compared with the average membership of the preceding four years, and the John R. Quinn Trophy for having attained on June 15th the highest percentage of membership as compared with average membership of the preceding four years.

Wisconsin took home the Milton J. Foreman Rifle Trophy, which it gained by its victory in the inter-department rifle matches; the Frederick W. Galbraith Trophy, for having present and participating in the convention parade Legionnaires and Auxiliaries representing the greatest aggregate of travel mileage to the convention city; the Henry D. Lindsley Trophy, awarded annually to the department attaining by March 1st the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership, and the James A. Drain Trophy, awarded to the department showing the most consistent record to the community, State and nation.

The Department of Arizona won the Franklin D' Olier Trophy, for enrolling the highest percentage of eligible service men in its State. The North Carolina Trophy, awarded annually to the department not included among the States or the District of Columbia, which attains the highest percentage of membership over its membership of the preceding year, was won by the Department of Canada.

California won the Howard P. Savage Trophy, offered for the first time, awarded to the department producing the Legion's championship Junior Baseball Team. The baseball team of Oakland (California) Post won the Legion's Junior World's Series at Chicago, defeating the team of Worcester (Massachusetts) Post, which had won the championship for the eastern half of the United States.

Thomas Hopkins Post Band of Wichita, Kansas, took home the Lemuel Bolles Trophy in recognition of its victory in the Legion band competition at the convention, and Harvey Seeds Post Drum Corps of Miami, Florida, obtained the Russell G. Creighton Trophy by winning first place in the convention drum corps competition.

National Commander Spafford presented membership cups to all departments, which were awarded to the districts within each department which made the best membership records in 1928.

Twenty-five posts, located in thirteen departments, were awarded citations in *The American Legion 400 Percent Club* for equaling or exceeding this year 400 percent of their preceding year's membership. The posts cited were: Alabama, Pike County Post, John Oliver, Jr., Post, Culver Post and Anniston Post; Cali-

fornia, Bellflower Post, Greayer Clover Post and Lamanda Park Post; Connecticut, Ernest F. Sexton Post; Florida, Fort Meade Post and Hamilton Allen Smith Post; Illinois, Columbus Park Post and Kinery-Knagg Post; Louisiana, Patrolman Timothy Lynch Post, Bennet Babin Post and Ferriday Post; Mississippi, Newton County Post; Missouri, Story-Hardin-Clark Post and Henry F. Hall Post; Michigan, Ray E. Bostwick Post; Nevada, Vernon Robins Post; Oregon, Stayton Post; Wisconsin, Walworth Post and Bodin Finstad Post; Wyoming, Saratoga Post and Evanston Post.

AFTER holding the title of the official band of *The American Legion* for seven years, Monahan Post Band of Sioux City, Iowa, won second place in the national band competition at the San Antonio convention and yielded its title to Thomas Hopkins Post Band of Wichita, Kansas. Erk Cottrell Post Band of Greenville, Ohio, won third place, and Slager Post Band of Rochester, New York, fourth place.

The drum corps of Miami, Florida, won first place in the convention drum corps competition, and second place was won by the drum corps of Salem (Oregon) Post which made at San Antonio its first appearance at a national convention. Frankford Post of Philadelphia won third place, and the South Pasadena (California) Drum Corps was fourth.

In *The American Legion Auxiliary* drill team competition, first place was won by the team from Davenport, Iowa; second place by the team from Fort Dodge, Iowa, and third place by the team from Toledo, Ohio.

THE national convention of *The American Legion Auxiliary* was in session one day longer than the Legion's convention. The final gavel did not sound in the First Baptist Church, where the Auxiliary sessions were held, until long past noon on Friday, Oct. 12th, nearly twenty-four hours after the Legion convention had adjourned in the Municipal Auditorium a block away.

The installation of the new National President and Vice Presidents, who had been elected by acclamation the day before, was the closing act of the Auxiliary convention. Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., of Washington, Georgia, was installed as National President, succeeding Mrs. Robert Walbridge, of Peterborough, New Hampshire. The five national Vice Presidents installed were: Mrs. George R. Murphy, of Pleasantville, New York, Eastern Division; Mrs. R. B. Hart, of Cumberland, Wisconsin, Central Division; Mrs. Louise N. Julienne, of Jackson, Mississippi, Southern Division; Mrs. Freda Kramer, of Madison, South Dakota, Northwestern Division, and Mrs. R. L. Hoyal, of Douglas, Arizona, Western Division.

Mrs. Ficklen, whose election was without opposition, the first time that the presidency of the Auxiliary has not been contested, won unanimous support for the highest office through her long and outstanding service to the Auxiliary. Following the close of the World War, during which she had been active in war work, Mrs. Ficklen became a charter member of Jerome A. Wooten Unit of the Auxiliary in her home city. In 1923-24 she served as President of the unit and at the close of her term as Unit President was elected President of the Department of Georgia. Her administration as Department President was such a marked success that in 1926 she was called back to lead the department another year. Mrs. Ficklen also served her department as chairman of various state committees, and for four years she represented Georgia on the National Executive Committee. In 1924-25-26 she served as a member of the National Finance Committee, being its chairman in 1927. During the past year she served as chairman of the important National Legislative Committee.

The closing session of the convention was marked by a touching ovation for Miss Emma Hadorn, National Secretary, who announced her intention of resigning immediately following the convention. The 608 delegates, joined by the alternates and visitors, rose to their feet and gave prolonged applause when a rising vote of thanks for the services of Miss Hadorn was adopted. Great regret was expressed that Miss Hadorn could not be persuaded to continue her service to the Auxiliary, which included four years as Secretary of the Department of Kansas and two years as National Treasurer in addition to the year as National Secretary.

Immediately following the adjournment of the convention, the National Executive Committee met and elected Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, Secretary of the Department of Iowa, to fill the vacant office of National Secretary. Mrs. MacDowell had been Secretary of the Iowa Department, the largest Department in the Auxiliary, for four years and had written a record of achievements which clearly qualified her for the national office. The executive committee also elected Mrs. W. W. Towne, of Petersburg, Virginia, National Vice President for the Southern Division last year, to the office of National Chaplain, and re-elected Mrs. Frank E. Fleming, of Augusta, Georgia, as National Historian.

The continuance of the Auxiliary convention one day longer than the Legion sessions made the Auxiliary convention the scene of an impressive ceremony in which Commander Spafford was presented with a gold plaque, commemorating the Legion's pilgrimage to France last year, by representatives of the French veterans' organization. The French delegation, including Jean Thebaud, President of the Association of War Wounded; Maurice Randoux, President of the Union Federale of War Wounded; Henri Rossignol, President

of the Union Nationale de Combattants, and Jean Desbon, President of the Society of Escaped Prisoners of War, arrived in San Antonio after the adjournment of the Legion convention, but the Auxiliary convention, still in session, gave them an opportunity to carry out their mission. They also presented a large bouquet of artificial roses, made by the French disabled, to Mrs. Walbridge.

In its convention this year the Auxiliary again stood firmly with the Legion on national activities and policies. The reports and resolutions adopted on major activities followed closely those adopted by The American Legion convention. The work of securing aid for war orphans in completing their education was made an active part of the Auxiliary's program for the coming year and the National President was authorized to appoint a national director and five area directors of educational and vocational training of war orphans, or to delegate the work to a standing committee.

The convention petitioned Congress to establish the "Star Spangled Banner" as the national anthem of the country. The universal draft program was endorsed and its adoption by Congress urged. A bill now pending before Congress to allow credit to war veterans in the civil service for their war service to apply to promotion and seniority was endorsed.

The convention reaffirmed the stand taken at Paris last year that only poppies made by disabled veterans shall be sold by the Auxiliary on the annual Poppy Day. A full-time director for the poppy sale was authorized and the energetic carrying out of the poppy program was directed.

The Legion's policy of preparedness was strongly endorsed by the Auxiliary and the creation of a new national committee on national defense was authorized, taking national defense from the work of the Americanism committee and making it a separate activity. Fulfillment of the provisions of the National Defense Act of 1920 was urged and the naval construction bill pending before Congress was endorsed. The formation of local committees on national defense in every community to promote education in the needs of national defense was advocated.

The work of the national committees on community service and unit activities was combined through convention action. Action was also taken to eliminate overlapping in the work of the child welfare and rehabilitation committees, it being recommended that the activities of the rehabilitation committee be centered on the relief of the disabled men under treatment in hospitals.

The Auxiliary entered its eighth national convention with a membership almost ten percent larger than the organization's previous high membership record. A vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Louise N. Julienne, National Membership Chairman, for her work during the year. (Continued on page 78)



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Then "Buy Christmas Seals," for they are fighting tuberculosis in a hundred ways every day of the year.

Christmas Seals give protection to your friends, to your family—and to you!

Therefore be it Resolved

(Continued from page 77)

The Auxiliary voted to make the acceptance of dues from new members by units contingent upon the filing of a complete membership application including the war service record of the man through whom the member derives eligibility for Auxiliary membership.

Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Chairman of the Women's Section of the British Legion, was a guest of the Auxiliary at the convention and was present at all the convention sessions. She addressed the convention on both the opening and closing days, expressing the feeling of kinship of the women of the British Legion for the women of The American Legion Auxiliary, and explaining the post-war problems faced by the British women. Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, newly elected President of the Fidac Auxiliary, was another distinguished guest at the convention. Coming from the recent Fidac congress in Bucharest, Roumania, she brought greetings from the European countries associated in Fidac and urged a greater understanding and interest in Fidac work in America. Mrs. Lawrence V. Benet of Paris Post's Auxiliary Unit was elected America's Vice President of Fidac's Auxiliary.

The Eight and Forty held its March National the afternoon of the first day of the convention, electing Mrs. M. N. Seymour, of Binghamton, New York, to the office of Chapeau National. The annual Eight and Forty banquet and initiation followed the business session.

The social activities of the Auxiliary convention were climaxed by the annual States' Dinner, held the third evening and attended by 900 guests, including the national officers of both the Legion and the Auxiliary and the distinguished guests of the convention. The social program was unusually crowded this year, with breakfasts, luncheons, receptions and dinners occupying the week fully.

THE adoption of a new ritual for promenades of voitures locale was an outstanding feature of the annual national promenade of La Societe des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, held in the Elks Club at San Antonio. In addition to its business session, held behind closed doors in accordance with custom, the Forty and Eight took a varied and active part in all events of convention week, so that all San Antonio knew that it was in town.

A "wreck," at which candidates from all parts of the United States were initiated, and a night parade were among the leading features of the Forty and Eight convention program. Practically all of the bands and drum corps which marched in the Legion's big parade on the second day of the convention took part in the Forty and Eight parade, and many state delegations of the Forty and Eight had novel exhibits in the parade. Prominent among these were the two

miniature locomotives which had been used this year in the membership campaign of the Department of Texas.

The Forty and Eight voted unanimously to continue its policy of advancing to the National Child Welfare Committee of The American Legion the necessary funds, up to the limit of the organization's income, for the purpose of furthering the Legion's child welfare program. It commended Charles W. Ardery, Correspondant National, for his judgment in complying with the request of the National Child Welfare Committee for funds used in establishing and operating soup kitchens for school children in Louisiana who were among the sufferers from the Mississippi River floods.

All grande and locale voitures were directed to establish emergency funds to be available for immediate use in the event of an emergency within their areas. Grande and locale voitures were also urged to set up emergency relief organizations to co-operate with Legion departments and posts under the plan embodied in the Legion's national emergency relief plan.

The Forty and Eight voted that grande and locale voitures shall take the initiative in offering active co-operation with the departments and posts of the Legion in completing a survey of children of deceased and disabled service men of the World War as planned by the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee.

The Grande Voiture of Texas was awarded the Voiture Nationale Trophy for having procured in 1928 the largest number of new members for The American Legion. Its total was 2,545. Dr. William H. Grigg of San Antonio Voiture was awarded the individual Voiture Nationale Trophy for having personally

obtained the largest number of new members for The American Legion. His total was 833. The Texas Grande Voiture also won the Pelham St. George Bissell Trophy, awarded annually to the Grande Voiture securing the greatest percentage of new Legion members as compared with its own Forty and Eight enrollment.

The Charles A. Mills Trophy for the voiture performing the greatest service to The American Legion in the current year was awarded to Chicago Voiture in recognition of its work in conducting a convalescent camp for disabled men.

National officers selected by the Forty and Eight were as follows: Chef de Chemin de Fer, John P. Conmy, Fargo, North Dakota; Sous Chefs de Chemin de Fer, O. H. Allbe, Marshalltown, Iowa; William L. Doolan, Jr., Louisville, Kentucky; Frank A. Haas, Atlanta, Georgia; Everett B. Johnson, Yuma, Arizona; George E. Love, Eugene, Oregon, and Dr. Charles E. Perry, Kittery Point, Maine; Correspondant National, Charles W. Ardery, Seattle, Washington; Commissaire Intendant National, N. Carl Nielsen, Gig Harbor, Washington; Conducteur National, E. S. Ingram, Los Angeles, California; Avocat National, Bert Lawton, Pawhuska, Oklahoma; Historien National, Paul J. McGahan, Washington, D. C.; Gardes de la Porte Nationaux, Ray Ruane, St. Louis, Missouri, and Bert L. Faison, Texarkana, Arkansas; Aumonier National, Reverend Father Joseph Lonergan, Durant, Illinois; Drapeau National, Alvin E. Liles, Columbus, Ohio; Finance Committee, N. Carl Nielsen, Gig Harbor, Washington, Spence C. Eccles, Logan, Utah, and Frank Lawshe, Fort Worth, Texas; Cheminots Nationaux (Executive Committee), David Levy, Cincinnati, Ohio, Edward J. Eivers, Portland, Oregon, and S. C. Crockett, Montgomery, Alabama.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 41)

were captured by the First Division in their offensive on the Soissons front between July 18 and 29, 1918. Our Ammunition Train, carrying ammunition to the lines, was ordered to move this captured artillery from the point of capture to Roy-St. Nicholas to prevent its possible recapture in a counter-attack.

"While preparing the cannon for removal, I took a steel punch from my truck kit and inscribed my name on the barrel."

And so another mystery of the World War has been solved.

NOTICES regarding outfit reunions and other activities of veterans will be published in this department if information is received by the Company Clerk at least six weeks prior to the month in which the events are scheduled.

38TH (CYCLONE) DIV.—Former members who trained at Camp Shelby, Miss., and are interested in proposed divisional association and reunion are requested to write to F. J. Heim, 1356 E. 63d st., Chicago, Ill.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—Eleventh annual re-

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Daddy will be delighted on Christmas Morn to receive a Gold Leather Card Case personally engraved in 23K. Gold with his name, address and lodge emblem. The leather is the finest ever calf-skin leather, turned edges, silk stitched. All card cases engraved free. Send \$2.95 or pay \$3.00. Do not forget to send and be sure to instruct now card case is to be engraved.

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THE Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire continues to flourish. Six new membership applications favorably voted on during the past month have raised the total enrolment to sixty-three. At the forefront among the newcomers—at the forefront of the entire organization, in fact—is Paul M. La Bach of Castle Post of Chicago, who read Gibbon first at sixteen and has read him three times since. This gives Mr. La Bach an edge over Frank L. Anders of Gilbert C. Grafton Post of Fargo, North Dakota, whose score of three complete readings was listed in the September Message Center. "How about Plutarch and his 'Lives'?" asks Mr. La Bach. "And has everybody forgotten Thucydides, who wrote a history that has been a model for twenty-five hundred years?"

TWO more two-timers are among the new enrollees. They are James McNally of Brooklyn, New York, Commander of 47th New York Infantry Post, whose first reading goes back to 1898 when he was encamped at Chickamauga, the second following his return from France in 1919. The other two-timer, M. E. Stevenson of Alexander Bradley Burns Post, Downers Grove, Illinois, writes: "I first read Gibbon in Naga, Ambos Camarines, Philippine Islands, during the hot season in 1917. I was the only white man in town except for a missionary, so I read all of his library. I have since read Gibbon through again and have read parts of it off and on. I find it interesting, but for pure drudgery let me mention Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' I read this too during 1917 because the missionary had nothing else left."

DICK J. KENNEDY, Vice-Commander of the Bronx County (New York) Legion, writes: "I read Gibbon at the time I was commander of National Commander Ed Spafford's post (Lexington of New York City), at which time Nat Ruditsky, who joined the Gibbon Society in September, was but learning the rudiments of his job as adjutant. I remember that Nat was reading the 'Decameron' while awaiting his turn at Gibbon. While the 'Decline and Fall' is a wonderful piece of work, once in a lifetime is about all the average man can stand of it." "Preceding an important event in the House of Butler, in the winter of 1924," writes William F. Butler, Past Commander of Verkes-Couchman Post of Rochester, New York, and vice-president of the Rochester Press Club, "I spent many evenings with Gibbon. Yes,

I completed the task, and the pill wasn't very bitter either. Then, for good measure, I read, in the same year, Macaulay's 'History of England'." New England's representative among the new members is Thomas Means of George T. Files Post, Brunswick, Maine.

AS THIS issue of the Monthly goes to press a whole flock of additional membership applications has just arrived. The new members will be formally inducted into the organization in next month's Message Center. It looks as if the society would have no trouble in reaching the hundred mark.

ROBERT GINSBURGH'S article, "The Camels Are Coming," in last January's Monthly, dealing realistically with the camel corps of the United States Army of the fifties, caused something of a stir in the Southwest, and brought out the fact that there still survives in Tucson, Arizona, a man who knew intimately the redoubtable Hi Jolly, the Turk who was the Army's chief cameleer. He is Ed Vail of the Vail Cattle Company. Colonel C. C. Smith, U. S. A., retired, quoting the Monthly article in *The Army and Navy Courier*, tells of talking over the camel era in the Army's history with Mr. Vail, "a splendid young old man of about eighty." Mr. Vail began his acquaintance with the cameleer when he moved to Arizona in 1878. Mr. Ginsburgh told of how sometime later Hi Jolly unintentionally broke up a picnic of the German Society in Los Angeles by driving two camels attached to a big yellow cart into the grove where the society was making holiday.

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON in the May issue took issue under the title "Anti Patriotism" with those who oppose a broad nationalism. Among the many letters that the article evoked was one by Mrs. Katharine Shedd of San Francisco. Mrs. Shedd says in part: "Mr. Harrison's essay deserves praise for his manifest effort to be fair to the other side of the case regarding opposing views of patriotism . . . In all my wide reading and acquaintance I know no one who regards patriotism worth the name as being a cheap or vulgar sentiment, nor the concomitant of 'congenital idiots'. But there is no doubt patriotism has been advocated by those who are 'dishonest and assumed it for ulterior purposes' and those so animated may be 'dangerous and malicious asses to boot.' There is no doubt far too many mercenaries are patriotic for what they can get

out of it and well justify the epithet, patrioteers. But it is not my purpose to write a detailed reply to Mr. Harrison, for others better qualified may undertake it. He seems to have built a man of straw in order to demolish it in the grand manner, making a gesture of fairness that is not everywhere sincere . . . The pacifism that enlists my support is busy seeking ways and means of keeping the peace everywhere in the world by fostering education that makes for better understanding and admiration for attainments in all nations and races . . . We believe truly that 'Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.' Ergo, must one think: Accursed are the warriors: They shall be called the children of the devil? However, I am not quoting scripture in a doctrinal sense, and well realize that almost anything can be proved by the use of Bible quotations. But there is need of bringing that neglected passage into the foreground so that more may contemplate it and feel the incentive it gives toward nobler estimates of patriotism. If the latter has been debased in the past, the time has come to weigh it dispassionately and exalt it in the light of what modern times require of it, so that it may not become merely a shibboleth and a prelude to war. The desire is not to dispense with patriotism, as Mr. Harrison imagines, but to purify it and make it the insurer of peace and plenty, not war and deprivation."

WALLACE IRWIN'S writing career was inaugurated twenty-eight years ago on the *San Francisco Examiner*. For many years he has been known as a humorous writer, particularly in the field of light verse. Since the war—though the war isn't necessarily responsible—he has developed into a novelist whose work is characterized by a serious and thoughtful concern for many pressing social and domestic problems. He is a brother of Will Irwin, whose series of articles on "How Red Is America?"—originally published in this magazine and now available in book form—were a pioneer endeavor to survey the radical situation in the United States accurately and dispassionately . . . Meredith Nicholson is a frequent contributor to *The American Legion Monthly* . . . So is Karl W. Detzer . . . Marquis James and Philip Von Blon, who report on the San Antonio Convention, are members of the Monthly staff, Mr. James serving as special writer and Mr. Von Blon as managing editor.

The Editor

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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light socket. I want to say that your set does outperform the other sets I have. I put it up against a World Record Super 9 and beat that one. Then I put it up against a (names expensive make), and beat that one. Next I put it up against a Neutrodyne and beat that one. HARRY KOPP, 6555 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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